

Wasted

Amber Fairchild

If I could take one thing back. Undo anything.
Reverse time.

I would give anything, anything at all, to have never
wasted a single moment.

A single breath. A single heartache. On you. It was
wasted.

Every try. Every word. Every laugh. Every song.
Every letter. Every text. Every phone call.
Every photograph. Every place. Every first time.
Every sleepless night. Every tear. Every memory. All
was wasted.

Now. I'm sorry. It was me. I did not try. I did not
agree. I did not talk. I did not laugh.
I did not sing. I did not write. I did not text. I did
not call. I did not take photos. I did not go.
I did not do. I did not sleep. I did not cry. I do not
remember. I am wasted.