

## Second Place

*Hayden Garris*

Heard about your second life, found  
the writing on your Facebook wall.  
A wall between us, where fissures  
hide behind lines of neat prose,  
typed above idyllic photos  
of you in some faraway  
fairyland, where money,  
your currency for love,  
buys you the life  
you always dreamed of.

I cried when I read the status,  
not because you were no longer mine.  
I cried because you chose again  
to put us, your family, in second.  
Were we another achievement?  
Left behind and succeeded?  
Replaced, not because we're not enough,  
I know better, but because you "fell in love."  
How much love does one person need?  
Is love, like money, a kind of greed?

You amount to more than money.  
We want you, we're starving  
for someone who doesn't exist.  
For someone who puts us first,  
the ones you pledged to provide.  
The ones who know you're dying.  
Time is finite, yours is ticking.  
Your final breaths are all we want,  
your final words, hugs, and kisses.  
The last of your wasted minutes.  
So when our children ask, we can say,  
"Gone is the man, but his love remains."