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Facebook Stalking

It's time. Your time.
And time for me to move on.
Without you. I'm not sure if you left me behind
or if it was me that let you
slip through my fingers,
but somehow we are strangers again.

So, in an effort to find out
who you have become,
I am Facebook stalking you.

You have changed your picture
on Facebook many times.
You prefer shots
where you are looking back
over your shoulder.
It's a funny pose for someone
who is so concentrated on the future.
You never look back anymore.

Somehow I thought that you were like me.
But I realise now that you don't love reading.
You aren't curious.
You like drinking, hooking up, and Facebook.
I'd rather not know what you are telling people
you are up to on Friday nights.
So I am logging out of your life.

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