

Damaged

I feel warm,
walking next to him in the eternity we were given.
Wondering through puddles of street light.
His long strong arm
slung across my shoulders.
My face buried in my fluffy scarf.

Painting the town,
colors of blue,
and green.
Standing tall against my petite silhouette.
We dance the night away.

Who knows if he loves me?
I know.
Who will say it first?
I will say, "Hermoso, te amo! Me amas?"

I will,
or at least...
I would have.

Remembering all those times
on Valentines Day.
I don't like V Day but he does.
He always has.
Bringing me yummy chocolates,
a single rose.

This has changed.
Never have I known,
my heart could feel such pain

Ripped out of my chest each time
I see him,
hear HIS name.

Sleep is a gift I would pray for.
His face filling my dreams,
making this impossible.

I was blind.
Blinded by his...
Everything!

Te amo Harmoso! Me amas?
I love you Handsome! Do you love me?

“No se la respuesta es negativa”
No,
the answer is no.

