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"Because it has never been me"

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Gemma Huerta García

Because it has never been me

It's not you,
but the wilderness inside you
what sets me free,
at last freed of this fake paved world.
It's not you,
but the scent of roses and daisies
that your body gives off
what evades me from all the distress
and burdens
of this artificial modern society.
It's not you,
but the never-ending agony
what drowns me in the lakes
where many poets perished,
where our dreams felt more authentic
than reality itself,
where the midnight blue dress I wore
was your most adored thing in the whole world,
where loneliness wasn't a bitter, miserable word,

where we would sit under wisteria trees
without being scared of showing
our true colours for the first time
in a while.

(I was light blue,
like the sky in the evening,
while you were pallid purple
like those wisteria flowers,
which wither once cruel August is over).

It's not you,
but the immemorial symphonies
played in your ill-fated piano
what make me wonder if all our golden
memories are, inexplicably, rusting.

It's not you,
but the darkness of your heavenly eyes
what carries me to the deepest and sweetest
hell ever seen on earth.

A devilish place -or state of mind- I cannot, nor want to escape from.
Because it has always been you.

And now here I am in our shrivelled dell,
not only alone, but lonely,
recalling every nicety of our goddamn story.

I've always felt like a Chinese vase;
totally empty.

And now, whilst I pour these messy words into paper,
I also feel broken.

Because it has never been me,

(For I bared my soul to you,
I now feel most dispirited)

and that's the gloomiest truth
my wretched self can face.