

ON LOVE

ON HEARTBREAK

ON LEARNING

LEARNING TO BE ALONE
AGAIN LIKE YOU TOOK
IT AWAY FROM ME

I KNOW IM HARD
TO LOVE

DID I EVER REALLY
KNOW HOW?

BUT YOU DID ANYWAY.

ON LOVE AND HEARTBREAK. AND LEARNING

I Love you. Three words that changed my life. I Love you. Change me even further. Make me love you. I already do. That visceral feeling. The rush. Electric. I really like talking to you. I really like it. I wanna talk all night. We're losing track of time. I don't wanna sleep. Something about you. The way you move. The way you speak. Your tone. You lean closer and tell me what's on your mind. I lean closer. The second before we kiss and my mind stops. My heart stops. We kiss. Life goes on... with you. I think of you more than you know. Enthralled. Happiness is better with you to share it with.

Days go on.

Heartbreak hits like a blow to the chest. "I don't love you anymore." hits like a wave of impermanence. Imagining you not in my life anymore. "I don't want to be with someone who doesn't love me anymore". With that, it ends. A lifetime of plans are gone. Maybe we just weren't meant to be. Unlike what you told me. Shattering. By myself again. Again. I spend days by the seaside. I spend nights in the city. I watch the planes by myself. I do a lot of things by myself. Learning to be alone again like I had to relearn it after you took it from me. I learned how again I grew. And then you come along...

I LEARNED HOW TO BE ALONE