What you can't See

It's near

nakedness that I

won't

let vou see.

It's my hidden physical

beauty

you

will never see again.

It's me

fading

away behind the

curtain

you have placed there.

What I hear

Is your sour smell.

You tell me you have

never loved someone

as much as me, but yet

you are more than miserable.

Had me tied-

now I am

released.

Hate being restrained—

especially by you.

No more bright colors—

this isn't my cozy

house anymore.

This "great" girl can't stand

you.

This space you put

between us

is too wide to see.

You can't see how

you tore my heart

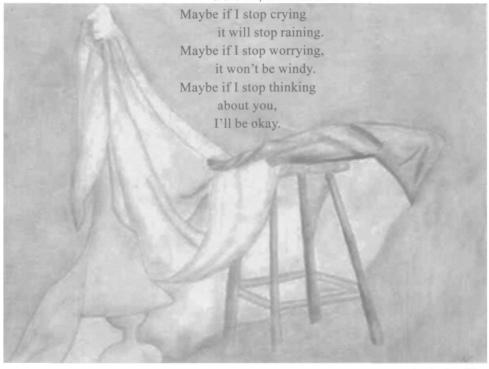
out, and put it back

inside my chest cavity—

bruised, broken...cold.

You watch as I
leave, out My windowbehind My curtain.
The floor leans, yet
you don't cry.
Yet My heart, like a concrete pillar,
still belongs
to you.

I remember the good times,
I dream of them-Us hand-in-hand, smiles,
and green pastures.
I get lost in the
light
blue, clouds.
But, we dried up like
a brown, crinkled leaf.



Yolanda Castillo