

23 August: the Goodbye Kiss

As I told you, I was afraid of losing you and you not loving me anymore
You called me crazy and told me you wouldn't hurt me like the others
before

I had to ask you every day if you still loved me because I was so scared
I was terrified that one day there would come a morning where I'd have
to wake up alone, unprepared

Sleeping by myself was hell for me, so I never wanted you to leave me
on my own

Because an anxiety attack would come around and put me in the cold
Honestly, I wasn't that hard to love, and I never asked for much

I expected love and affection, but for the rest, I'd give you all the luck
My purpose was to put you first and make you happy

In the process, my happiness would follow if you hadn't left me lonely

You always told me my insecurities were telling me nothing but lies

Yet, there was the 23rd of August, when I had to kiss you goodbye



Read your Mind

There are different things I can't unhear and that you can't unsay
They creep into my mind and live in my head without rent to pay
You say one thing but mean another, and your actions show me nothing
So yes, I overthink until I explode
Because living in constant doubt and anxiety is something I can't keep
up
You expect me to understand what you're going through without
giving me any explanation
Like you want me to read your mind to understand why you're having
these different complications
I want this bullshit to end and for you not to pretend
Because I'm tired of wondering if you really love me and if we're really
meant to be
This is, for real, the last time you will put me through this
Because if you really meant good by me, you would know how draining
this is
A life without you is hard to think about
You leave me no choice but to wonder if I would be better off without
I'm sorry, but you really hurt me over and over again and made me
learn how to be by myself
If this keeps on going maybe you'll be the one left with pain, regrets and
by yourself

Love isn't a Fairy Tale

I want to know what's going on in that life of yours
And if you even miss me at all after you gave up everything that was
once ours
I don't know if I'm naive or full of love to think we're endgame
Still desperately hoping for you to come back, promising me this time
you'll stay
But it doesn't work like that; even though I dream about you every
single night, my life's doomed to not develop into the fairy tale that I
want
You seem happy; I want you to be, but never have I thought it would be
without you reaching for my hand
I miss you, every step of the way, every long minute of the day
There's nothing I want more than to text you and tell you every detail,
in every color, in every shape
But we're no longer together, so I have to deal with shit myself from
now on, I have to rebuild my lifeline
Meanwhile, all I want is to escape until I feel like myself again, until
you've realized what we had was written in the stars
Of course, I want to be able to say that I've moved on and that I've let
you go
But we both know I've tried and you're way more experienced in doing
so
I love you, and somehow I always will, but will it ever be enough for you
to come back?
Or will this hole slowly fill itself up and will the pain start feeling less
heavy and will I be able to leave you in the dark?