



WORDS

OF

HEARTBREAK

 noemara



# FOREWORD

**In the labyrinth of lovelessness, where encounters are mirages and misencounters are abysses, the soul unfolds in its crudest truth.**

**This book is a journey through the paths of the heart, an odyssey between the need to love and the reality of feeling loved.  
feeling loved.**

**Each verse is another step on this intense and desolate path, where the hope of finding sincere love never fades.**

**It is an exploration of the deepest feelings that arise in the search for love, that force that drives us forward despite the storms.**

**May these pages be a refuge for those who have loved unrequited, and a light for those who still hold the certainty of love.**

**those who are still certain that true love is waiting to be discovered. is waiting to be discovered.**

**noemara.**



## **Cops and robbers**

**They know they are united in a war  
that if it didn't exist they wouldn't exist either.  
One bullet after another, wounds and bleeds  
eating away at the living flesh  
and they can't stop this vicious circle  
that leads them to an ocean without shores.  
There is no good or bad as they enter their worlds,  
loyalties and betrayals are all part of the same chess game.  
What would one be without the other,  
to die and be reborn is a choice  
which is nothing more than that.  
The love of the game itself is the most real feeling.  
You can fall and the other can get up or both get lost.  
I was your police, the one who followed your footsteps  
and kept you in order,  
your law and the gun pointed at your head.  
The one who cornered your escapes  
and silently stopped you.  
I was your jailer, in the small cell of a big city.  
Little big thief, you stole nights and kisses.  
You escaped but always returned to the place of the deed,  
wielding your illegal weapons, aiming for the big robbery.  
waiting for a stroke of luck that never came until today.  
Thief of yesteryear with old master's codes,  
you attract danger in your mind but not in your soul,  
where there is no other crime  
than stealing or asking for love.  
Only God and him alone knows the fate  
of a policeman and a thief.**





**Love that you lose yourself in my hands  
I search for a way to hold you inside me  
and it barely manages to imprison a fold.  
Infinite love that slowly fades away  
turning you only into wanting.  
I lose you and uselessly I lie to myself,  
give me something to make my mind passionate  
and cloud my reason again  
give me the admiration to fight  
against what people will say one more time  
give me your illusions come true  
to dream again,  
give me promises fulfilled  
to trust again,  
give me your whole self first to yourself  
so I won't lose you like never before in me.  
Love, I want to fall in love with you one more time  
give me another chance.**

**If your gaze can search my soul  
and your hands caress my sighs  
then you love me.**

**If your body vibrates with mine  
and your dreams fly on my hips  
then you desire me.**

**If you keep sweet words to yourself  
And hold back your lips**

**Then what are you waiting for?**

**To make me yours**

**And violate the distance between your being and mine.**

**To battle between sheets and sweat**

**To seek the warm haven of my body**

**To hold time in an eternal instant**

**To allow me to rest on your chest  
and laugh at your lips.**

**For what reason, fair or unfair  
my mind flies looking for you?**

**Can time be so short for a love?  
Where do so many feelings go?  
With what force does it unite to make this universe?  
Are human beings so ephemeral?  
How lost one feels without love  
and when one has it, one is lost to it  
and in losing oneself, one sadly finds oneself again.**

**I listen to the old lyrics,  
the forgotten promises kept  
and those that without words we forget to keep,  
the longing to live in our bodies  
the exclamations of love silenced with kisses.  
And I would like to return to that dreamed dawn,  
but with you it's impossible.**

**I listen to the old lyrics  
of the first songs  
the unconfessable first caresses  
because they were the first and you never knew it.  
And you stay there in your faraway place  
similar to the dust-covered memory.  
Forgetting you in the day while  
I can feel you in the night.  
I keep listening to the old movie  
because it's already old  
and maybe we haven't noticed.**





**Friend I've taken a dare  
I dreamed of you  
That you gave me the naivety that I've lost  
The song that I lack, the love that I've lost.  
You'll know how to forgive the lying love I gave you  
The anxiety that devours  
and you have been the stalker ghost  
that I would like to catch without succeeding.  
Your silence was a sword sweetly thrust  
in the tender reality.  
Forgive me my friend, I have lost once again.**





**Why can't I find**

**the poem that names you.**

**They all seem to speak to me in your voice  
and I can't find my answer in any of them.**

**Each verse is your face and those words  
that your soul perhaps contains.**

**My God, give me the right way out of this labyrinth.**

**If I'm right to love you as I do**

**leaving you free of traps**

**in spite of desiring you.**

**Tell me in any verse**

**Why do you exist in my dreams**

**If it brings me sorrow to be your lover.**

**Can reality hide the depth of a glance  
and stop your hand from reaching out to me.**

**Can the guidelines of a society prevent my nature  
from pouncing on your lips.**

**Can everything and yet there's another reality that could be  
if the years weren't so many and the constructed didn't exist.**

**Yet I can tell you that for a moment we make love  
and in a second we're in a bar between coffees,  
lost in ourselves.**

**Discovering each other, desiring each other  
in the meantime one visit a month**

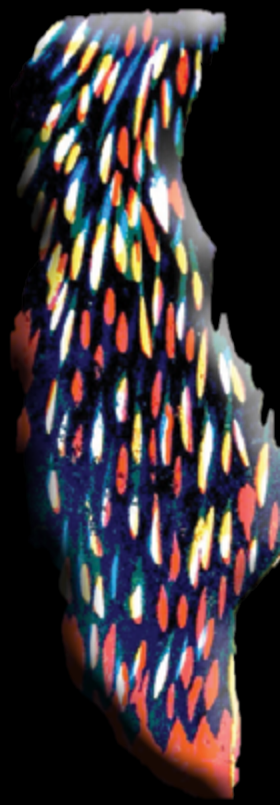
**and your warm advice is enough for me**

**for you a few minutes of freshness every month**

**you are excited but without losing your feet on the ground.**

**What good is your deep gaze to me  
a moment of your warmth  
What's the use of dreaming you on my path  
And imagine your body in mine.  
To wait for your voice one day  
And embrace the small moments  
If time is only one  
And life has so many paths  
If there are big insurmountable details  
An irremediable ticking clock  
And a place for everything.  
What's the use of loving for the sake of loving,  
searching  
And find the inadequate  
What's the use of loving without rules and in the  
shade.  
If the pain is the same with them  
But in the open better.  
To love without a future is like nothingness itself  
Breeze that you feel and can't see,  
water without a pitcher to drink  
Nights of mysterious storms  
Road that gets lost and goes nowhere  
What's the use of thinking of you?  
Why these verses?**

**I return to my letters  
time passes and they remain  
I remember little by little  
What it was like to draw words  
that show the silences of my soul.  
I'm looking for you again love  
I got lost in the paths of life  
trying to invent you.  
You see, I think I'm eternally in love  
of faceless love I am.  
Like a jigsaw puzzle the verses come together  
after death I begin to be born.  
A thousand dreams sprout in my mind  
and there you are again  
without really being present.**



**You can't remember a sadder summer than this one  
when your sorrow takes root  
as if the sky accompanied your sadness  
of knowing you are lost between today and yesterday.  
Keeps the sun from shining as usual  
Cold winds arrive like your heart  
that urges to beat, invoking something to cling to  
and uselessly confuses thinking and feeling.  
Grey has bathed the clouds  
the storm comes and goes  
like you in your life.  
In which you stop your steps  
alternating cowardice and courage  
illusions and fears, past and present.  
When was it that the days did not cease to weep  
and the colours of life fled from yours.  
It was in the winter that has already passed  
But if today it's summer, why this sadness?  
The sadness of knowing that a cycle has ended  
and once again... But what do you say?  
For the first time you really must leave  
And how scary it is to be reborn.**

## **Doubt**

**Terrible question that afflicts us**

**Absent peace in the silence**

**Soundless complaint**

**that eats away endless threads.**

**Anxiety for phantom answers**

**that silence the questions.**



**We may be a dream  
that through pain and loneliness we  
share  
Maybe the memory will help us  
against apathy and listlessness.  
Perhaps as beings avid for nostalgia  
we invent this illusion  
so we believe we have lived.  
Because memories are the proof  
of our humanity.  
I may be the only one thinking of you  
But I am certain that in your mind  
I once lived.**

**Silent game you invent  
waiting cautiously for my steps.  
Unforeseen and withering  
will be my refusal to cross the boundary  
between the labyrinth and the certain path.  
You will lose your prey  
and your already captive heart  
will struggle in vain  
to free itself from its own chains.  
Nothing will return to what it once was  
and among the ashes a poem without tears and  
invisible  
will reach your hands to let you know  
that there are truths you will never have  
and freedoms you will never feel.**

**I don't know if I lost you like those poems  
that I thought I kept well.  
I don't know if you lost me like so many of your illusions.  
Tonight, lost among wise books  
the soul cries without showing a single tear,  
names letters that make up a face  
and feels more than it should.  
Is this, God, how do you teach to love?  
Between tears and distances  
without words or truths  
with mystery and incoherence.  
I don't know what I learned in this track  
I have nothing but nothing in my hands  
it can't be true that the end  
meaninglessness takes over the present.  
That my heart beats in vain  
that my sighs are obsession in love  
I don't know what my existence was worth in your instant.  
That one, denied absurdly by you or by me, by both of us.  
guilty we are of the sin without drinking,  
of repressed passion  
of unwanted love  
of imposed silence and forced chastity.  
I don't know if I lost you honestly  
I don't know if you lost me willingly.**

**I tried to forget you by denying everything  
your existence, my heart and love  
I almost destroyed the sun by trying so hard to deny.  
but it was impossible  
I love you with my soul broken  
and my dreams dead with fear.  
I looked for the fire to burn  
but left nothing but ashes  
And I only managed to extinguish it with my tears.  
That left me whole  
loving you in the distance  
Desiring you against my will.  
I swear I tried to leave you in oblivion  
I only succeeded in making these wiser  
your roots in my soul.  
I'm sorry my life with you my heart beats  
my body vibrates, my ideas void  
I pour sweetness without wanting to  
I spill tenderness and passion  
in the most perfect mixture.  
Excuse me my love I love you  
even if I deny it, run away and silence myself.  
I love you and for you I leave the past  
the sadnesses and the raving struggles,  
I only take with me my seed  
that is the light of my existence  
what I need to love you truly.  
I leave behind what hurts me  
and I take you without measuring  
I embrace you and I look for you  
finding you as mine as ever.**



**I wrote you poems of love, passion and even a farewell  
and even a farewell**

**But was there one where I asked you  
To join your life to mine?**

**That you dream a road for two  
build castles of honey,  
make love to me on roses  
and in the crook of my naked neck  
rave loving words?**

**Did I ever ask you?**

**No.**

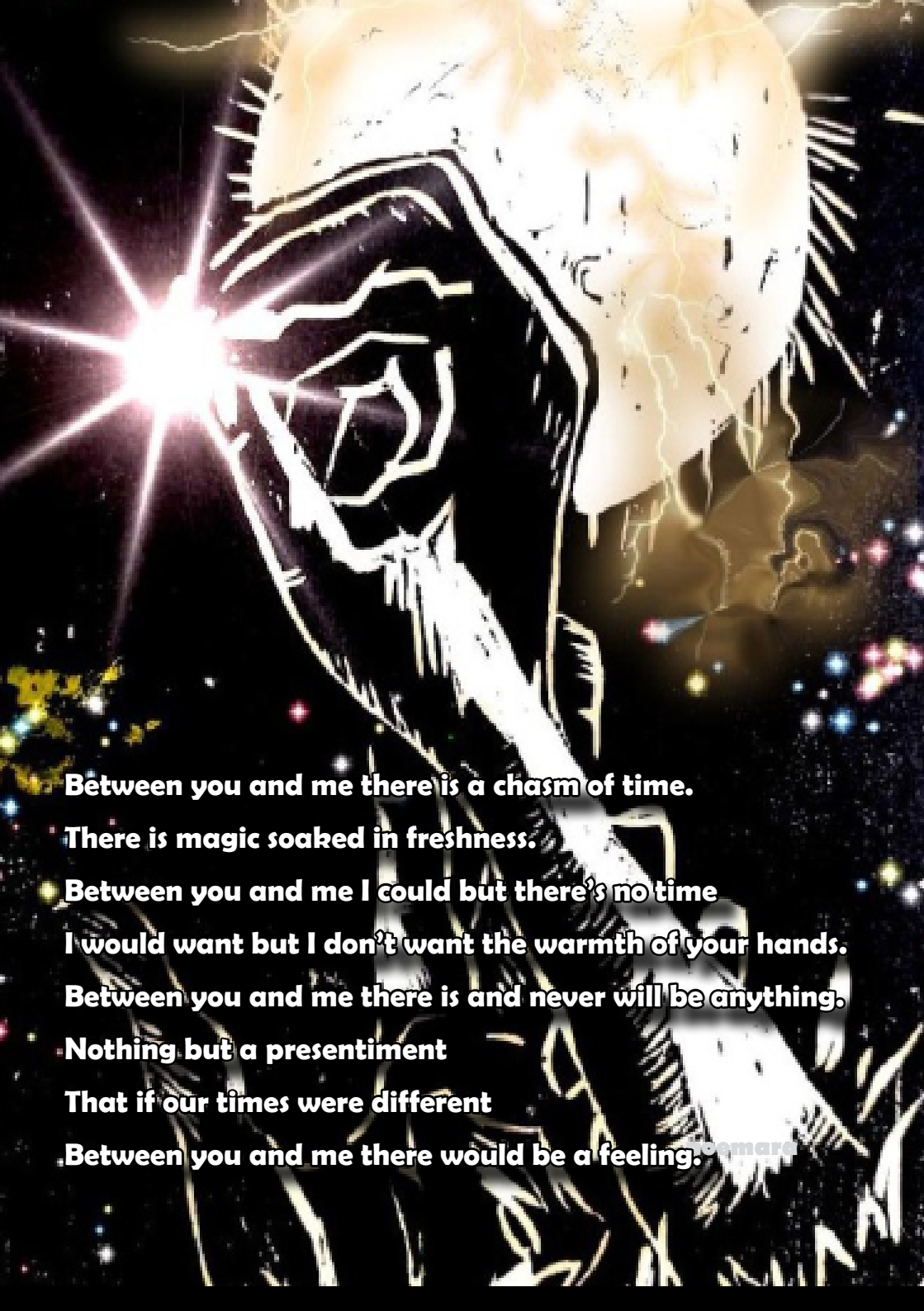
**I almost asked you for eternity when a bouquet of roses  
burst of tenderness in me.**

**I almost asked you for the everydayness of home  
that which you complain so much about,  
and I'm dying to have a dream with you.**

**I almost ask you to deprive me of my heart  
so that I can live next to yours for as long as it takes  
until it stops beating.**

**I almost ask you for all your nights and days  
to love you or wait for your return**

**I almost ask you for everything  
and I stayed until today a minute before goodbye  
without asking you for anything.**



**Between you and me there is a chasm of time.**

**There is magic soaked in freshness.**

**Between you and me I could but there's no time**

**I would want but I don't want the warmth of your hands.**

**Between you and me there is and never will be anything.**

**Nothing but a presentiment**

**That if our times were different**

**Between you and me there would be a feeling.**



**You tear my past as a leaf is torn  
and that which we shared leaves its mark in my attic.  
The light that you could have given me is lost  
in the dark death that is alien to you.  
Promising me a future encounter you kill the illusion  
the support of my sadness.  
Farewell until whenever you want  
Your sleepless nights are neither my pride nor my contentment.  
You'll know what you want if you allow yourself to believe  
in spite of my misery or my wealth.**

**My hope is not you  
and not because you don't deserve it  
but because your doubts are roots that hurt  
and I would like no more tears or sorrow.  
I leave you if you wish it in someone else's past  
my present is based on the being that I am  
despite my blood, despite the sadness.**

**How can you sleep at night  
With so many ghosts dancing around.  
If even I can feel the tunnels, what will become of your soul  
When you close your eyes  
You wander in the world of the dead  
And they claim you as others ask for your skin.  
The one you have lost  
as a cowardly traitor would have done.  
You drink the poison that you yourself tasted in my roots  
loneliness in which no one can accompany you  
anguish that only you will hear  
and my voice which like a murmur reminds  
you of the nothingness  
the nothingness that your passing has left behind.**



**I'm sorry heart the illusion broke  
in her street smile  
in her hands thirsty for affection  
in her love as clumsy as a child walking.  
I'm sorry heart you'll learn  
what you gum so much don't deny yourself hope  
someday the time to love will come,  
without fear, my devouring anxiety  
or maybe this is the only way to learn to love.  
to learn to love.**

**Tell me your truth Love  
the one you don't dare to face  
the one that separates me from you  
and prevents you from wrapping your legs around me.  
Tell me your truth the one that no one can know  
because you don't dare to tell it.  
If I could hear my truth beating in your heart  
The one that I dare not listen to  
the one that keeps you away from me and prevents  
me from kissing your mouth  
the one that no one knows  
because my lips refuse to translate it  
the one that beats in my heart  
and perhaps it would make itself heard in yours.**

**I still can't write you a poem  
that smiles at your humanity  
that blushes with your gaze  
that illuminates the engine of your feelings-  
I still can't stop demanding that my illusion  
to restrain itself with barriers of caution  
that it does not ambition more than the present  
and live the chords of simplicity.  
I still can't dream you whole  
and part of my unity.  
So I go through drawn encounters  
spinning the dream that I would like.  
I still can't allow myself the free beat  
of the possible story.  
Fear grows with us at the same height  
and with equal maturity that's why  
knowing that I can't write you  
a love poem.**





**I'd like to cry over this passion  
that you don't know of its existence  
and the tears have already forgotten  
the road so many times travelled.**

**I wish you could feel what today beats in my heart  
but in the satiated pleasure I discover what was denied  
your choice has not been me.**

**Glass or ancient cup broken in my hands the state is diluted  
in the water of your sweat  
and I understand between borrowed sheets  
that it's not love that contains us in this room.**

**I would like another story in my hands  
but this one found its end.**

**Nothing can stop him now and I can't stop him  
to its burial it goes.**

**Disenchantment can be the worst killer of future love  
wiping out the last vestige of hope  
and plunge us into the sadness of realising  
that everything passes,  
the charm of a steaming coffee  
lost with other memories  
in the attic of lost things.**

**the tenderness of a kiss to drown  
it with passion for no reason.**

**the warmth of hands to confuse them  
with others already closed.**

**Disenchantment has been my tormentor on this night  
when I lost your image behind the closing door.**

**And nothing will be able to help the illusion that I intuit  
that we once shared, today we only coincide  
in the disenchantment that welcomes oblivion.**

**Once upon a time I dared to think of you my friend  
fantasy of friendship that we don't know when  
we built it with such weak bricks.**

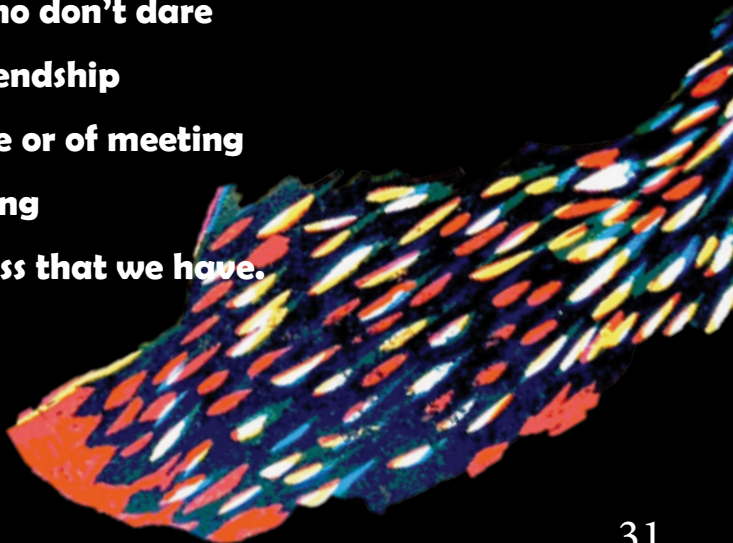
**But today although some of your notes vibrate in me  
I would feel infamous if I were to confess to you again  
my lie made truth.**

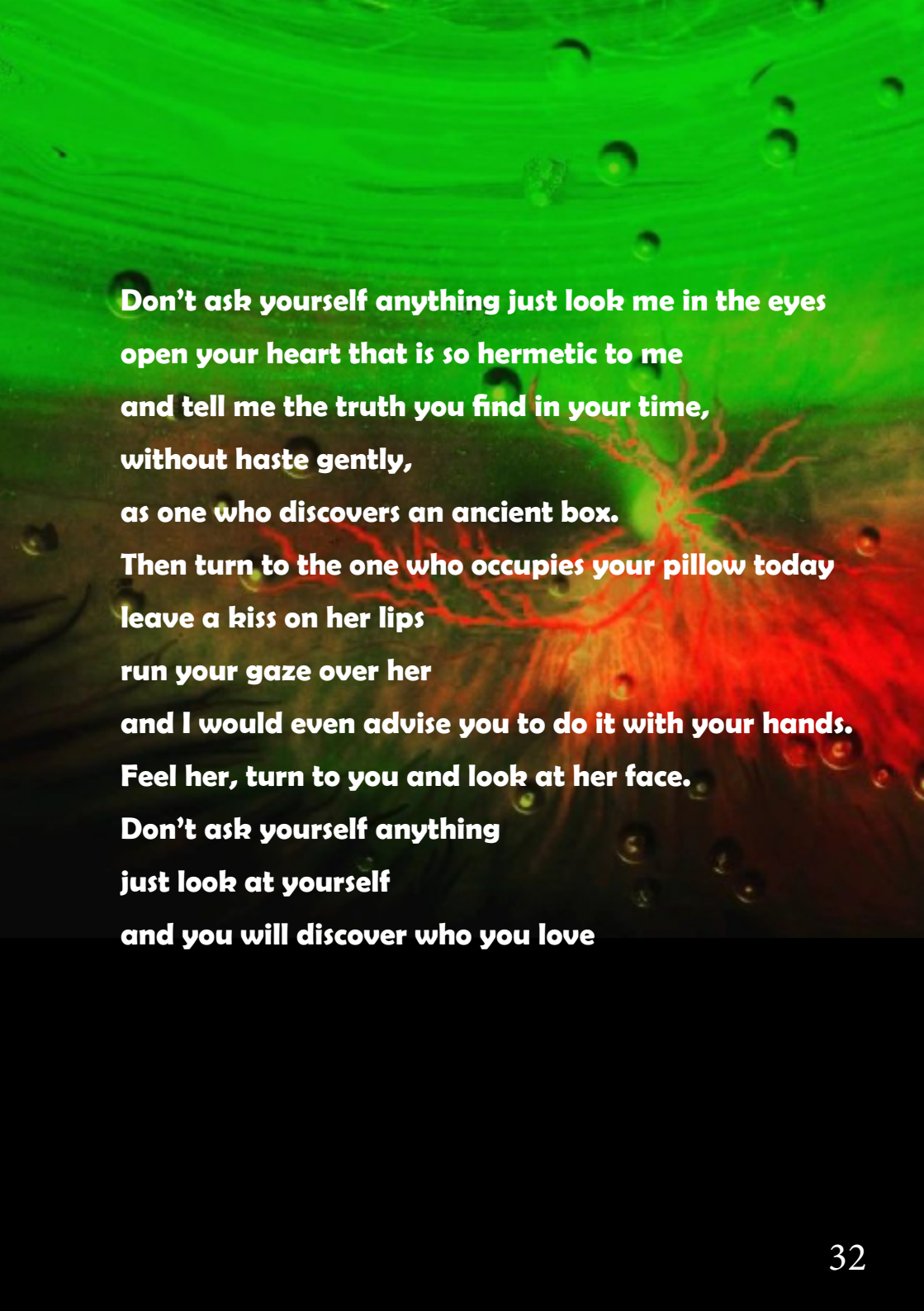
**I wanted to write a letter  
and instead a poem flies with your name  
that out of fear, supposing my wounded pride  
you didn't want to hear it on my lips.**

**Don't worry, I also feel shame  
when I think of you with a woman's eyes.**

**And yet today it was you and me, just like that...  
like friends who don't dare**

**nor to true friendship  
for fear of love or of meeting  
for fear of losing  
the nothingness that we have.**





**Don't ask yourself anything just look me in the eyes  
open your heart that is so hermetic to me  
and tell me the truth you find in your time,  
without haste gently,  
as one who discovers an ancient box.  
Then turn to the one who occupies your pillow today  
leave a kiss on her lips  
run your gaze over her  
and I would even advise you to do it with your hands.  
Feel her, turn to you and look at her face.  
Don't ask yourself anything  
just look at yourself  
and you will discover who you love**

**You come and you go and I as your safe harbour  
I watch you anchor in my belly  
not wanting to fear your last departure  
If you only knew how many times I have been a ship  
how many ports I didn't see in time.  
If I myself knew how many times  
I have made the wrong choice  
but how omnipotent I think I am  
as if I could choose where to anchor  
the most fertile dreams, life shatters into pieces  
life or the kaleidoscope.  
I can't go back  
nor say the right word I didn't say  
nor say the truth that was not that day.  
Today I am a port as yesterday I was a ship.  
You come and you go I no longer wait for your return  
I don't know if you'll come back  
and tomorrow has just been born  
watching my hands write my route map  
without realizing it I'm a ship again,  
the same as always.**

**In an instant you become a slave  
and it is there that I surpass myself  
because seeing you weak I see you as human like me  
and I manage to understand that I have been a slave  
not to you  
but of my own torturing heart.  
It is your skin that contains you  
it's my feelings that are the chains  
because you are the chain of yourself.  
I can't condemn myself with your chains  
because our chains are different.**

**Eternal rolling of Man without love  
seeking without giving  
with closed hands  
and worn out with love without faith, without bricks.  
It will take root longing for the lost yesterday  
in other faces played to tears  
I fear to prophesy the sadness in your eyes  
and the satiated loneliness in the colourless sheet  
you'll look for the hands not only mine  
of all the lost loves  
that once were present.  
Looking at you in the mirror  
you will discover that you are an unfinished painting.**

**Beware, treachery is a toy in your hands  
The path you walk you do not take up again  
because it has already been walked  
And there will be no end because there can be no  
end without a beginning.  
Be careful, betrayal is never forgiven  
even if the lips are silent, the gaze screams  
silence weighs and distances materialise.  
The Horizon is cut out at every step  
without turning around  
I'll follow my course, I'll say nothing  
because the letter has not been written.  
The wind will sail with the words spoken  
and they will never be present again.  
Be careful betrayal is not forgiven.**



**Closed in me is a chest  
that last night I bathed in tears  
I remember it open, invading my whole soul with light.  
Today I refuse to dream,  
to wander along the paths of illusion  
to believe in spite of frustrated love  
the possible tomorrow of living without any surprises.  
I no longer want to overflow my cloth  
in the present man  
I've deceived my heart so much  
that I can't trust what my eyes say they see  
for I have found that the vision of the soul is clouded  
just by wanting it a little.  
Forgive me if your words are sincere  
and are meant to open the way  
to those that I so longed to hear from your lips  
some night that I can hardly remember  
those words that I wanted to be mine  
uttered on other well-loved lips  
but so much is the fear that has been born in me  
and my steps are turned back that I retreat  
in spite of my will.  
I am a badly written future tango  
that speaks the rancour of the one who loved too much  
believing that just by loving him they would love him well.  
I am so young, I know it well  
that time, which is still a lot  
will heal the wound born what you see in my eyes.  
That's my only hope, not to love again  
but to be reborn whole once more.**

**Last night between your arms I promised my heart  
not to give it up in vain struggles  
because I realised that there are millions of deaths.  
Refusing to feel you with my soul  
is not a betrayal of myself  
It's who knows? One more way,  
a lie in the face of a known death.  
I know the path of disillusionment  
of the illusion born of nothingness  
that faints between my hands  
without asking for forgiveness,  
Has the time of beloved madness gone by  
for this story?  
Surprise does not invade me  
nor is it she who undresses me,  
but I doubt your steps  
I don't know  
what they symbolise as you walk.  
Dangerous kisses  
They give me a piece of you  
that gets lost in my mouth.**



**Don't fool yourself, don't lie to me  
I won't give you moons or stars  
I won't look for the rhythm of your steps  
I won't stop my gaze to see you arrive  
The illusions will no longer be born from you or for you.  
Don't be fooled I'm not looking to fall in love  
I'm running away from the bleeding wound.  
I won't give you promises  
You'll have to tear them from me with nights,  
and tomorrow I'll live by living.  
This time you won't have me in one piece  
You'll tear off my clothes believing  
to violate my greatest weakness  
that makes me a woman in this world  
but my heart will be far from  
to dress with your figure.  
Don't lie to me because the moments will be so real  
that even the air will have volume in my lungs.  
don't fool yourself this is not a war  
because my side does not exist  
I don't participate as an enemy  
I fight for nothing  
this is your game and only you play.**

**Woman how hard it must be to be loyal to you  
when you believe other people's happiness to be yours  
and in itself makes another woman's present.**

**You follow in the footsteps of your friend-enemy-  
wanting to be like her and even more.**

**Woman, the road is long and you will have so many  
bridges.**

**I advise you and look how little I advise you  
and I try to take care of you**

**make your way flat teaching your feet the values higher  
than your heels**

**values higher than your heels.**

**always bearing in mind**

**loyalty, honesty,**

**the firm desire to seek the good**

**for the other and for you.**

**Woman it is not easy, I know it well, to look for love  
and to find it in your skin.**

**I think of you between shadows and lights  
I don't know what I remember  
if it was your hands that took mine  
or the tears that I sensed were born in your eyes  
or maybe your legs  
entering into the mystery of my being  
and I'm afraid of wanting to possess you  
only succeeding in scattering the mist of dreams.  
Time goes by, tomorrow will soon come,  
trying, wanting,  
seeking not to damage the future always open.**



**When no one can hear your silence  
When my pain is indifferent to you  
When tears can no longer flow from my eyes  
When time ceases to be what it is today  
When I no longer remember the exact minutes  
when I loved you with my soul  
When my heart finds the peace  
of not seeing you fall anymore  
When no one reads my lines, intertwined messages,  
you will no longer exist.**

**For a couple of days I was the woman of your life  
that spring that passed by your window  
in a dreamy tango bar  
while “Qué ganas de llorar en Esta Tarde Gris”  
(What a desire to cry in This Grey Afternoon)  
sounded in the background between your table that held  
surely a glass of white wine.**

**For a few moments  
I was the absolute owner of your gaze in love  
I was a poem that sang of lost hope  
the most perfect dream  
that you found on your worn path.**

**I was so many things in so little time  
even the goodbye was brief and unforeseen.**

**For a few days I was the love of your life  
the last woman on a long and unknown list  
the mother of your future children.**

**For a few days... you were the man of my life.**



**Don't ask me anything today  
I don't know what I would answer you  
I feel a deep tiredness  
this wait of mine is so long  
that my words don't even form an idea anymore  
Today I am only contradictory feelings  
anxiety calm love nothing nothing  
tenderness detachment silences  
I don't know what I feel anymore  
I need you to love me to know that I exist  
beyond myself I just wait.  
To you to your need for me.  
Don't ask me, give me answers.**

**Why do I invent your pain by imagining  
your forgotten loneliness  
reborn a new loneliness that is nothing more than emptiness  
It hurts me to go through the memory of your figure  
thinking of the anguish and the weeping  
that you can no longer deny  
my heart may prefer to soothe its pain  
denying that there may be more than sadness in you  
relief to see no more tears in my eyes,  
of not feeling that your feet leave footprints  
that you never wanted to leave  
tying me to an unknown feeling.  
Maybe just maybe the goodbye stayed in me  
and your pain is my imagination  
needing to believe that this love was from both of us.**



**In tears I draw a pain, the pain that you have given me  
without measuring the depth  
of the wound in my chest open to you  
Reluctant goodbye united us with certainty of no return  
and lost we have been, who is imprisoned in memories  
or who walking eternally into the future.  
Without regrets I deny you and begin to forget you  
I banish the love that bears your name  
and I recognise myself as a woman once more.  
I have no more tears  
your cruel reality like a child  
without love drives me away  
And I don't want to love you anymore  
Because half of my life you haven't wanted it  
nor could you understand  
My fruit you didn't manage to enjoy  
And I can't give you any more.  
My love for you has gone in tears.**

**I became empty of you with so much surrender  
given without thought  
intense shine in my loneliness that stills the memory  
the sweet bubbles of oblivion.**

**It's that my heart is tied and the sky is witness to my pain  
to see you leave without being able to do more than cry  
and make my roots grow in this life that is not eternal for me  
and will not give us another chance to confuse heaven with love,  
your silence with a poem, my hugs with soft chains.**

**My hands are tied, I can no longer embrace you  
or look for you when I close my eyes and find you in my dreams  
because you haven't loved me with all my humanity  
this one that laughs because it is whimsical wanting to be as it is  
my diamond in the rough, my unique and perfect work of art  
that my womb has created.**

**Because I am no longer one, I am much more  
I am life itself and you have not wanted me.**

**I bind my heart and my hands, I stop the swaying of my hips  
and I undo my steps in your way.**

**I'll never be yours again because you didn't want me.**

**I pour a little dirt over your words of yesterday  
dust over the footprints your kisses have left.  
Because I begin to bury the melody of your eyes  
your figure on my threshold, the nights of desire,  
the embraces enclosing my body  
the waits and the encounters.  
I bury our little yesterday,  
dusting over each loved instant  
each call in the eternal night  
your history and your fears.  
Keep my heart to free my hands  
and I can water all our love  
with the peace of oblivion.**

**Do you remember me?**

**I'm the one who kissed you with my heart in my hands  
the one who cried in your lap asking for a little more.  
The one that your selfishness couldn't  
help but hurt with the coldness  
of one who doesn't know how to love.**

**Do you remember?**

**I was the one who saw you leave  
without depriving you of your freedom  
the one who cried in loneliness  
for your kisses and your silence  
the one who today begins to live once more,  
almost eternally  
knowing that she loved and will continue to love  
but never again to the one who cannot  
and does not know how to love.**

**How distant I feel from you  
as if yesterday were a remote silence  
the air was filled with the past  
and laughter never existed.  
It's my skin that doesn't look for you in memory  
no memory stirs  
without desire or longing.  
It is my heart that does not beat  
for your presence made voice or body.  
it forgot to feel you  
of pleasure and your embrace as a child.  
How distant I feel from you  
as if the whole world  
existed between you and me  
as if it wasn't the same city that we share.  
A part of me forgot about you  
I don't know if it was my hands that knew your reliefs  
or my eyes that used to draw sensual lights and shades  
tender to taste with my lips.  
A part of my soul no longer vibrates for you  
it could be because it no longer  
has anyone to feed its light  
Maybe it's because today I've realised  
that all of me has moved away from you.**





**I lost my love for you  
little by little it died  
one day after another in a sea of tears  
withering like the bouquet of jasmines  
that you never gave me.  
Dying slowly in the silent I love you  
that you never uttered.  
The reality of that time was caught in the reinvented  
instant of the past  
of the reinvented instant of the past  
and I no longer love you.  
I don't know similarities or differences  
between melancholy or simple sadness  
but something similar  
your name of few letters brings me  
as little was what I could rescue  
from your small and intense story  
I am left with questions, some of them,  
who were you, what were you?  
man, promise or simply  
an answer to myself?  
or the wounded pride in me?  
was yesterday beautiful?  
did I lose you, did I find myself?  
I don't know, I hardly realise  
you want the past in me  
and as if waking up I say goodbye to you at last.**

**I would like to explain to you all my reasons  
The reason for my refusal.  
But there is so much thought Day after day  
month after month drawing your memory  
That the words get tired before they are born  
and get confused in the silence  
of a look that vainly tries  
to explain the simplicity of this life  
of this love that was not  
and your youth did not know how to imprison  
losing itself in an instant  
to keep it eternally  
I know what will happen in you  
From now on again and again  
you will come back to recreate us  
love will have an infinity of letters  
with strange messages reinvented  
some by your heart others by your dreams  
loneliness or your skin  
that begin to have traces and memory.  
time will give you moments to deny this present  
you will forget everything without wanting to  
your reasons will lose words  
but also the unreason will be a net.  
And one day you will love again  
but when it's all over again  
you'll know what's to come  
and again some woman will return to your mind  
to decipher this look you see in me today  
and you will begin to understand.**

**I painted my house, swept the dust  
I put in new flowers, I washed the worn clothes,  
Five minutes I steal from oblivion  
to recreate your image and some moments  
when freshness invaded me.  
Back there where I enjoyed you and me.  
Five minutes in which your skin  
is once again a sensation in the tips of my fingers  
as I run through the lines and shadows of your  
whole body.  
I forget the duty to forget you  
I forget the duty to forget you  
of being two united in looking at each other.  
But that's enough,  
if I make these five minutes eternal  
I may forget the pain  
Of the inconveniences of loving you  
and that it was you who first wanted to forget.**

**Where will you be, How, without me?  
Will you remember me at night  
when the past reigns in endless hours?  
Will you (perhaps) know how to unveil your soul?  
as I think I can unveil mine between my hands?  
Sometimes I imagine to feel your heart beating  
as my heart beats,  
in need of the caresses we naively create,  
hearing once again my laughter hanging around your neck  
entangling you in my legs surrounding me with your passion.  
Perhaps you yearn like me for the end of this longing  
that is mine and I don't know why I dare to say ours.  
I too love I miss you, I regret the distance  
that so much pride and pain built.  
I hate you for moments, just moments,  
feeling myself dying uselessly admitting my old love.  
I too love I feel sick with obsessions  
and I refuse to name you because you're not present in my life  
because nothing assures that the feeling exists  
the years add up and we know nothing about each other  
and who is capable of assuring us anything?  
Sometimes I feel your same resentment, I deny you in my soul  
and my bed more and more eternal  
bends in an unjustly dead tear  
I too love want to forget you  
but don't deny it- forget me-  
if there is no future stop and love me.**

**I think of you between shadows and lights  
I don't know what I remember  
if it was your hands that took mine  
or the tears that I sensed were born in your eyes  
or maybe your legs entering the mystery of my being  
and I'm afraid of wanting to possess  
you only succeeding in scattering the fog of dreams.  
time goes by, tomorrow will soon come,  
trying, wanting, seeking not to damage the future always open.**

**It's true I can't I can't I can't  
To think that loving you on the sly could.  
Without a light to illuminate our bodies  
Without full embraces.  
Waiting for a chance to call you  
Measuring the hands of the clock  
that announce your arrival.  
Silently and wordlessly calling your name  
never knowing your face in the mornings  
nor touch your forehead at night.  
I could never and will never be able one day  
To silence the looks and the caresses  
by repressing an I love you.**



**I paint what my hands hear  
I fight a constant war for my peace  
as I write heartfelt visions  
and draw ideas savoured in my soul  
minute by minute I reaffirm  
who I was a moment ago  
and who I will be minutes later.**

**That's why I can love you knowing that I'll hate you  
and even if I hate you I'll never know what hate is  
because even if you can't I can understand  
the sea of sensations that invades you  
where I am the object of your love and your hate  
because behind my desperate gestures  
my humanity sincerely and humbly I dare  
to demand your attention of hate or love.**

**Even without having it I will continue to paint poetry  
drawing ideas fighting for a feeling  
I will profess my God, I will be what I have to be  
despite your hate or your love.**



**When passion strips naked and falls into its clothes  
what sad nakedness is that of the lonely soul  
that is unknown in its own body  
juan real becomes the lover  
losing the magic and brightness of desire  
invading himself with misery and deep emptiness.  
Blow by blow in the heart  
his immediate humanity sets in  
the world returns to what it was  
while eternity dies  
in what it once loved.  
And already the gestures are coarse  
the glances are opaque and the hands slip away  
what I longed for has been lost  
because it never existed or ceased to exist.**



**Searching? No, I no longer seek  
That love that cares and protects  
the gentle gaze and soft words  
of the one who dozes in my lap  
for that alone is enough for him.  
It is not weariness.  
It's the senseless search  
because that adolescent dream love  
lives in me, not in the one I dream of.  
I only manage to exist and wait  
that a human being discovers it  
to be able to see its reflection which will be mine.  
It will come, something of mine lingers in the air  
and someone will discover the scent of jasmine  
in my hands, in my breasts.  
It's only time that will be days or years but it  
doesn't matter.**

**I could live so many stories  
suffer immense sorrows  
taste tears of deep joy  
I could feel the skin  
of a man not my own  
believe in eternal love  
and that the night becomes endless  
I could return in dreams to live your blood  
I could run with my breath  
over your figure blurred by time  
I could but I don't want to  
because your life was separated from mine  
I don't remember if it was on what night  
nor what words accompanied the goodbye.  
If I remember you it's not because I loved you  
It's because I loved you and I don't have to find out  
I could live so many stories  
but my soul doesn't even dare to live my own.**

**Between you and me  
there is an abyss of time  
there is magic soaked in freshness**

**Between you and me  
I could but there is no time  
I would want but I don't want the warmth  
of your hands.**

**Between you and me  
there is and never will be anything  
Nothing but a presentiment  
that if the times weren't these other times  
between you and me  
there would be a feeling.**

**Tomorrow when you open your eyes  
dream me different  
without weariness in my soul  
without sorrow in my memory  
without silence in my eyes.  
Tomorrow when I wake up  
seek my hands warm with sleep  
and tell me that today is a different day.  
and tell me that today is a different day.  
Tomorrow reach for my joy  
that leaves me forgotten  
the certainty that I am a woman  
the madness that revives the heart.  
If tomorrow you're not there  
I won't look for you in a poem  
because I know I won't find you.**

**Knight-errant who looks for love where there is none  
You declare me love disguised as friendship.  
What does your eagerness to captivate live on?  
Without knowing it you fall in love  
with a body without a face,  
of a soul without a face.  
You profess your experiences,  
judging that which is not the same.  
you censure other people's lives  
filling your emptiness many times  
of my loneliness that is alien to you.  
You declare a future with hardly certain certainty  
believing yourself to be the owner of my truth.  
I only watch you live, without prophecy,  
without condemning your ways.  
You who made the silence proclaiming this remoteness  
I accepted because I didn't care  
calling me dangerous, you fled from me and from you  
maybe because you would fall in love.  
I think you lack naivety and I have plenty of it  
you have a loneliness and I have thousands  
you have old dreams left unfulfilled  
I, on the other hand, am beginning to dream.  
you're afraid of your senility  
I to tell you the truth I'm not afraid**

**Friend, I have taken the liberty of daring  
I dreamed of you, that you gave me  
the naivety that has been lost  
the song that I lack  
the love that I have lost.  
you will know how to forgive  
the lying love that I gave you.  
Anxiety devours and you have been  
the ghost that accuses me  
the one I'd like to catch without succeeding.  
Your silence was a sword  
sweetly thrust  
in an eternal reality.  
sorry my friend  
I have lost once again.**



**Beauty**

**a virtue**

**idealised to the point of madness**

**treasure of clay we dream of**

**in the eyes of a future loved one.**

**Fear**

**invades us like an infamous ghost**

**finding ourselves defenceless**

**we seek the opposite deity**

**where can we forget it?**

**The hope**

**if it weren't for you**

**my soul would die naked.**

**There are as many hopes as you**

**But I have only one.**

**Here deep inside and only mine**

**because it lives in me even though sometimes**

**it fades or blurs**

**there it will always be in its place**

**she is called Freedom.**

**To hell with everyone I don't care about  
To hell with everything that hurts us  
with everything that bleeds us  
with everything that makes me cry  
with everything that invades me with loneliness.  
And welcome to the falsehood that saves us from storms  
and the coldness that makes us strong  
falsely strong in the face of other people's pain  
which is ours in a way.  
Welcome then to the dark lie  
that stops real hatred.  
Even if our life is humiliation  
for our conscience  
it will all be worth it  
because we will have the respect  
of those who have no respect for life  
the stupid envy of empty beings  
and we will be men of fleeting fortune.  
But when will I be able to love  
how much can I be happy  
without feeling unworthy  
of such immense and true fortune?**

**Where are you going with your broken wings  
with your absent song  
and your gaze casting a shadow.**


**Where am I going without your blood  
as my inheritance  
with your history in shreds  
without your hand trembling in anguish.**

**Where did you want to go?  
Dove without peace anxious for freedom  
in a cage you found yourself  
against your will.**

**And it is your ancient absence that becomes real  
while memories  
dissipate with the fog  
that was your inspiration.**

**On a different afternoon  
you decided your foreseen end  
and my pain is alien to you  
my freedom today condemns me.**

**To the most loved person  
To the most hated  
To the most lost being  
To the most loved womb.**



**If you think you have won something  
I can tell you  
that you have kept my illusion  
the one that covered your night  
with a future love that didn't exist yet  
with my tears already lost  
with the glimpse of knowing in my sweetness  
the possibility of loving you  
like no other.**

**If you think you've won something  
you're wrong  
because I take with me the love I have to give  
the warmth of my little hands  
the look in love that you couldn't see  
and of another will be.**

**I've taken the afternoons, the nights  
the dawns I had to give you.  
You've only gained the ignorance  
that through your life I have passed.**

**The illusion shattered like a fairground ring  
the colour of useless beauty vanished.  
Lost its wings the love that did not exist  
the hope of a dream for living in a desert.  
the sun went out in the warmth of silence  
disappearing one morning  
without a goodbye or even a murmured I love you.**



**Behind my masks you'll find a flower  
bathed in blood blossoming from the pain.  
Hidden behind the child  
you will find a woman beating  
and behind her the naivety, the tenderness  
the beauty that only the first can have  
that she doesn't want to lose  
in the great roads of adulthood.  
The masks that you acclaim are not so many  
just come closer and you'll see them fall.**

**I have been sold a heaven  
that vanished in my hands  
an exact copy of a perfect blue.**

**I have been deceived  
I was told that the sun was hidden behind the clouds  
dusk came and like a fool I didn't have it.**

**Gentlemen don't pay attention  
don't buy a used sky  
even if it's a sunrise.**

**The purplish tints  
can perish faster  
a country evening sky  
sure to slowly fade away.**

**Because we have been lied to  
the sky can't be bought or sold.**

**I'm building one  
with a sun of golden sequins  
clouds of foam**

**and doves that can't be seen  
because they don't stop flying.**

**Gentlemen, I'm not selling it to you  
if someone wants it, I'll give it to them as a gift.**



**I showed you the strong  
I showed you the weak  
I showed you an anguish and my sadness  
I showed you my unstoppable weeping  
I showed you my starless night  
And so blind was I in my haze  
That I couldn't see who you were.  
Today I don't remember your face  
Just your name  
flutters in my head  
it seems like centuries  
but I've lost count.**

**You will remember me for just a few moments  
in the beauty of a teenage girl  
in the fear of a child  
in the sincerity of someone else's eyes.**

**You will remember me at some point  
when you have nothing to think and nothing to do  
with a sad story and a sure hope.**

**Looking for you in your world so different from mine  
walking through your streets knowing  
you dreamed in my sky.**

**when you remember your loves in a long list  
for a moment you'll live the taste of sensations  
and I will have been your last lost hope.**

**Don't dream in vain of stories with no beginning  
dream a rose but remember its thorns.**

**Don't dream skies that don't belong to you  
Dream those that you can create.**

**Don't dream in vain in search of pain  
dream what you truly are  
without flying beyond what is not happiness.**

**No one can change your story  
unless you wish it.**

**Don't just dream  
also make it come true.**

**The days are coming forward  
because the leaves are not enough for so much to say today.  
My legs don't know how to contain  
the imperceptible tremors that shake them  
as my soul is shaken  
between walls and columns that fall on it.  
Panic to feel the ancient pain of loving  
or pretending to love uselessly.  
Your footsteps are approaching and I don't know  
if I desire or fear them  
I wait for you but who knows if your onslaught  
won't break what little remains of me  
that's left of me into a thousand pieces like never before.**



**Where are your tears?**

**My hands no longer hold your sorrow**

**They bleed wounds that will never heal.**

**Your goodbyes have been mine in this dark night**

**foreboding the end of another story**

**longing for my own.**

**I know the undeviating route of my sadness**

**made of pitiful verses**

**the silent fall of your peace**

**twists my soul**

**about to devour your real ghost.**

**And your sorrow leaves no trace**

**my memories are torment**

**that erase the calculated present.**

**I am the sole mistress of my solitude**

**No one claims this my true**

**Undisputed possession.**

**Here I am adding your yesterday that is inheritance**

**Poetry that fails to reflect you and weeps.**

**Poetry that fails to reflect you and cries**

**because it is no longer pretending to exist**

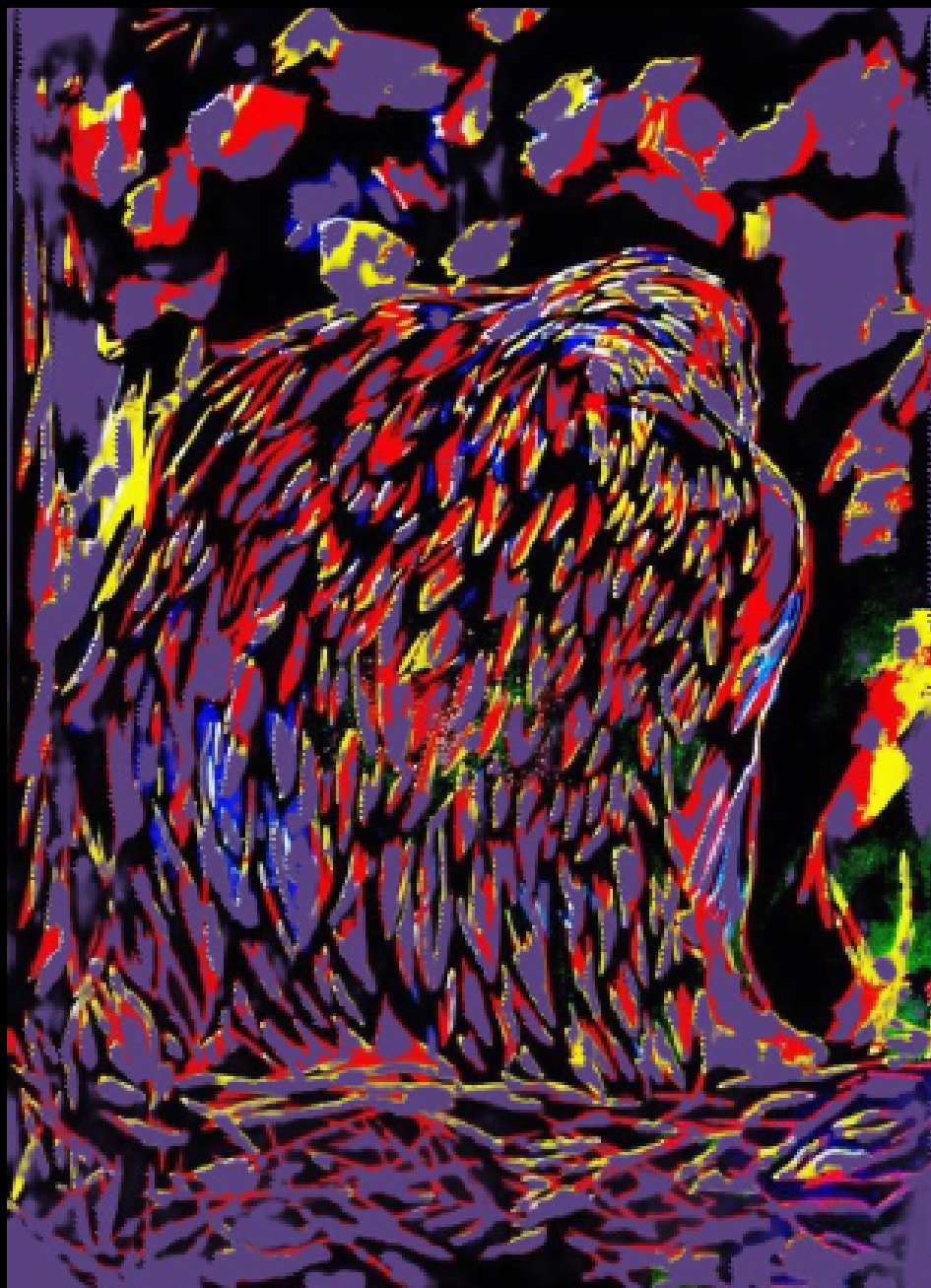
**protecting the most precious thing in your life**

**the most wounded, the blood spilled**

**in the last mortal step.**

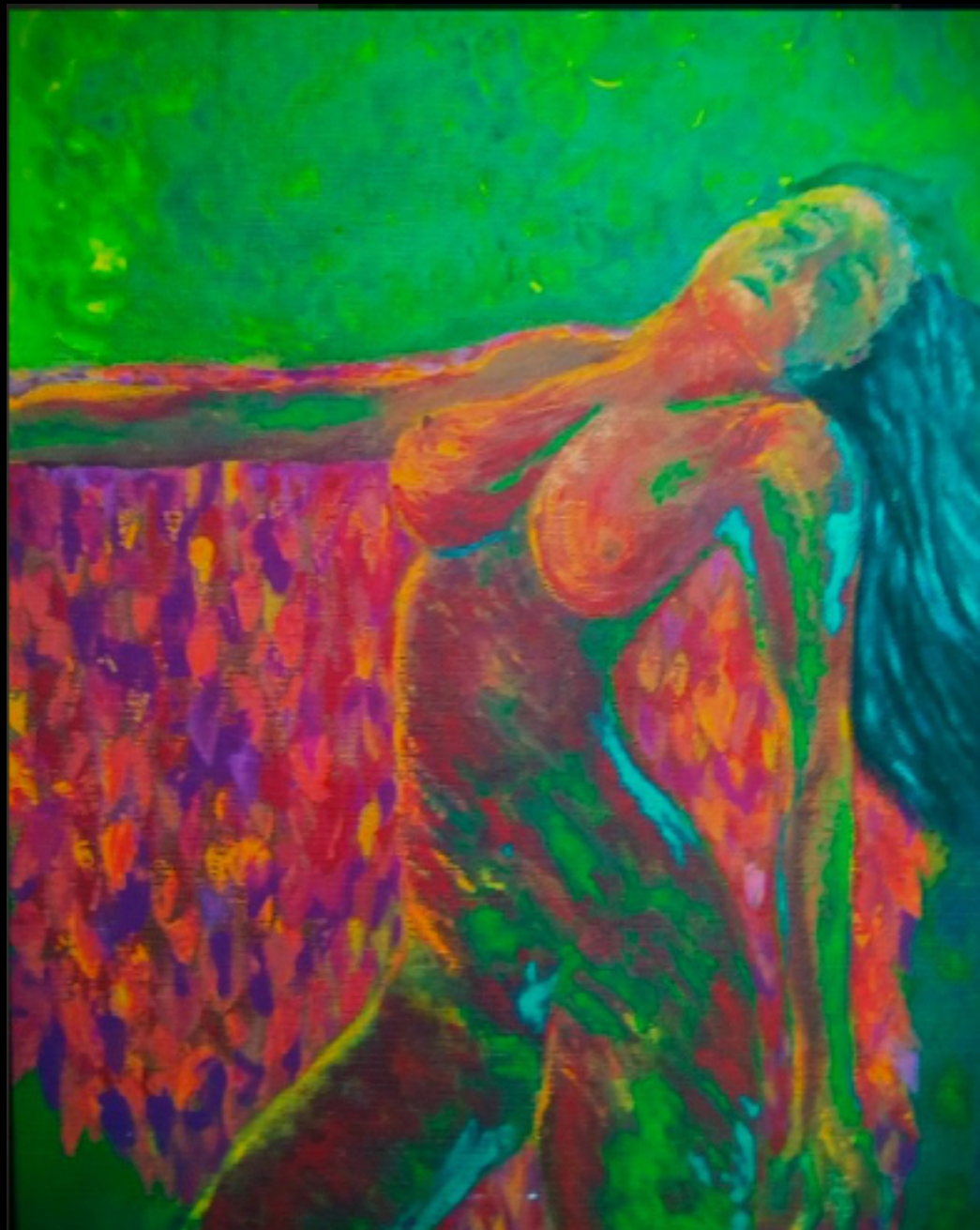
**Love the memory that is lived  
and don't ask me for tears and despair.  
Don't deprive me of my freedom  
to realise my dreams and start living  
if you feel it's not your time once more  
if I'm not your dream or your freedom.  
I know there's more than a night of passion behind me  
Inside me I feel the absence of your shadow on my threshold.  
Love that had no roots yet was not enough  
Flower of four seasons that didn't survive the October wind.  
I was not tied so tightly by the ropes of your aimless ship  
and the rudder raving at the first storm.  
The city lights can no longer  
can no longer give me the illusion of magical nights  
because I'm left without a single silk dress to wear for the first time  
my sandals are no longer gold  
and my hair doesn't fly unruly with the wind.  
I beg your pardon love  
for not finding me blind and deaf to your springtime  
for knowing that there are four seasons and that night follows day.  
Time passes as it has passed so many times  
and I will pass staying in a warm corner of your memories.**

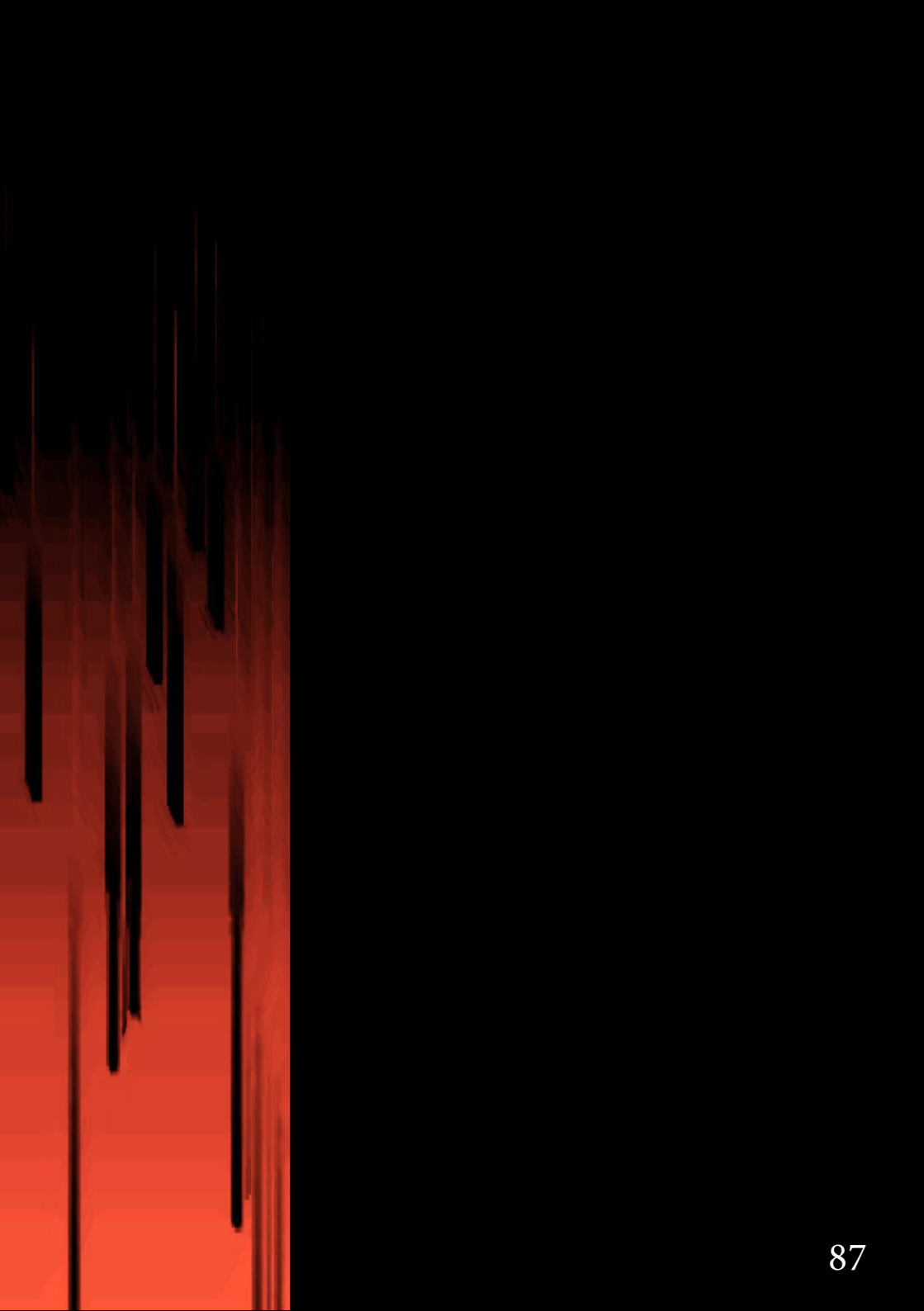
**I'm dying of love gentlemen just as you hear it  
save me I could say  
but I know it would be in vain  
For only one can do it  
And apparently it's not in him to do it.  
I'm dying of love gentlemen are my witnesses  
little by little tear by tear  
I try to recover what I've lost  
I'm dying of love, gentlemen.  
I'm dying of love gentlemen  
leave me alone at this moment  
No remedy will bring an end  
In this sickness in my heart.  
Without mercy the silence is a sword  
piercing my soul.  
I'm dying of love slowly  
and the worst thing is that I know I won't die.**





**If it is difficult to transcribe our feelings  
it is so easy to write about your gaze  
that I prefer to remain silent and feel the silence  
because I'm afraid of discovering what I long for so much  
and suffer for not being able to have it.  
So many illusions were lost battles  
that I realise time and its passing.  
You can call me a coward but I know how much I have lived  
And even more how much And how I want to live.  
Your figure reminds me of you and I'm grateful to you,  
I don't demand or ask for anything  
I don't care to keep you  
I'm not afraid to feel you for a moment  
And without betting too much I open a bridge for you  
if you cross it I'll be there if you don't I'll lose nothing.**





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