

Scraps from the green notebook

Love makes me sick. Loneliness too.
But being halfway through both?
That is without doubt,
the worst.

Faceless is the wall I built
to remain strong.
Therefore I can't see you
nor hear your call.

The tide of your tears
reach the shore of my fears.
So I run,
still with the memory of your hand.

You will look for me in the stars,
I'm grieving you in my heart.
Yet the feeble courage,
and the glow it casts,
seals the promise
that I will meet you at last.

Love shall be tender, loneliness too.
Solemn is the place they hold,
in my fading life,
as I grow.

— Bea Carmona.