

Paradoxical

That human's obsession
with remembering when it's over
with recalling how did all began
without understanding why it finished

Smiles , tears
dressed bodies, naked souls
desiring to be all
and nothing
at the same time

Like two drops
that a green girl observes
falling,
down the car's window
without bumping into each other
as a weep would do,
and she, distant,
looking,
as if she would be waiting
to be wetted.

Your eyes and heart asked for help
In unison,
in dull calls,
but your brain didn't wanted to accept it
because those organs
belonged to the person
who make those eyes shine.

This help was needed,
because, although she was surrounded by people
she felt alone
and she suffered it each day

While I, being in front of you
sat, frustrated and
petrified,
knowing that you weren't okay
without the capacity of saying
that you are not alone
at all.

What a paradox.

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