

Anna, Pt. 3

I am alive

So I live

I am alive

So I love

I am alive

So I deserve life

I am alive

So I deserve love

A beautiful woman in a blue dress stands before me

She says that I am: shallow

and that I am, insincere

I reply: "I'm very sincere"

and, "I do love you"

A beautiful woman in a blue dress stands before me

She asks: "Am I really beautiful?"

I reply: "Of course"

and, "And I do love you"

It was only days ago when I conceptualized a poem about a woman in a hospital bed

In which, a woman lies sick, sleeping in a hospital bed

She dreams and she wakes to see her best friend, waiting

And it's so beautiful

It wouldn't be cliché if it weren't so beautiful

It couldn't be cliché if it weren't so beautiful

It's a very true and very beautiful form of love

She thinks of her father, of an argument while she slept
He was terrified to see his daughter in such a state, and he responded irrationally
He wasn't there when she woke, but he was the first to hold her hand
It's an equally true love, and therefore equally beautiful

The friend is beautiful, with short bleached hair
She exists, and she receives my love
The father lives and breathes, he provides warmth, shelter and nourishment
He exists, and he receives my love
But, I have never woken in a hospital bed
And the question is not who are these people, but who is this woman?

All the love that flows from fiction is not non-existent
And neither is the love of the Earth or the Sky or even the Ocean
Because if we all deserve love and we trust that statement to be true
Then love must emanate from the world if not from the ones around us

And a beautiful woman in a blue dress stands before me

She asks:

"And how about me?"

"Me, a conceptual figure of unmatched beauty"

"An impossible figurine of unlimited aesthetic potential"

"No eyes, no soul and no heart"

"A ghost in an undefined blue dress"

"Do even I deserve love?"

And I reply:

"Of course,"

"I will always love you"