The Echo of Her Memory

Some say breakups are for the best, But my heart refuses to agree. They say forgetting an ex is easy, Yet my pillow tells a different story.

They claim her face will fade with time,
But my dreams bring her back each night.
The past is meant to stay behind, they say,
Yet my art and words still call her name.

Some say talking about an ex is weak,

But my silence screams louder when I don't speak.

They insist that closure heals every scar,

Yet every word about her feels like reopening an old war.

People claim it's unhealthy to hold on this way,

But letting go seems far harder than they say.

"They'll tell you she wasn't right for you," voices preach,

But my heart still believes she was within reach.

Friends assure me new love will come along,
Still, her absence feels like a lifelong wrong.
"They say dwelling only drags you down," they scold,
But remembering her is the only warmth I've known.

They say time will mend what's torn,
Yet my soul still aches where she was once worn.

They promise the pain will one day cease, But every sunrise just robs me of peace.

They urge me to laugh, to love, to live,

But how do I heal when I have nothing to give?

Some whisper that love should never confine,

But wasn't she freedom, wrapped in something divine?

They tell me she's just a chapter, not the book,
Yet every page I turn still holds her look.
"They say you'll find someone else to adore,"
But love wasn't a game – I don't want more.

They speak of destiny, fate, and chance,
But all I see is a life without her glance.
The world demands I let her go,
Yet she's the rhythm in my heart's echo

Society swears moving forward is the key to survive,

But forgetting her feels like losing myself alive.

If love is meant to be strong, not weak,

Then why is moving on the cure they seek?

Some say breakups are for the best,

But my heart refuses to agree.

They say forgetting an ex is easy,

Yet she still lives in the deepest part of me.