

Heartstrings Unplayed



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For all hopeless romantics whose heartstrings remain unplayed.

A tous les romantiques sans espoir dont les cordes du cœur demeurent sans musicien.

A todos los románticos desilusionados cuyas cuerdas del corazón permanecen sin músico

*CHASING SHADOWS
OF AFFECTION*

Fantasma

Récemment, je suis hanté par le fantôme de ton âme.

Il me suit partout où je vais, il me suivrait jusqu'à Amsterdam.

Je ne pourrais m'en défaire si je le souhaitais :

Il m'a surpris par derrière et tout de suite enivré.

Des cœurs j'en ai aimés, j'en ai parfois brisés;

Mais rares sont les cœurs qui m'ont si profondément intrigué.

Pourtant, le tien me tient constamment en haleine,

Et mes tentatives de l'oublier ont jusqu'à présent été vaines.

Ton esprit me vient tellement dans mes rêves

Que je souffre d'un vide immense quand je me lève.

Cet inexplicable gouffre dans mon quotidien

Me laisse souhaiter à mes côtés ton corps et ton esprit troyens.

Progressivement, ton rire me devient nouvelle obsession,

Je me trouve complètement incapable de me défaire de ce son.

À chaque fois que j'y pense, je désire m'en détacher

Mais le fantôme de ton sourire ne cesse de me hanter.

Tes yeux m'envahissent dès que je ferme les miens.

Ils s'approprient mon corps et mon âme qui deviennent tiens.

Je me livre en aveugle à tes prunelles qui m'entraînent

Et me dévoue au fantôme de ton âme qui m'enchaine.

Princess in a Disney Movie

Every time I see you, I'm overcome with
basorexia.

I can't help it, your features give me amnesia.

I feel like Ben after Mal gave him her love cookie,
Utterly infatuated with your unspeakable beauty.

You dive into the abyss of my spirit with your
eyes,

Delve deeper than all oceans and skies.

And just like Ursula stole Ariel's voice,
I can feel you slowly stealing my heart in rejoice.

Late at night, I find myself wondering:

Can you hear my heart thundering?

Or is the sound of my soul screaming for yours
Too far away for you to feel at your core?

Just like Belle when she turned the Beast human

The night you offer me your heart will break my
armor of iron.

You will have saved me from the curse inflicted
upon me,

For it is a curse to be free of your glee.

The night Aladdin gave Jasmine on his magic
carpet

Won't stand a chance against my passion
incarnate.

Singing to you about our new lives together,

Will be the mildest storm you will have to temper.

You tell me you've never loved anyone,

Never felt their presence, been fine on your own.

But I will make you fall madly in love with me.

Head over heels, you'll feel like a Princess in a
Disney Movie.

Mixed Signals

One day, your eyes are constantly on me.

The next, I catch you staring only barely.

How long do we have to keep up this dance,

Before we finally get out of this trance?

Somedays, you sense chemistry between us,

Others, I feel alone in my fantasy, thus

I debate asking you point-blank what's on your mind,

But I'm afraid of your answer because maybe I'm blind.

Am I being too reluctant? Should I be blunt?

Will it make you run away like it does everyone?

I am at a loss, looking at us in 144 pixels,

But one day I will decrypt your mixed signals.

I swore to myself I would never get attached

But our tangos make it impossible to detach,

I love it when you lead, do you like it when I do?

I never want to stop dancing but would die to know how you feel, too.

I could make you feel things you never even
thought possible

If you would only, for once, send a crystal-clear
signal.

Maybe one day you'll be ready to take this leap of
faith,

But my past heartbreaks taught me not to wait in
vain.

Playing Games

I'm tired of playing games, call me impatient

But your eyes make me want to have you this instant.

My soul is the shallow end of the water they bath in,

And right now, all I feel is asphyxiation.

I'm tired of going slow, call me a racer

But I need to get to the finish line a little faster.

The thrill and suspense are getting tiring,

Three weeks on a racetrack can be exhausting.

I'm tired of mixed signals, call me a freak

But I can't live with you constantly turning your cheek.

One day you're on me, the next you blow me off

You change colors like a chameleon, then fly away like a dove.

I'm tired of the unknown, call me uptight.

But I don't know how to deal with the unfamiliar blight

That your changes of heart do to my body and
mind.

I'm not proud of it, but I won't let it make me
blind.

I'm getting tired of you; I'll call you an illusion

Cause recently a mirage is exactly what I'm living
in.

I feel like you're an oasis I really want to reach,

And every time I get close, you disappear without
speech.

*SHATTERED DREAMS
AND SYMPHONIES*

Philophobia

Maybe one day I'll discover how to love again,

Right now, it's impossible to feel like way back
when

You were everything to me, life was a utopia.

Since you've been gone, my heart screams
Philophobia.

I opened it up and let the emotional gates flood.

Not saying you were a monster, nor that it was
your fault;

But our separation left my waters fighting hydra
And my body weak, pleading Philophobia.

When I intertwined my soul with yours,

You claimed a piece of it to keep, became a
horcrux.

Now, the thought of you gives me asthma.

Knowing a part of me is forever yours, I howl
Philophobia.

As Edgar Allen Poe once beautifully expressed,
I told you terrible things about me, you loved me
at my worst and best;

Which is why losing you has made me fall back int mode Beta.

My heart is back to a work in progress, but instead of “Loading”, is written “Philophobia”.

From now on, I'll wander the world looking for someone to level with you-

Your love, affection, personality, the way you made me feel when I was blue.

My deepest wish is that you aren't the only one for me, that even in my new dystopia,

I'll find someone whose presence relieves me from screaming Philophobia.

Muerte de la Pluma

No escribo desde que apagué mis emociones.

Ahora ya no siento, ni siquiera en ocasiones.

Quizás sea mejor así, porque cuando lo dejamos,

De sentimientos de soledad, padecí océanos.

No escribo desde hace un mes, más o menos

Porque ya no soy capaz de recordar los besos,

Ni las palabras, y sobre todo los abrazos

Que nos emborrachaban cuando estábamos
juntos.

No escribo porque a ti tanto te escribí.

Mis palabras se agotaron para hacerte sonreír.

Una sonrisa cuya ausencia no aguento más,

Mi mano queda inmóvil, esperando que algún día
volverás.

No escribo porque necesito dejar de sentir.

Para olvidarte, y en la vida poder seguir.

Necesito encarcelar a mi corazón con mis
recuerdos

Hasta que un día, sin lágrimas, pueda de frente
mirarlos.

No escribo, aunque si lo quiera hacer
Porque mis poemas son como mi forma de ser.
Pero incluso con versos derramados, las lágrimas
se me escapan
Y el teclado se me moja de melancolía y de
nostalgia.

No escribo desde que no encuentro musa.
Intenté con otras, pero tu nivel, nadie lo alcanza.
No encuentro en nadie lo que me hacías sentir.
Nadie más me da ganas de escribir, sino de huir.
No escribo porque me siento muerto.
Desde que se acabó lo nuestro, estoy sin vida ni
movimiento.

Espero que algún día alguien más me enseñe a
vivir

Pero por ahora, estoy condenado a sentir sin
escribir.

Rage of the Elements

On the day we broke up, 15th of July,

The Sky, all might, should have cried.

Rain should have poured,

And thunder bellowed.

I should have heard God wallowing

In pain because of our own suffering.

Mother nature should have bowed before it

The evil force grinding us to shit.

I even so far as thing

The whole fucking planet

Should have split

Under the magnitude of what had transpired.

That the entire human race should have retired.

Because surely, such intense emotions

Must indicate the end of all oceans,

Of all planets and continents,

The end of the world as we know it.

Right?

Surely, a tragedy of this might
Would have some influence,
Cause some dissonance,
In the fabric of space and time,
Like the gravest cosmic crime.

Spoiler alert: I was wrong.
The Sky stayed blue and strong.
I could hear birds singing along,
Filling the silence in the absence of thunder and
rain.

God was as quiet as every day
And Mother Nature cruelly let me live,
That's something I have yet to forgive.
The planet, to my dismay, stayed whole.
As opposed to my mind, of which I soon lost
control...

The sad truth is that humans didn't go out of flow
And 7 billion of them will never know
What exactly happened on the day we did,
The day we broke up, 15th of July.

Bad Things Come in Twos

Bad things come in twos,

Two is the worst kind of abuse.

Because one may be a dumb mistake,

But two is a vendetta dealt to the heart with a
stake.

Bad things come in twos,

But if I ever had to choose

Between the burden of knowing one without two,

Or knowing the first and the second, too,

I would choose the former in a heartbeat

Because knowing the second, I hardly eat.

Thinking about the second makes me cry,

And dreaming about it makes me want to die.

Bad things come in twos,

Worst of all pairs was the news

Of your second, stake to my heart

Which showed you really master the art

Of vengeance, revenge and spite.

I suddenly see you under a whole new light.
They say good things come in threes,
But a third of this would make me freeze
In my tracks, not dead, nor alive, but undead
With a body temperature of absolute zero and
A heart fighting to beat a desperation untold.
I guess revenge really is best served cold
And, in the vengeance Olympics your medal is
gold.

"Soulmates"

I don't believe in soulmates anymore,

Because you told me I was yours

When in fact, I wasn't at all.

You made me think that, even though I'm small

In comparison to the universe, the galaxy and the stars,

I was big and bright enough to heal your scars;

When in fact, I wasn't, not even close.

"You're my soulmate", you said so convincingly,

And I fell for it so naively.

I never thought that, when we fell apart

And I thought we were two pieces of the same broken heart,

Destined and waiting to come back together,

You would run into the arms of another

And he would make you see "colors you had never seen with anyone else".

She really hit home on that one, huh?

I don't believe in soulmates anymore,

Neither can I believe you went back to him, what
for?

Twice. You tasted his lips a second time,

After telling me you would never repeat that
crime.

Well, I hope it didn't make you forget the taste of
mine

That his lips tasted as sour as the word
“soulmates” resonates in my mind,

As acrid as the stain you left on my recollection of
us.

I hope you wish I were him while you adjust

His hands on your hips, and yours on his neck.

I hope you turn his life, like mine, into a wreck.

Dancing with the Devil

When we were together,
We agreed that no matter
What problems may arise between us
We would never show the world a single cuss.
So why is it that, when we broke up
And became friends, at the smallest hiccup,
You suddenly gave me over to the cruel world?
Why is it that I had to be served
On a golden fucking platter
At every single chance you could gather?
I can admit it; I made many a mistake
But you didn't have to be so fake
Or act so cruel, because the truth is
Worst of all mistakes was your fated kiss.
And even after you split my heart in two
By choosing the demon who had maimed us, as
you knew,
I still defended you to whoever dared throw shade

On the name I once worshipped, a promise I will
never trade.

Unfortunately, as you put so eloquently,

You aren't like me, you're a different person
entirely.

I guess breaking promises comes easy to you

And stabbing me in the back is just another virtue.

At least I made another breakthrough:

With each stake you plant in my heart,

I accept more and more our tearing apart.

Your vindictiveness is something in which you
just revel

And so, I'm left dancing with the devil.

Let You Go

I have to learn to let you go,

If only because I can't have you anymore.

I have to learn

That I have to earn

Everything for which my body and soul yearn

Without causing hearts to burn.

I have to let you leave

For I want to see you prosper and achieve

All the goals you have ever set for yourself

And earn a million trophies on your shelf.

I want to see you fly

Fly far away, as high as the sky.

Sometimes, I just wish that,

Instead of giving you spat,

I gave you wings.

Not a million and one kings

Could hold a candle against

Your will, so intense

If I would only
Let you go slowly.
I have to learn to let go of you
If not for you, then for me, too.
Because I can't keep living
With your ghost, gone but haunting
The very depths of my soul
And devouring me whole.
I have to let go of your memory,
Bury it in a cemetery
And never, under any circumstance,
Let it out, let it dance.
I have to let go of the idea
That I was good for you in any area
Because the truth is,
No matter the analysis,
You are better off without me.
And as for yours truly,
While I may not be better this way,

I sure will try to get better every day
Until one day I'm finally okay
And calm enough to pray
That, be where you may, your life isn't gray
But full of love and butterflies,
All the sundown and sunrise
That I tried, but could not
Give to you... now my stomach is in a knot.

Once Upon a Broken Vow

I really don't know what to say,

Words are usually my forte.

But this hurts unlike anything before

And I'm starting to feel I can't do this anymore.

I promise I hate to throw blame,

But did you really have to throw everything up in
flame?

I know you were hurt; I was too.

But that doesn't make any of this easier to chew.

This is a classic double-sided story,

And life truly feels like a tragic movie.

Because all I can think about now,

Is that, once upon a broken vow,

You swore you would never get close to him

But still tasted his lips on that night, so grim.

Once upon a broken vow, you promised

You would never again taste the devil's kiss

And once again succumbed to the bliss

That is ripping my heart from my body,
Crushing it then disembodying me.

Once upon a broken vow, I believed
That I was done, that I had grieved
Everything that had slowly died.

But you said enough I hadn't cried
So, you gave me the gift of sight:
I see you kissing him in the fire light

Going south, he must have been so tight,
Grinding on his laps on a beautiful night
Finding in him all I was unable to give you.

I can only hope you didn't go all the way through.

Once upon a broken vow, you broke my soul
I hope that, in the end, I played my role:
Was I the villain, was he your destined mate?

Or was he just a cruel twist of my fate?
Life really can resemble a movie,
Right not it feels like my favorite literary fantasy.

I can't figure out the meaning of all this,

I just know I'm spiraling down a giant abyss.

Sometimes I think this is exactly what you wanted,

But in the very depths of my being,

After much seeing and disagreeing,

I know I probably deserve all of this.

Maybe what I did was much worse than that fated kiss.

Once upon a broken vow, I wondered

Why my heart and soul thundered

At the very mention of his name,

I had only myself to blame.

But once upon a broken vow, my worries were reformed.

I guess hell hath no fury like a woman scorned.

Was I the one who burnt the letter into your soul?

Did he throw chilling water to close that hellhole?

Once upon a broken vow, I realize

That with every accusing and reproaching eyes,

I did nothing but push you further away

Into the arms of the devil in decay.

Once upon a broken vow, I accept

That this might not have been something I could
prevent

But I'm still left alone with my thoughts to lament.

AND THE SHOW WENT
ON

This Girl

I fell for this girl

When a few days ago, my heart twirled

At the sound of her laugh, her adorable voice.

Let's hope this time my heart isn't destroyed.

I fell for this girl, almost at first sight.

Not the first second I saw her, not quite

But at the first glimpse of who she was:

Smart and gorgeous, eyes filled with stars.

Caring and fleeting, incarnation of a flower.

I fell for this girl

Because with her I forgot about everything around me.

Everything I thought I wanted to be

Turned out to be meaningless next to what I yearned:

Being what she wants most in the world.

I fell for this girl

After speaking for hours on end, watching her curl

Up in her bed, listening and responding,
Now it's her my heart is missing.
When I don't see her, my eyes water.
If I can't hear her, my ears scream terror.
My hands turn cold when I can't hug her,
My nose crinkles at the absence of her odor.
I fell for this girl,
And I'm not sure it's her I deserve.
But damn if I'm not going to try
I will go to hell then heaven in the sky
If I have to, to win her heart,
Make sure we're never again apart.
Because without this girl, I feel incomplete,
And if I lose her my heart will turn to concrete.

Amour Mythique

Je t'aime en va-et-vient,
Un jour, je me lève... Tiens!
Je t'ai oubliée.
Puis j'perçois la nuit tombée
Dans tes yeux onyx,
Et je m'sens plongé dans le Styx.
Sauf que, je n'ai plus un seul point vulnérable:
Ton regard me rend complètement incapable
De respirer, de voir clair, de bouger
C'est mon corps entier que j'ai échangé.
Je t'aime en monte-et-descend
Parfois, c'est fou et je veux t'embrassser.
Par d'autres, tu me rends désespéré.
Tu es Aphrodite, et moi une forme indéterminée:
Tantôt ton Héphaïstos, tantôt ton Arès.
Le pire c'est que j'ai tellement tenté
De me défaire des effets de ta beauté.
Mais, avec chaque nouveau coup d'oeil

Je succombe et tombe en deuil.
Je t'aime parce que je t'aime,
Je veux te connaître jusqu'au millionième
Des détails, je sais que c'est pas accidentel.
Outre t'aimer, tout m'est bagatelle.
Je t'aime comme la Mer aime la Terre,
Un jour fidélité, l'autre adultère.
Par marées hautes et basses,
Mes sentiments me dépassent.
Je ne sais plus quoi en faire,
Comment diable les faire taire.
Je sais juste que je n'en veux pas,
Tu finiras par me tuer comme Ouranos par Gaea.

Pulsions sur Papier

Tu m'as entendu dire
Que, pour le meilleur ou pour le pire,
Je suis immun aux mauvaises influences.
Mais avec toi, insouciance et imprudence,
Engloutissent mon corps, impuissant,
Je veux me jeter inconsciemment
Dans ton regard si séduisant,
Vivre un amour épuisant
Sans égard aux répercussions,
Vaccinant entre fusion et auto-destruction.
Je me considère inébranlable
Par les influences, mais tu es capable
De me faire perdre la cabeza,
M'enchanter par ton côté loca,
Me niquer le sang froid,
Par ton rire et ta voix.
J'ai mon chemin déjà tracé
Mais tu es raison suffisante pour détourner.

Emporte-moi dans ton monde de bonheur,
Fais-moi oublier les problèmes et les heures.
Rends-moi accro à ta drogue,
Et je te suivrai jusqu'en Europe.

*HAUNTED BY ECHOES
OF THE PAST*

Cigarettes

My dad always told me to beware cigarettes
But he never warned me about a tiny brunette.
Or is she a redhead? She changes so often.
And I was as addicted to her as anyone to cocaine.
One day, I decided to quit
And my dad warned me, I admit
That it wouldn't be easy to stay her friend
That I had to cut off the addiction till the end.
But I didn't listen, now here I am
Reeling from the first puff in months, what a
slam.
It wasn't the feeling of intertwined lips that
disturbed me,
But the sense that I was some kind of debris.
And the second I touched her,
All I could think about was where they were,
What they did,
How they did it,
Whether it was better or worse.

I didn't get the better end of these comparisons.

It only went downhill from there, as I gave her my thoughts completely bare,

And a wall of mistrust towered over them.

Suddenly, I felt nothing but contempt,

Because I would never do something as absurd,

As taking advantage of her, hurting her.

But her eyes were saying all I needed to hear,

Making me want to shamefully disappear.

Comparisons, cigarettes and comparisons again:

Why would it matter now and not then?

We've danced to this song before,

What's stopping us from doing it some more?

Is it me? Did I do something wrong?

Have I just been strung along?

Why would she only do with me

As she did with him? I didn't foresee

All the inferiority I would feel,

The skin I would want to peel

After this one puff.

Now I feel like it wasn't enough.

Coeur en Miettes

J'ai le coeur en miettes,
Incapable de te jeter aux oubliettes.

J'ai tenté de fuir pour des mois.
Mais aujourd'hui, j'ai entendu ta voix
Et tous mes efforts se sont écroulés.

Je ne savais pas à quel point
T'entendre chanter était un besoin.

Je n'ai malheureusement plus ce luxe,
Et me lamente de ce sort injuste.

Je n'aurai plus d'audios de paroles à moitié
Et n'ai que des enregistrements pour écouter,
Pour profiter
De ta divine voix,

Pour rêver
De ce qu'on aurait pu être, toi et moi,
Pour retourner
Là où je donnerai tout pour recommencer.

J'ai le coeur en miettes.

Je trouve des albums photos et feuillette.
J'admire tout ce qui était,
Tout ce qu'on s'aimait,
Tout ce qui n'est plus,
Parce qu'on a été vaincus.
Deux sourires innocents,
Deux âmes encore ignorantes
De la douleur et de la joie à venir.
Je me mets à relire
Les mots doux,
Les "je t'aime", les bisous,
Les querelles de mauvais goût.
On était tellement fous
L'un pour l'autre.
Quel dommage
Qu'on vit un âge
Où il n'en reste plus qu'une silhouette
Qui appartient aux oubliettes...
Et revoilà mon coeur en miettes.

J't en Veux

Un an plus tard, je me demande encore
Par un flux de pensées écoeurantes
Ce qui t'est passé par la tête ce jour-là
Et j't en veux tellement, parce que c'était Toi.
Je songeais en la réunion et le futur
Pendant que tu tâchais notre amour, si pur.
J't en veux pour tous les mensonges par omission,
Toutes les promesses mortes par trahison.
La vérité, c'est que t'as agi comme un pute
T'as sauté de mec en mec, sans dispute.
Je sais pas pourquoi j'parle au passé.
Tu l'fais encore et moi, j'suis dépassé.
Je m'suis juré de jamais parler mal de toi,
Mais je n'arrive plus à demeurer courtois.
Je dois bien me défouler quelque part,
Mieux vaut le faire derrière des remparts
Que t'exposer comme tu sembles si facilement
faire avec moi.

La vengeance te vient comme un siamois,
Elle fait partie de ta personne, sans elle tu n'es plus.
C'est triste que j'aimais ça, en plus.
J't en veux toujours, je n'arrive pas
A chasser l'image de lui et toi
Après m'avoir juré qu'il n'était qu'un ami.
Dans le dos, le couteau tu me l'a bien mis.
J't en veux tellement que ça fait mal,
Mon amour pour toi était animal.
Tout comme le déchirement que je ressens,
Le désespoir qui surgit quand je pense
Que tu aies pouvoir tellement m'affliger
Sachant que tu portais mon coeur, tout entier.
J't en veux pour ta cruauté
Que je ne méritais
Pas du tout.
La peine me colle comme un tatou.
Je veux crier ton nom et te crier après,
T'engueuler pour tout ce que tu m'as causé.

Mais je me suis promis de bien agir
Parce que je ne veux pas devenir
Ce que tu m'as prouvé qu'on peut être.
Tu me dégoûtes, je dois l'admettre.
Mais je ne vais jamais te l'avouer:
Tu sauras que je t'aimais,
Et que tu étais l'amour de ma vie,
Peut-être même que tu m'as asservi
Mais tu ne sauras jamais le feu
Qui brûle en moi, tellement j't en veux.

Poison Ivy

I can live in a war-struck place,
Watch horrors happen at a horrifying pace.
But I can't bear this battle in my heart,
I hate being here, because you're not.
You've poisoned the place I call home,
Infected it with Broken Heart Syndrome.
Home is now a garden of poison ivies,
Blooming into glimpses and memories
That you planted patiently for years.
Now you left and I'm living my worst fears
In the place where I lived my wildest dreams.
It's now nothing but a land of nightmares
Filled with your painfully beautiful face.
Residue of your venom still creeps inside me,
Mourning and loving a Poison Ivy.
My skin grows greener by the day,
Jealous of the grass and the clay,
Of how tight they hug your ghost.

I miss being this close.
I wish I could burn down the entire garden
Or die and live happily ever after in Eden.
Instead, I'll do the next best thing
And take myself out of the ring.
I'll leave the poisoned land, dressed in black,
Determined never to look back.
I'll hope the poison ivies don't grow legs,
Or even worse, start laying eggs.
I'll live my life like it never happened,
Try and take down every and any hint
Of your existence, of poisonous plants
That may grow around my ears like implants,
Whispering to me echoes of your voice,
Torturing me with make-believe of you and other
boys,
Playing for me tunes we used to dance to...
God, I'm so fucking screwed.
I should have known this was a sickness.
Man VS Poison Ivy always loses.

Your ivies have taken over my head
Like Medusa but with a lighter green instead.
And while my eyes may not turn people to stone,
They ache red with a pain few have known.

Tourments du Survivant

1 an, 365 jours, 8760 heures.

J'ai compté les jours et baigné dans les pleurs.

31.5 millions de secondes,

Et plus aucun souvenir ne m'inonde

D'outre-tombe, ni me torture.

Ciactrisée est à présent ma blessure.

Mon corps a accompli la tâche de t'oublier,

Ton toucher et ton odeur ne lui sont plus
qu'étrangers.

Et ton fantôme qui me hantait en souvenir

Ne provoque plus qu'un simple et nostalgique
sourire.

1 an, 365 jours, 8760 heures.

Ma vie devient aussi rose que le printemps et les
fleurs.

Mon coeur est en éclosion et la vérité me frappe:

La table demeure mise après qu'on retire la nappe.

Un peu sale, mais recouverte de plats à savourer.

J'ai tellement hâte de goûter à la liberté

A tout ce dont je fus incapable cette année,
Trop occupé dans mes tentatives de t'oublier.
T'aimer comme un fou, c'est mauvais pour la
santé.

Mais maintenant que la maladie est passée,
Il est temps de vivre pour de vrai:
De créer, d'apprendre, de découvrir, de voyager,
La tête et l'esprit délivrés de leur cage,
Et peut-être un jour oublier ton âge.

31.5 millions de secondes.

Ce ne sont plus les larmes qui abondent.
Me défaire de toi a été un défi divin.
Aujourd'hui, je lève mon verre de vin;
Je bois en honneur de notre au revoir,
Et de notre amour qui n'existe plus qu'en
mémoire.

XYZ

Hoy me parece tonto que jamás te extrañé,
Que hace meses te amaba, porque
De traidoras, fuiste la mejor.
Pero por fin perdoné tu mayor error.
De esto me di cuenta
Cuando os vi juntos sin sentir nada.
Al contrario, me quedó gracioso
Que le hablaras después de lo que hizo,
Después de lo que nos costó.
Y pensé “Bueno...
Nunca fuiste la que aprendía de sus errores, y de
esta errata,
No hiciste excepción.
Qué decepción.”
Pues, ya puedo confirmar
Que lo importante es tu alegría.
Entonces, haz lo que te dé la gana,
Y sepa que a mí ya no me importa

Porque encontré bondad y compasión

Para perdonarte y borrar mi decepción.

Nuestros caminos formaban X, y se separaron en
Y.

A partir de ahora el mío tendrá forma de Z.

Secrets Spilled

Did you kill me

Or did I kill myself?

When I justified your weaponry,

Reduced reason to an elf,

Apologized for tainting your clothes

With the blood you cut out of my pores.

Did you kill me

When you proved there is never two without
three?

Swore you wouldn't do it after that once?

Wouldn't cave in to your devilish impulse?

“I forgot about that”, you said,

Just like you forgot about every promise you
made.

“After we'd done it twice, the third didn't seem so
bad.”

I wish you'd warned me louder, Dad.

Did I kill myself,

When I begged you to pity my mental health?

Or did you kill me when you conceded:

“He was like my brother

But I was never just his sister”?

I think it’s a bit of both,

Because I sure as hell didn’t act alone.

“If you hadn’t made him such a big deal,

I never would have used him to make you bleed.”

Your scarring words resonate in my head,

Every sleepless night in my bed.

“*You used to be an angel.*”

I never knew the past tense could sound so cruel.

“He’s definitely more than just a friend.”

I looked for ways to make my torture end.

“His whole life is volleyball and sports, and it shows.”

Way to deepen insecurities, I suppose.

“I wanted to ask you for advice”,

And then came my most vicious vice:

Not knowing when to end the suffering,

Scared of loss and longing.

“Of course, I want you to be happy,
Even if it’s with someone who is not me.”

You killed me

When you stripped me of all energy,
Left me but a shell of my former self and said:

“I may have cut you dead,
But you put the knife in my hand.”

I never expected a death so grand.

You killed me faster than a human pulse,
It was death by a thousand cuts.

Nine hundred and ninety-nine of which,
I can justify, bury and stitch.

But one will forever haunt my dreams,
Force me to awake in tortured screams.

“Please God, make me forget this”.
He hasn’t yet granted my wish.

Moment of Weakness

I raised a glass and toasted,

To finally having you forgotten.

But this week,

My mind went weak.

I didn't have the strength to push you out.

I let you in and sat on a cloud,

Looking at our lives in retrospect,

Haunted by what ifs, except

It's worse this time.

Worse than the most horrible crime.

Because you slid back into my life,

And in my heart resurged the knife

You twisted so long ago,

Killing me so slow.

Now I have phantom limbs,

Pain and heartbreak fill your renewed absence.

You didn't have to come back,

But you have a knack

And an unhealthy obsession
With hurting me, that was your intention
When you wished me luck in life,
Took back control of the knife,
With a smile and a pink heart emoji
That you had never used with me.
The loneliness threw me into your arms
And you enchanted me like the best of charms,
Filled my mind with what if's,
Left me reading hieroglyphs,
Feeling sick and cut in half
Knowing another man's daughter will have
The eyes I fell in love with
At fifteen.
The eyes I might still be in love with,
At fifty.

*REMEMBERING AN
OLD FAVORITE SONG*

Someone New

Every time I meet someone new,
I ask myself, thinking of you:
Is she the one
Prophesied to bring back my sun?
Or is she some sort of indoors,
Destined to shade me from yours?
You have haunted all my dreams,
I sometimes still wake up in screams,
From all the scars you left on my body.
All that's left is but a shadow of old me.
You have sabotaged all the dates I've been on.
Every time I go out, you play me like a pawn:
I can't kiss lips without feeling yours,
Can't love without recalling you on all fours.
Why does my every romantic event
Feel like adultery and malicious intent?
I'm being dramatic, this I know,
But you have found many a beau,

And I deserve someone too.

Someone to help me forget you.

Every time I meet someone new,

I look for someone I knew,

For a sky to all my blue,

A panda to my bamboo,

A skin to my tattoo.

Every time I meet someone new,

I end up looking for you.

This Week

I'm going on a date this week.

And, while I should be at my peak,

All I feel at the thought is bleak

Knowing all the havoc you can't help but wreak.

I'll sit there and ask her how her day was,

Wishing I could go back and pause

To when you would ask me about mine,

I'll remember how our lips would intertwine,

While I drown my sorrows in her ocean eyes,

Trying to forget your lows in her highs,

And your heart in her thighs.

She'll notice and ask if I'm okay,

I'll answer "It's been hell today

But I'm starting to think you were sent to get me
out of it."

I'll tell her what she wants to hear,

Smirking while my heart sheds tears.

That's when my body will take over,

And try to shut out my heartbeats by kissing hers,
Suffocate the memory of your breath
By losing mine in her breast
And our inevitable tiny death.

In bed with her, I will dream of you
Of all that we didn't get to do.
Hopefully then my heart will lightly flutter
At the thought of doing all of them with her.
One mutual tiny death later,
I might even want to die a bit harder.
Because every time I do,
The part of me
That loved you
Dies along with my body.

Yesterday

I went on a date yesterday.

We both had a lot of things to say.

3 hours spent talking about everything,

3 hours talking about nothing.

Even though I didn't feel a spark, it's a win.

Because I overcame the havoc you wreak,

And my inner peace reached a peak.

I asked her how her day was,

Did not wish to return to you and pause

To when you would ask about mine.

Our lips did not intertwine,

I had no sorrows to drown in her eyes,

Or her caramel thighs.

She asked me about my day,

And I answered, "It was okay".

But my heart was in ecstasy

Because I finally felt like me.

A me unburdened by the memory of your breaths

Or the phantom sensation of our tiny deaths.

While I did not share one with her,

It was, in some way, for the better.

Because now I believe

That the part of me

That loved you

Is ready to move on to someone new.

Until our Next Eclipse

I lost myself in you,

Didn't know what I was getting myself into

When I fell in love with you at fourteen.

Now, my heart is a crime scene.

My self-respect turned nonexistent,

With my beliefs became inconsistent.

I forgave you for the sins

That tore my heart to smithereens.

I would have taken you back at your request,

Forgotten your worst in favor of your best.

A part of me still would,

It's a shame that it could.

I have to let go eventually,

Declare my case cold and leave us be,

Heal so that someone may love me,

Free from having you to beat.

Because I'm not sure they would,

Unsure whether, if they tried, they could.

“I’m seeing someone.”

Is he worth my coming undone?

“He doesn’t know we still talk.”

That’s a thin rope you dare walk.

I saw it coming though, didn’t I?

My day of love was a day turned awry.

“Do you mind deleting our conversations?”

You always knew how to cut me with your innovations.

A billion thoughts run through my mind;

You are evil incarnate; you make me blind.

You destroy everyone who touches you,

You love that I’m still in love with you,

It turns you on to know that I never stopped,

That my glass heart didn’t break when, from your hands, it dropped.

You get off on your old flame suffering.

How could you not? We’re all just trying.

But instead of all these atrocities,

I shut my mouth and say “Don’t worry.

I would do anything to make you happy.”
A pathetic move that makes poets sappy.
I'll stop texting for your sake and mine,
Rob myself of our conversations you pretend to
like
And, for the future I have to glimpse,
I'll tell you “Until our next eclipse.”

Alcools

J'aime pas l'alcool,

Mais je suis bourré et tu en rigoles.

Je bois pas,

Mais ça fait 2 ans je suis ivre de toi.

Le monde peut boire une nuit, se sentir mieux au matin.

Moi je t'ai bu pendant 2 ans, suis devenu ton pantin,

Et me voilà alcoolique en rémission.

Qu'est-ce qu'elle fait mal cette admission...

Je comprends à présent ce que ces malades ressentent,

J'ai coulé mes maux dans ta salive trop longtemps.

2 ans sans en boire me laissent encore assoiffé,

Les flashbacks et souvenirs me gardent enflammé.

Je bois pas d'alcool,

Mais ta salive me contrôle;

Peut-être parce que toi, tu buvais

Tellement que t'as commencé à le sécréter.

C'est ça ton secret?
Parce que ça expliquerait
Le fantôme de ton corps que je peux encore sentir
Contre le mien, la pire torture qu'on puisse subir.
Alcools ou amour et coeur brisé?
Pas si distincts l'un de l'autre, j'admets.
Me diagnostiquer serait un miracle médical:
Qui pourrait être si physiquement sain mais dans
l'âme mal?
Qui se douterait qu'on peut encore oublier un
amant
Après avoir été autant séparés qu'en ensemble?
L'infirmière me dirait-elle qu'il n'y a pas de remède
à ma condition?
Où m'enverrait-elle à un centre de remission?
A ce point, je sais plus.
Mon mystère reste inconnu.
Pourtant demeure une vérité absolue”
J'ai rarement bu, des amour j'en ai vécu
Et t'es la pire gueule de bois que j'ai jamais eue.

When You Lost Me

When you lost me,

You lost yourself.

Forgot the melody

We used to know so well.

Now you sing off key,

And none of your thoughts are filled by me.

When you lost me,

You said goodbye so easily.

You found many a replacement,

And left me on a pavement

To clean up your mess,

While they took turns

Taking of your dress.

God, it burns...

When you lost me,

You lost the best part of you.

It took a while to agree

But I was finally gotten through to.

Because when you lost me,
You became someone I never thought you could
be.
You turned into,
Right on cue,
All the things you hated.
Or was that mistranslated?
All these things you claimed to despise...
Believing you was my demise.

Depuis, Avec, Après

Ma vie après toi est un blasphème.

J'ai trouvé l'Eden

Dans tes bras,

Pour toujours mon coeur t'appartiendra.

A jamais cherchera-t-il une autre

Qui ne lui poignardera pas la côte,

Sera tous ce que tu n'a pas pu être,

Mettra fin à mon mal-être...

Ma vie avec toi était un miracle

Réalisé par le plus diabolique des oracles.

Si diabolique que,

Juste quand je m'attachais par la queue,

Il me l'a retiré,

M'a laissé désespéré...

Ma vie avec toi est au passé

Et pourtant il m'est impossible de l'oublier.

Après tout, Dieu ne nous a pas conçu

Pour oublier le paradis une fois l'avoir vécu.

Ma vie après toi est un blasphème,
Les bras d'autres ne me sont qu'un Enfer,
Je te retrouve dans chaque baiser
Comme une vieille amie dont on ne peut se lasser.
En effet, les autres croient me connaître
Mais nulle ne m'a pénétré l'être
Comme tu l'as si bien fait.
Sur moi le sort s'est acharné.
Depuis toi je marche en boucle,
Pendant que mes amis se mettent en couple,
Cherchant en vain
Une nouvelle muse d'écrivain
Qui puisse me faire sentir
Sans mentir ni languir,
Une fraction de ce que je ressentais
Lorsque tu m'embrassais.

Les Yeux Fermés

Je t'ai aimé

Les yeux fermés

Ce n'était jamais charnel,

Nous étions enfants, tu te rappelles ?

Et pourtant,

Mon amour pour toi était époustouflant

Parce que je t'aimais

Les yeux fermés.

Dans une autre vie, je suis aveugle

Mais t'adore malgré la défaillance

Parce qu'il est vrai

Que je me perdais

Dans le sucre de tes yeux miels

Et dans l'incertitude de tes cheveux arc-en-ciel

Mais le labyrinthe fou

Par-dessus tout

C'était la moitié de ton âme

Dont tu avais décidé de me faire part.

Et c'est elle qui ferait
Que je t'aimerais les yeux brisés.
Je t'aurais aimé
À jamais
Les yeux fermés
Et l'âme enchaînée
À ton corps tout entier
Beaucoup mieux qu'une oreille attachée
Au bas de tes souliers.

Memory for Two

Hey you,

Remember me?

It's been a few years since we
last spoke. I hope I'm not intruding.

I heard you and he got married.

I'm happy you've been happy.

That is all I ever wanted for you

Even when at times I didn't seem to.

Hey you,

Remember me?

Your first love, your oldest memory?

A bit pretentious of me, I know.

You once loved me just like that, though.

Did you end up having kids?

It's been a long time since

we talked about what we wanted.

But you as a mom is nothing unexpected.

What are their names? Who inspired them?
Family members, or perhaps an old friend?
Is it evil to wish one of them had my name,
my eyes, my smile, and my hair?

Hey you,
Remember me?
Remember all we used to be?
I ask because I could never forget
while I saw you push the memories away in regret.
What did you say?
You always felt the same?
Darn, maybe I should have taken my chance.
Maybe then I would remember our wedding
dance.

Hey you,
Remember me?
Does he still look like me?

I remember when you first told me that.

Never had I felt so unrelaxed.

But you laughed.

God, I loved your laugh.

You always did in the face of irony

For which I could never share your ecstasy.

Hey you,

Remember me?

Do you still go through my music history?

I always felt like it was our thing.

When we weren't speaking, we were listening

to how the other felt at the moment.

I still see it as our little secret.

Hey you,

I wish you were my partner in this life made for
two.

I used to think time could heal my wounds.

But it still hasn't erased our Saturday afternoons.

Hasn't made me less nervous in public

Knowing I could catch you at any moment.

I used to think someone else could fix my heart.

But she's gone too, and I'm not much further
from the start.

It's not like she didn't try, and so did I.

But the second she left; you took over my mind.

Hey you,

Remember me?

It's okay if you don't,

I remember for us both.

Romeo & Juliet

I was Romeo, you were Juliet

A modern Shakespearean duet

I once hoped we wouldn't die at the end

But I think I would have been better off dead

Rather than knowing all I know now,

The dreams that wake me with a frown

Sweating from anxiety and dread...

I wish we'd both died at the end.

Maybe it would have been enough if you'd died

Then I might have the closure I have so desired

How could I have craved closure

From something so sudden and sure

As your death.

Just writing about it has me catching my breath.

Although if from this life you'd fled

We wouldn't be Romeo and Juliet

But more of a reverse Jack and Rose

I know you like tulips, but this is the metaphor I chose.

I would have lived to be a hundred

To tell the story of my first beloved

As people searched for the ruins of our love

And found the songs you wrote but never spoke of.

What a treasure they would have been

Listening to them still tingles my skin

Even after memorizing and analyzing their every word

When I'm reminded I came third.

When I said I wanted us to duet

I never meant as Romeo and Juliet

But since we didn't both die at the end

A part of me hopes fate isn't done with us just yet.

Falling in love again?

I dreamt of our

first date

The happiest hour

of my day.

If I asked you

Would you love to?

Or “have something else to do”?

Let's drive quietly into the night
Hands intertwined, sparkles in our eyes.
Let's take on another adventure
to write in the story of our forever.

I'll meet you on the clouds

Where we won't have to deal with crowds.

I'll meet you in the afterlife

Where heaven is another day in the life

I'll drive; you'll be my passenger princess.

We won't talk, just enjoy the darkness.

I'll play all your favorite songs

And your smile will write my wrongs.

You make me believe
that heaven must be real,
Because I see paradise
in the sparkle of your eyes.

Your body is art,
your soul is heaven,
your heart is my ticket to paradise
and my map through the labyrinth of your eyes.

Hace meses recé
Por felicidad en mi vida.
Pero nunca pensé
Que me llegarías tú

Fuiste la sorpresa de mi vida:
Me viniste por la espalda,
Sin advertencia,
Y me llenaste de alegría.

Olas de oro como pelo,
Y esmeraldas en vez de ojos.
Eso eres tú,
Mi mina de joyas.

Je me perds dans le vert de tes yeux
À admirer la créativité de Dieu
Parce qu'elle est claire, ton origine:
Tu es une œuvre divine.

I've built a sanctuary
For my memories of you and me
To be visited in times of need
When I want them to remind me
That you make me happy

Maybe, Maybe Not

Watching you forget me is the hardest
Challenge I've ever had to face.

I'm afraid of the next time
I'll look you in the eye.

Afraid of what I'll see,
What won't be,
All that once was,
Which was turned to dust.

I'm terrified of noticing
That all which your eyes said to me
Is now reserved for another
That would be a gut-wrenching torture.

I rue the day
On which I'll have to say
My name to your new man
And listen to him introduce himself
Like I don't already know
All that there is to know
About him.

The Notebook

The Notebook was our favorite movie
It made our first date such a special memory,
Even though we only watched it once
I still think about it after all these months.

I thoroughly enjoyed The Notebook
And here I am writing in my notebook,
730 letters that I can never send
One for each day left unsaid
Hoping you might read them.

Someday,
When we're old and grey
I may
Leave it to you in my will.

You thought I didn't care
I didn't think I could ever stop.

I can still feel you looking at me
But when I turn around, you're not there
I used to think you always would be
I shouldn't have taken you for granted.

I always thought ghosts were invisible
Until I met yours.

Eternity was a dream with you

It sounds like hell without.

Our romance felt much longer than it was

But not half as long as our time apart.

It's not that I hate you

It's that you moved on too quick

You left and thrived and flew

While I stayed here sick

J'ai su que je t'aimais
Quand j'ai en vain essayé
De te détester
Pour m'avoir anéanti.
T'avais promis...

Je suis devenu religieux
Quand tes actes venimeux
M'ont forcé à avoir recours
À un nouvel idole pour mon amour.
Ton poison m'a appris à prier
Dieu de me purger de tes impuretés.

Me da risa pensar
Que de menos nunca me pudiste echar,
Mientras yo me moría por ti.
El dolor lo llevo como grafiti.

Cambias parejas como
Reciclas el aire que respiras.
Pero nunca encontrarás
A alguien que te trate
Como lo hice yo.

Aún pienso en tí
No constantemente sino a veces
Y, como me lo prometí,
Cada vez
Me convenzo más
Que nunca me merecías

Fuiste la sorpresa de mi vida,
Así que perderte no se soporta.
¿Sería tan malo esperar que
¿Algún día el destino nos reúne?

J'ai eu la nausée
Quand je t'ai retrouvée.
Comme quand je m'apprête à consommer
Quelque chose que je sais va me léser.

Put me in a room,
Fill it with everyone I ever knew
And watch me run towards
She who most cut me with her words
Destroyed me inside and out,
She whose venom I can't live without.

You were never meant

To be a chapter.

You were

The whole damn book

And I am barely a footnote

In yours.

You were never meant

To be a verse.

You were

My whole damn song

And I am barely a lyric

In yours.

You are the door I can never close

And I am the door you will never open again.

How sad it is to think that

The roles were once reversed.

**// HAS TO BE THE CLOSING OF THE
BOOK**