

# FIRST-LOVE

Tomás Natal Aragón

February 13, 2023

I keep thinking of you  
I reckon it is sickness  
You gave me something I don't have  
I will toil on and prosper  
I fear I must  
I fear my sickness will still be also  
But I still fear I must  
And when all is done there is no compliments  
Although compliments wouldn't suffice  
There is only nothing  
And that shall suffy  
Not because we did what we pleased  
But because we honoured beauty, reason, and  
Above all else we strived  
For something greater, something high