

Cracks of Frozen Blue

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The Flame

She tried to leave a mark on his books,
Hoping to make an impact on his life.

But all she did was break him,
Just as she cracked the spines of his books.

She wanted to annotate his life,
Like she did with his books,
Filling it with colorful notes and
Making him see the importance of his own life.

But she was afraid of staining it
With unreadable words,
Just like the ones she wrote on her own books.

She couldn't trust herself with it,
Not after all the mistakes she had made.

So she decided that precious things
Should be kept away from her,
In a glass box where
She could see everything clearly,
But couldn't touch it.

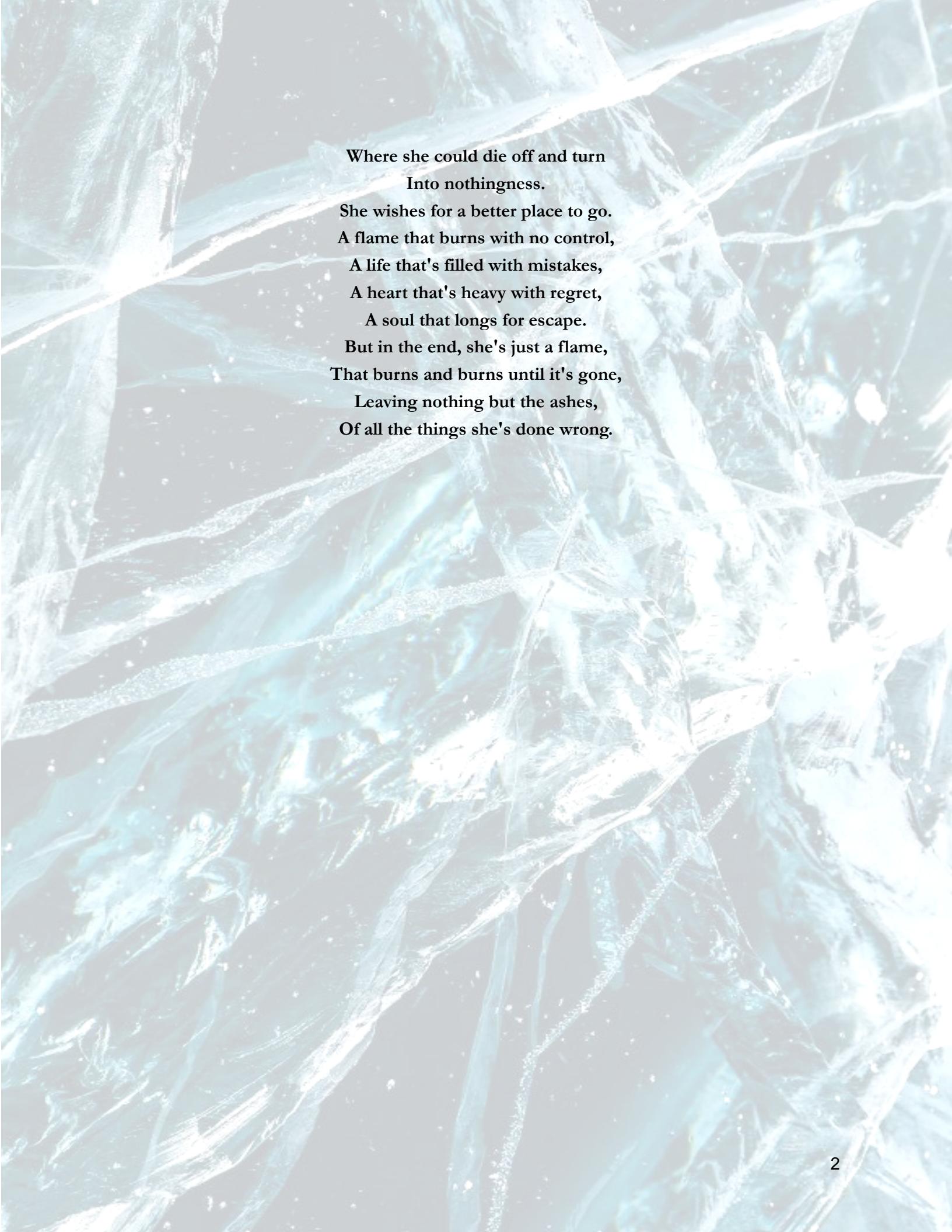
Because everything she ever touched
Went up in flames,
And there were no jars left in
The universe to store more ashes.

Maybe, just maybe,
His ashes wouldn't burn to nothingness.

Maybe he was a Phoenix that
Would rise from the ashes,
Becoming stronger after she had hurt him.
But that's just a lie she wanted to believe,
Because she was selfish like that.

She felt like a flame that wanted to go out,
But couldn't.

So all she ever did was burn
Everything surrounding her.
She just hoped that someone
Would put her in a glass box,



Where she could die off and turn
Into nothingness.

She wishes for a better place to go.
A flame that burns with no control,
A life that's filled with mistakes,
A heart that's heavy with regret,
A soul that longs for escape.
But in the end, she's just a flame,
That burns and burns until it's gone,
Leaving nothing but the ashes,
Of all the things she's done wrong.

Unworthiness

He said he wanted to kiss away her insecurities,
To make her feel better about herself,
But he failed to see just how deeply troubled she truly is,
He couldn't kiss away
The unworthiness of love,
The unworthiness of forgiveness,
The unworthiness of hope,
The unworthiness of life,
The unworthiness of happiness,
The unworthiness of self-love,
The unworthiness of appreciation,
The unworthiness of his time,
The unworthiness of his gaze,
The unworthiness of his love.

Hopes

All she ever wanted was to believe him when he said he loved her,
But she couldn't. She couldn't understand
How someone could love her, as she saw herself
As unlovable and hated herself for it.
She wished she could leave,
So why would he stay?
She wished she could believe in love,
But it takes naivety to believe that someone
Will love her forever.
And wished for love, but found it bleak
She believes that he still loves the "manic pixie dream girl"
And she couldn't understand why he would love her now.
She sees herself as nothing special
And not even as beautiful as summer.
She can't even give him false hope for a better future.
Hope is nothing more than a survival mechanism for her,
As she used to write "high hopes" in her book.
But now it's just a hollow look
Her friend saw it and told her that she'll get to where she wants,
But she didn't mention that she'll leave.
She can't understand why she would stay anyways.
She hopes she's in a better place now.
In this cycle of hope and grief
Hope is a god for some people,
At least for those who believe that he doesn't hate them.
She can't understand why he wouldn't hate her,
As he only gives her hope enough to live,
But never enough to feel truly alive.
Love, a mere concept to her,
A wish upon a star,
A dream that she can't reach,
A feeling that's too far.
She is trapped in her own mind,
In her own self-made hell,
Hoping for a love,
That she knows will never dwell.
But still, she holds on tight,
To that flicker of a flame,
Hoping that one day,



She'll love herself the same.

Summer

He loved summer,
With a deep and burning flame,
He cherished every memory,
And whispered her name again and again.
He held onto hope,
That summer would come back once more,
His heart aching with longing,
For the warmth he'd known before.
But seasons change,
And people move on,
Leaves fall and snowflakes dance,
But he stood still, alone.
He never appreciated,
The beauty of the other seasons,
Never noticed the world around him,
Changing for the better reasons.
But after a deadly winter,
Spring came with love and hope,
He kept telling himself,
It's not the same, you don't understand, he spoke.
In hopes of going back,
To his lover summer, his old life,
His old friend,
Never noticing, nothing stayed the same,
And summer herself had changed.
Every summer is different,
It can't be exactly the same,
And everything around him,
Is always changing.
But let's pray that he finds,
The same exact summer once more,
With the same warm breeze and warmth

As if it wasn't You

You said I'm broken, a shattered soul

As if it wasn't you who took control

You said I'm lost and alone

As if it wasn't you who drove me to this unknown

You said I'm in a bad place, with no way out

As if it wasn't you who filled my life with doubt

You said I can't love another, my heart's too weak

As if it wasn't you who made my spirit meek

You dismiss my feelings, like they're nothing at all

As if it wasn't you who made me feel so small

But I'll try to hold on, with all that I've got

I'll try to mend my heart, but it may not be a lot

I'll love myself, but it may not be enough

To love again, maybe, but it seems so rough.

The Dead Sea

Two missed calls from the Dead Sea,
A symbol of what once was alive,
He calls back just to check on me,
But deep down, we both knew the truth, it was a lie.
But deep down we both know, this is a goodbye.
Just for me to beg to stay near him,
To hold onto this love that we shared,
I tell him he's the only good thing in my life,
But my words fall on deaf ears, my love not meant to last.
Just for me to tell him I can't give up on this,
But he's moved on, it's clear to see,
He says "sure" with a tone revealing,
That my love for him is no longer to be.
Just for him to tell me "sure",
With a tone that's distant and without cheer.
Just for him to tell me we're back to being friends,
But my heart is shattered, can't pretend,
Just for him to tell me to throw my expectations in the Dead Sea,
And kill my feelings, like the Dead Sea, unable to mend.
And drown my feelings in the Dead Sea, love now at its end

A Gamble

Love, a religion in itself,

Worshiped like a deity,

But I, an atheist, have given up on hope of salvation,
Will I start hating you once you tell me to lose hope of this?

I've always been a devil's advocate,

I see the darkness in the light,

I used to think you were a gift,

But now I see the truth in sight.

I thought you were a gift from Eden,

But now I know you're just a part of hell,

I've made sacrifices for nothing,

Thinking you were a gift from Eden,

But now I see, god never gave me anything,

Just a part of hell, a curse, a burden.

I wished all the sacrifices would be for something in the end,

But they were for my own demise,

Maybe you have to beg for my forgiveness,

But my heart is hardened, my trust compromised.

But I'm not sure it's worth the cost,

I've been hurt too many times,

And my heart has been frost.

Love like religion,

Worship like god,

But now I see it's all in vain,

And my heart is forever scarred,

Love, like religion, is a complex thing,

Love, like religion, is nothing but a game,

A gamble, where I've been dealt a losing card.

Itching Me

I don't hate you I just hate that you remember
You approached me at 4:34, a blue vape in my hand
Wrapped in my blanket, you could see I was feeling bland
My mascara showed you the tears I was trying to hide
In your pocket dimensions, we couldn't escape the tide
You hurt yourself often, not realizing the hurt you caused
Shut up Shut up Shut up you said I told you
I wasn't talking you said but you are thinking
You asked to see my scars, the barcode you said
I loved you so much it hurt, but begging for love
Was even more painful, like being stuck in a glove
You made me fall for you, and then you ran away
I woke up shaking, what did I expect, unconditional love ?
I used to think I was smart, but love made me feel dumb
I begged for your love, but it just made my heart -numb
You didn't notice me rotting, in the bathtub
I gave up, it was itching me, because I was healing
Itching me, itching me, because I am healing

It will pass

Broken and searching, I sought to comprehend
What love truly means, in heart and in hand
I sought to define my views of love, yet
All I found were tales of heartache and pain
I thought love could only be found in tragedy
Romeo and Juliet, Heathcliff and Cathy
Elio and Oliver, Fleabag and Priest
Icarus and the Sun, Achilles and Patroclus
These stories paint love as nothing but lost

Ernest Hemingway once said,
“If two people love each other, there can be no happy end to it.”

Does love only exist in pain and strife?
Is it only love if it ends in tears and life?
Is it truly love if it's not a test, a trial?
If it's not a journey that leaves us forlorn and vile?
Is it simply a passing feeling, a momentary goal?
If it doesn't end in heartbreak, does it lack a soul?

Perhaps love is just hurt,
Leaving behind wounds that never fully heal.
My issue isn't just with love being so cruel
It's with you not haunting me, like Cathy
And you not burning me, with envy to die
The way icus fall, but don't leave a fire, I want to ignite

Our case, is like what the priest said
It will pass, that's what he kept saying
And I know it's a fact, that it will go
No matter how shattered, it'll just flow
It's your way of telling yourself
That what you're doing, it's just fine, no need for help
It's just a way to convince yourself
That hurting me is okay.

I hate you

I hate you, yet I cannot forget
The lucky cigarettes you always lit
Your golden hair, and Timberland style
Your eyes, your books, your music taste
The warmth of your body, I hate it so
Your dumb facts, your philosophical flows
The faith you gave me, the hopes you instilled
The books you gave me, the dreams you made up
The lullabies you sang me to sleep,
the bench we'd spend hours on
I hate that I loved you, that I still do
I hate that university now brings me pain
I check what you're listening to, I cannot deny
But the hardest thing of all, is that I cannot hate you, try as I might
These feelings I have, they twist and turn, an endless night.

Every time I enter a bakery I think of you
Every time I see Timberlands I recall you
Every time I see the number 608 I remember you
Every time I see a bench I am reminded of you
Every time I see a plastic tie, I think of you
Every time I see an ice grape vape, I think of your mom's favorite
Every time I see anything about Harry Potter
I am reminded of your brother
And all I want to do is forget
But I can't, as you're a constant reminder of what I've lost
It's a struggle to live with memories every day
But I take comfort in knowing that you'll never truly be gone.

haunted house

You saw it was a haunted house and you still didn't turn back
You saw the body in the tub and your heart didn't attack
You stood there, frozen in fear, but then you realized your part
And that's when you ran, leaving me with a shattered heart
I hope the memory of that day never leaves you in peace
I hope it haunts you forever and causes you to never cease
I hope you remember me like I remember you with every breath I take
And I hope you're tormented by what could have been

breadcrumbs

He was so in love with her,
I fell in love with their story,
The way he'd drive two hours
just to go on a date, no hurry.
How they'd take the metro
just for fun, no destination in mind,
And the poems he wrote her, enough
to use the oceans as ink combined.
Her perfection was a sight to see,
his love so pure and true,
And all I got was breadcrumbs and hope,
for a love like that for me too.

empty

This emptiness in my chest, it's a constant ache,
And that empty spot on my bookshelf, it's a constant reminder of what I used to take.
I think about you sometimes, do you ever think of me?
I left my books with you, my favorite ones, you see.
I wonder if you've burned the pages, if you've let our story go,
Or if you still keep them close, forever to last.
Have you gotten rid of them, as easily as you got rid of me,
Or are they still special to you, like they were to me?
Our love may have ended, and our roads may have split,
But a piece of my heart is forever yours, and it won't quit.
And though I may move on, to new life and new light,
A part of me will always wonder, if you still hold my night.

held back

Once I held back my heart, afraid to dream
Of a future with you, where happiness would gleam
From hearing your heartbeats, and feeling so free
From gazing into the depths of your eyes, and seeing all that could be
But now I understand, what held me back was not strong enough
To keep me from experiencing love and happiness that we could've had
I wish I had never hesitated, to let you in and be closer to me
I wish I could turn back time, to be brave and not shy
But it's too late, and all I have are the memories that make me cry
Conflicted and torn, I don't know if I should feel regret or be thankful
For holding back, but now all that's left is to be mournful
For what could have been, and what was lost
If only I had followed my heart, at any cost.
But I'm grateful for the memories, that will always linger and be
Though I'm torn and confused, whether to be grateful or regretful
For holding back, but I know one thing is true
I cannot go on blaming myself, for my actions were just a reflection
Of what I felt at the time

Hurt people Hurt people

Hurt people hurt people
You say you're always hurting people,
But truth be told, you seem to enjoy it.
 You weave your way into their lives,
Teaching them how to dream and imagine,
 Only to tear it all away from them.
 Your actions are so calculated,
 It can't be a mere coincidence.
 Perhaps you don't even realize it,
 But you relish in the pain you cause.
 You leave as if nothing ever happened,
 Gaslighting them into thinking it was all just a dream.
 But why must you play with their hearts,
 Breaking them apart just for fun?
 Is it worth the cost of their happiness,
 To satisfy your twisted desires?
 Maybe it's because she hurt you
 You hurt me but I'm not going to hurt
 But there's no excuse for hurting others,
 I can choose to break the cycle,
 And stop the pain from spreading.
 For an eye for an eye makes us all blind

The Divine Feminine

Women are divine,
I remember when you called me divine,
But I've realized that being divine,
Doesn't require a man's validation to shine.
As my friend said when speaking of God,
Women are the closest thing to the divine rod,
Able to create life and so much more,
There's nothing that a woman cannot explore.

She owes nothing to any man,
She can create and conquer on her own plan,
The power within her cannot be contained,
For the divine feminine cannot be restrained.

So why should we seek a man's approval,
When we are already so powerful,
We don't owe a damn thing to any guy,
For we are already divine, no need to try.

What's heaven

What's heaven

I dreamt of heaven with you

But now I want nothing to do with it

To hell with your paradise, your promised land

It's just an illusion, a mirage in the sand

You sold me a dream, a vision so sweet

But reality hit and knocked me off my feet

The heaven you promised was never real

Just a figment of your imagination, a cruel deal

So I'll walk away, leave it all behind

No more fantasies, no more wasting time

I'll make my own heaven, right here on earth

Where love is real, and joy has worth.

Lost Self

I didn't hurt you, it wasn't me
My friends caused the pain, can't you see?
Yet you made me pay, again and again
Broke my heart, caused so much pain
But as I think, the truth reveals
I let you hurt me, I didn't shield
My heart from your constant assault
I lost myself, it was my fault
So it's not a loss of you, I know
But losing myself hurts even more
I'll find my way back, though it may be slow
And heal the wounds you left before.

Begging

Remember when I told you
I felt like I was begging you to love me?
Well, now I did.
I begged you to be my friend,
And you denied me even that.
It's kinda funny if you think about it.
I did everything to make you run,
Then realized you're everything I ever wanted,
And begged you to stay.
I'm glad you didn't though,
It would have created a power dynamic
Where I would have given you the world
When you didn't deserve it.
And ever since I met you,
My pillow hasn't been dry.
It's either because you argued with my friends,
Made me feel like a worthless piece of shit,
Talked about her when I confessed my feelings,
Or that time I asked you if I was a rebound from her,
And you responded, "No, not at all, [her name]."
You know, my friends were right.
You're nothing but a narcissist
Who saw me in pain - pain that you made me feel -
And ran away as fast as you could.
Dude, the more I think, the more I hate you.
But deep down, I pity you
Because I know you hate yourself more than I ever could.

you can lie

Odds, I don't think it was chance
That made us cross each other's path
It was your calculations, your plan
I remember when I asked you
If I could come to your lecture
The same lecture you attended
With the previous guy
And you looked me dead in my eyes
And told me, "Nah, you're too beautiful
I can't focus on my presentation
With you in the room." And I laughed
And asked you again, hoping
You'd come clean
That day I learned that you can lie
You can lie so well, I'll like it
You can look me dead in the eyes
And lie, and I'll believe it.

'No Longer Human'

What's a body without a soul?
Barely a human, incomplete and whole.
You gave me a book, 'No Longer Human' its name,
And now I feel like a body with no claim.
I've lost everything, most importantly me,
The essence of who I used to be.
And though I try to find my way back,
It seems I'm lost on an endless track.
The book you gave me took me apart,
But it seems I can't mend my broken heart.
So what's left for me now, but to surrender,
To the endless emptiness I can't remember.

doing fine

You said you were doing fine,
But then you met me and things entwine,
I always wondered if it was good or bad,
You said it with hope, but I was afraid to be glad.
Now I question if I'm the one to blame,
For turning your world upside down in shame,
Do you think it was better before we met?
Were you happier then, without any regret?
I can only hope that I added something,
To your life that made it worth living,
That I brought light to your darkest days,
And love to your life in so many ways.
For while I may have caused some strife,
I also brought joy and passion to your life,
I hope that's what you see when you think of me,
And not just the pain that I may have caused, unintentionally.

love myself

You said I didn't love myself, how could I love someone else?
I wept and claimed that I do, with confusion on my face.
I thought of myself, I don't hate me,
But then, what was meant by your words, I couldn't see.
I'd look in the mirror and feel just fine,
My reflection's no longer a source of hate,
I don't wish to end my life,
Though I still hurt myself, it's not the same state.
You were right, I didn't love myself,
I thought you meant I hated me,
But I couldn't see the difference,
Between self-hate and self-love, can't you see?
Now I see, your words were true,
And though I've tried, I still can't find,
The meaning of self-love, it's eluding me.

Ran out of ash to burn

Ran out of ash to burn,
Our love was once a fire,
Fueled by our desire,
But the wind of change came in.
My friends, they fanned the flames,
Encouraging us to fight,
Encouraging us to hold on tight,
To keep our love alight,
Against the trials and the strains.
But then you saw me burn,
And you chose to run away,
Abandoning me that day,
Leaving me with nothing to learn.
Thank you for the love we shared,
For making me believe you cared,
I thought that we could fight and win,
Even though you were never truly there,
A phantom that could never be compared.
That you were only there to fight,
And in the end, you took to flight,
Leaving me to suffer and to cry.
Now I stand here alone,
With nothing but ashes and stone,
The memories of what we've known,
And the pain of love that's overthrown.
Ran out of ash to burn,
Our love was just a fleeting light,
A flame that burned too bright,
But left us with nothing to discern.

Cracks of Frozen Blue

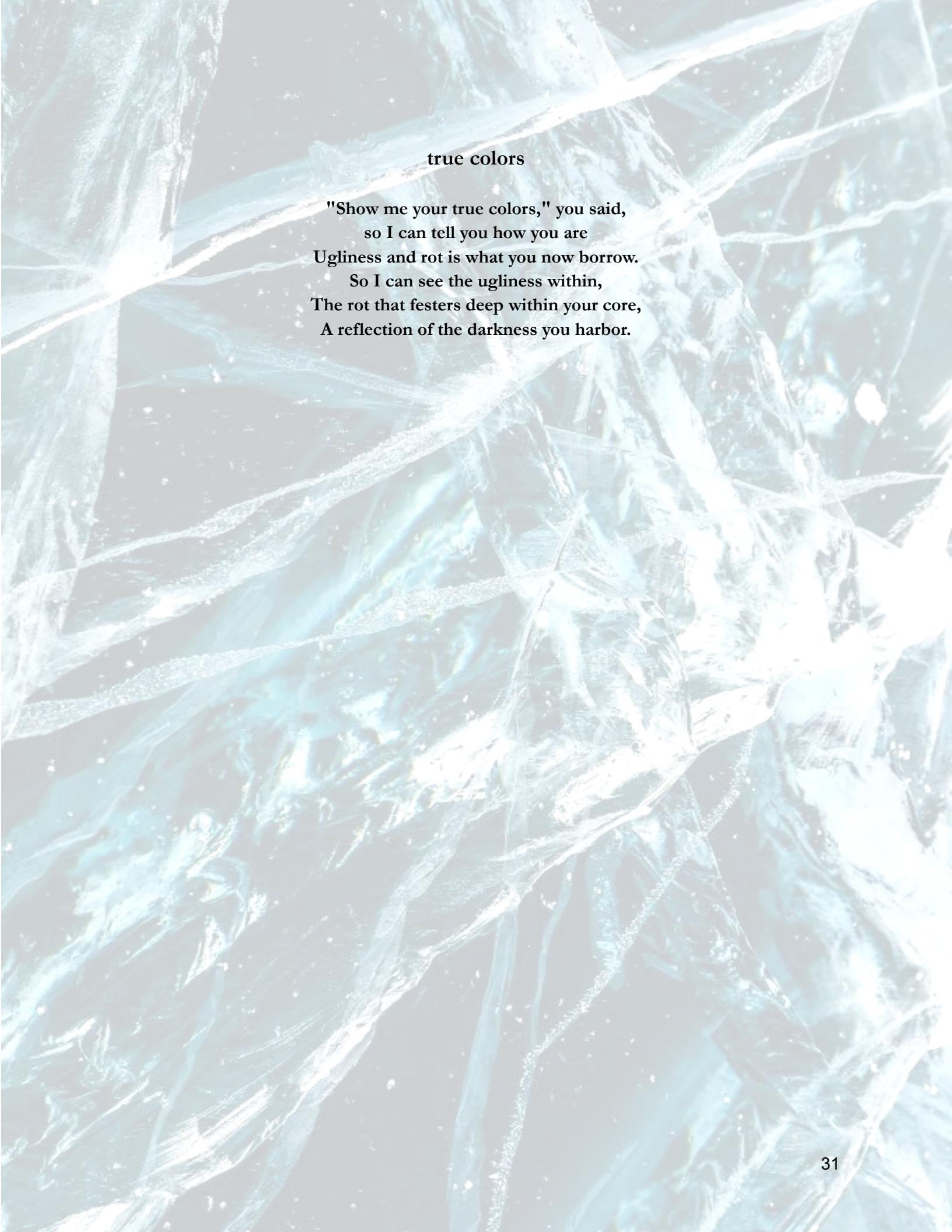
You were blue, but not the sky type,
And makes your eyes shine with a cold, dead stare.
Not the ocean's divine hue,
You were blue like cracks freezing on ice,
A reflection of pain that I once knew.

Faking Happiness

The land he walks on is holy,
But I wish I had Molly,
Summer's here, no longer needing warmth,
But your absence still leaves me torn.
Before you, I never knew true happiness,
But I was good enough to fake it.

Terrified of Falling Again

You haunted me last night in a dream,
woke up realizing it was a nightmare.
A nightmare of falling back into your grip,
Now I'm terrified of falling again.



true colors

"Show me your true colors," you said,
so I can tell you how you are
Ugliness and rot is what you now borrow.
So I can see the ugliness within,
The rot that festers deep within your core,
A reflection of the darkness you harbor.

Bleeding Sweet and Bitter

Everyone told me they're glad we're apart,
Maybe they're right, a mirage only I saw,
Friends made me promise not to mention your name,
And I realized how much you didn't care, oh so bitter.

Our love was supposed to be ripe and sweet,
But it turned rotten, like my heart and marrow,
We bled together, your blood sweet, mine bitter.

Cut Off and Left Behind

"Buzzcut season" is here, but not with you,
And it's killing me, missing what we had,
I look at him, wondering where you went,
The loving boy I fell in love with, now sad.
I guess you cut me off as easily as you cut your hair.

Falling for Fake Love

You're a liar, and I know it well,
Yet I still fall for your false embrace,
 Yet I still fall for you knowingly,
Fake love is better than no love.

false god

He said it first, but I don't believe,
Same lips that mumbled he won't leave me,
Same lips that said he loved me,
Why would I believe the same lips that deceive,
Even if you want me back, I don't want you.
You caused me pain, felt like I was dying,
Just say something, and I'd worship you anew,
I made you holy.
But I realized you were a false god,
I just don't want to lose my faith in you
Because if I did, I would lose hope and faith in existence.

Sand

My heart no longer hurts at the sight of you,
My books no longer smell like your sweet scent,
You said I love you, but I know it's not true,
A mirage of love, an illusion that was meant.
Holding on to it holding on to you felt like
Holding sand and standing on quicksand.

Witnessing Death's Display

I saw a dead man today, my heart's dissection,
A car crash, emotions I can't control.
Like a car crash, I can't escape the motion,
Damn your eyes, once the ocean's reflection,
Now vacant, dead stares with no soul,
Now they feel empty, a colorless hue,
And I don't know how to respond, it's true.
No depth, no soul, just a cold rejection,
The color of the sky, it's just a reflection
Today I witnessed death's grim display,
Not fear or pain, but a mesmerizing crash,
Like a spectacle impossible to look away,
In disbelief, I saw you, the car's fatal clash.
You, the driver, knowingly embraced the fate,
Leaving me bewildered, unsure how to feel,
Caught in a whirlwind of emotions, innate,
Witnessing a car crash with you, it seems unreal.

"I'm making it easier"

In the depths, I pleaded, my voice desperate and weak,
Begging for your presence, for solace I seek.
But you turned a deaf ear, with a heart so cold,
Leaving me alone, alone in the fold.
I begged for your love, tearing my heart.
Did I wrong you, I questioned in pain,
And you callously replied, as if to explain,
"I'm making it easier," your words are so cruel and vain.
Abandoning every room, leaving me blue.
Yet you claimed it was kindness, but I found it unfair,
God damn it, I hate you, just like you said to her,
But even in hatred, I'm held back by a flaw.
I'm incapable of hating, as you seem to do,
While your games and deceptions tore me through
While your actions and choices left me outcast.
But your manipulations, your hurtful lies.
Now all I can say is goddamn it, in disbelief,
I hope you reveled in your cruelty and grief.
For it was your games that left me confused.
Goddamn it, I yearn for closure and release.
I hope you enjoyed your cruel game of peace.
From the depths of my being, this final plea,
Let me go, let me heal, and set my soul free.

Shattering Illusions

You promised an Ikea date, romantic and fine,
To show me the magic, like a movie's design.
But our love was fleeting, not built to endure,
Like furniture there, temporary and unsure.

I wanted to break through the facades they display,
Just like the life you painted, a false display.
Living in a lie, in a picture-perfect dream,
I yearn to shatter the facades they create,
Just like the illusions you made me contemplate.
Living in a lie, in a picture-perfect scheme,
Unhappiness would've been my constant theme.

When My Heart Ceased Beating

In the still of the night, I hear my heartbeat's sound,
Once a cherished rhythm, when you were around.
Resting on my chest, your head, finding peace,
But my heart ceased beating when you sought release.
For when you no longer saw my worth, my dear,

Closing Doors, Opening Wounds

Is closure a door to be closed behind,
Or closer, a stoic mask to wear,
I don't want to be stoic, numb, unkind,
You're the villain of your story, unfair.

I wonder who keeps opening doors for me to close,
Only to reopen wounds that I long for healing.
What's the purpose of closing a door,
If I'll only find myself opening another one?
But still, I'll strive to close them once more,
Though unsure if closure is the key or stoicism,
Should I shut the door behind me or embrace stoic resolve?
You urged me to be stoic, to become like a robot,
To process emotions as you do, devoid of feeling.
Yet, I refuse to embrace such a state,
For you, too, are not truly stoic,
But rather an emotionless ghost,
Using stoicism as an excuse to inflict pain,
Telling others it's acceptable.
I hope one day you'll realize,
That you're the villain of your own story.
Now, closure is a door I struggle to close, you see?
Choosing between closure and stoicism, a difficult path.
Closing doors, only to reopen fresh wounds,
The purpose of closure seems elusive,
But I'll persevere, attempting to find peace anew.

Five months

Five months of living like a ghost,
Living in the past, hoping to be reflected in your eyes once more.
Six months spent mourning something that never happened,
Mourning something I could have had, but lost.
Losing it all, losing you,
A result of my poor judgment.
I spent four months crying in the middle of my parents' bed,
Curled up like an infant.
Three months of hoping,
hoping you'd come back and make it all alright,
But you did return, only to act like a god
and deny me entrance to your fake paradise.
It didn't even last two months, not even a month, I think,
But I've relived those weeks on repeat for five months.
I'll be haunted by them every time I see your eyes,
And I hope I haunt you just as you haunt me.

Bittersweet Farewell

This year, I learned what love is. It's magical and gives hope, but losing it feels like dying over and over every day. Two years ago, I felt like I would never be loved and would never love. But I was wrong. You were a blessing that I will always look back on with bittersweet feelings. It's true what they say - you don't know the worth of something until you lose it. I should be grateful that I got to feel what you made me feel. I've never felt that alive in my life, and I wish I had noticed it before I lost you. But even now, I wouldn't change anything that happened. I know myself, and I would have never changed my beliefs, even though I knew you were right. I didn't want to be the girl who changed for a guy, and I'm glad I didn't. It would have been doing it for the wrong reasons. I've noticed that whenever I forget who I am, I meet someone who reminds me of something I had given up on. It's almost like God sends me people to remind me whether its to be proud of my origins, work hard, or in your case, restore my faith in God, life, love, humanity, writing, and being good. I'll always love you. You'll always be my first love, the person who showed me how love feels and how it compares to nothing I thought I had felt. But shit happens, and it wasn't meant to be. I sometimes hate to think that it means nothing to you, but it's easier to live now believing that things will work out the way they are meant to be. I'm sorry that I hurt you, but I pay for it every day, and I didn't do anything on purpose. I can't blame myself forever. I hope that you never feel the pain that I feel because of everything that happened. I could never hate you no matter how hard I try, but I won't annoy you. I know that you want me to just fuck off, but I felt like you should know this. You kept saying that you wanted to have a positive impact on my life, and you did.

I hope all the good finds you in this world and eternity.

Farewell.

thank you, I learnt, and I hope I taught, farewell.