

## **It wasn't him**

I loved him, I loved him so much

that that love

had sickly brushstrokes.

I was walking the streets,

but I wasn't,

I was walking that dying sack of memories

so common in the streets of the capital.

I walked hand in hand with nostalgia

through those places

where I was happy with him,

and I was panicked to return to my home,

to face my room,

panicked by that cold silence and its thundering echo,

over which my thoughts rumbled.

One after the other.

Thoughts with his image in the background.

Nights with a mixture of pain and hope,

where the harsh reality

dictated the judgment,

and the hope for one more attempt,

did not go beyond the illusion.

But then I fell,  
I realized that are not the places, his smile, he...  
It was not him who I missed,  
it was me, what I felt when I was with him,  
that happiness in those places,  
the memory of those moments where we were happy,  
that beautiful feeling,  
popularly known as love.

And then I realized  
that people leave,  
and are only they  
who can decide whether to come back or not.

That people are unrepeatable but...  
Who tells you that that feeling  
cannot be matched or even improved  
by another person?