

Our four chapters

Chapter 1. The first time i saw you... i know this is a cliché but i swear to god that the first time i saw you every clock in the world just stopped. For a couple of seconds the earth was no longer orbiting around the sun, the sea was quiet and still, the birds above us were just kind of hanging in the air like floating monuments and the people around us were nothing but lifeless statues.

I looked at you, probably for a bit too long because when you looked back your facial expression said "who are you and why the hell are you staring at me?"

Chapter 2. We were happy and everything about you was so perfect; the little songs you wrote for me, the way you laughed at your own stupid jokes and the fact that you woke me up at 3 a.m to offer new thoughts and theories about the world and life and love. And it didn't matter that sometimes i couldn't fall back to sleep because just to hear your voice was worth so much more than sleep. Everything about you was so perfect; The way you walked, the way you smelled, the way you whispered words to yourself, the way your eyes looked all excited when you talked about art and music but the only thing i could think was how dull and boring every Van Gogh painting and every the velvet underground song seemed compared to you.

Chapter 3. I was in a time of my life where everything just kind of hurt, my heart was bruised and so every time you touched it i felt a sting of pain. Things weren't that good between us anymore and you never woke me up to share your thoughts and when i left you i told you it was the best thing to do for both of us. I think i already knew that was the biggest lie i've ever told and after only two seconds after i walked away i realized i missed you but i didn't turn around and walk back to you. And the last time i saw you the night wasn't starry and the velvet underground weren't playing in the background and i didn't even get a goodbye.

chapter 4. It's been over a year since we talked now and my heart doesn't hurt that much anymore and i no longer think about you daily but sometimes right when i'm about to fall asleep i wish that you would wake me up at 3 a.m once again.

And i know it's to late to take you back now but i sometimes see pictures of you and realize that after hundreds of sunsets and different types of flowers and love songs and paintings and poems you are still the most beautiful thing i've ever came across.

And the last time i saw you the clocks didn't stop, the world didn't hold its breath to listen to our last conversation, people were passing by and life was no longer magical.

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