

Binary Stars

Isn't it amazing when we see two people and think, "*Those two are star crossed lovers!*"

It's amazing because when you think about the miles apart stars are -
Billions of light years away -
Still shining in their system without a worry -

How beautiful they look.

We know that these stars, how brightly shine for us, will never see each other.

We can map out constellations, map out exactly where these stars are
but they will never see each other, or touch

They can only cross each other's paths, become binary stars
Turn into supernovas
Light up an entire system

In the end, I think that's what we are. We are truly star crossed lovers.

We were there, in the heart of it all, passing by each other

Looking for Love in a Hollowed Out Heart

I'm in love with love, but it's not for me.

Let me elaborate:

I love what it does to people

I love when two become one,

When you see their smiles brighter than sun.

People looking at their significant other as if they are the best thing in the world.

I love when you pass by

And see a couple holding hands

As if they were to let go of each other, one would disappear without the other.

Cherishing each moment, hand in hand.

Love is wonderful.

Seeing a couple gazing into

Each other's eyes, like they are looking at a starry night.

Like if this were the first and last time they would see each other

If love had colors

It would be deep reds and bright pinks

Whiter than white

Lavender lights

Baby blue sky

Let me tell you though:

My favorite part about love

Is the tragedy that comes after it,

Even before it.

The unrequited love,

Seeing how someone can remain so brave to love another person

Knowing they won't be loved back.

When two hearts break in small shattering pieces

Because they no longer love each other

My heart soars.

When you lose love for someone for the same reason you fell in love with them,

I love that.

What's even better?

I love the confusion of love: is it a feeling or a choice?

Do you really love them?

If love had colors

It would be deep blues and shimmering gold

Blacker than black
Low yellow lights
Grey skies

I'm in love with love
But I'm more in love with the idea how it leaves people.
Broken and defeated.

Unsent & Unread Messages

In a fictional story:

You would be the one looking at the dimly lit screen of your phone

Looking at the past messages of our conversations

Looking for comfort

Looking for a subtext

Looking to get lost in the grey hue of the bubble that nestles my words

Hoping for love in the three dots that appear.

In a fictional story:

You would think of me

And what it would be like to hold my hand

To run your fingers through my hair

Looking into my eyes, sparkle and shine

In a fictional story:

You would be the one that's afraid of making a mistake

Slowly typing the next sentence

Wondering how to keep this conversation going

But this isn't a fictional story

Phantasm

I walked this dreamlike path everyday
Not expecting a *damn* thing.
I held the world's sadness in my hands
Fiddled with it, holding it close to me.
I breathed mint into the cold air.
I remember the sky in peach and purple.

Then I saw *you* standing there:
Confident. Kingly.
Looking like gold
Looking like first place
Pristine.

I'm not into romance.
I don't believe that two people can fall in love at the same time
I don't believe the heart can hold that much hope for another being.
I do believe that love is a loss
There's no victory in love
There's no win in love
And I hate losing

I saw you standing there in all your glory
And I am at a stalemate with my heart.
I wish I believed in love,
But I don't.

I wish I was that person that believes that love conquers all
That love will heal all
That love will take back the time that was spent wishing.

I will admit, though -
For a second, I believed I could

Who Was I Before This?

I once thought that the worst thing someone could do to you is leave.
Then I learned, that the act of leaving is not the worst thing, but rather what they take with them.

When someone leaves, they take the best parts of you: Your favorite song, your favorite color, your favorite foods.

The smiles and chances you gave them.

The best parts of your personality, the one that makes you unique, the one they fell for.

The touch of your hand.

The excitement of a new movie.

The weightlessness of your heart.

The warmth of the sun, the safeness of the moon, the glistening of the stars.

When they leave, it is not them you are watching walk away: it's the best parts of you.
The one you wanted keep safe within your heart.