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Ya No Está En Mi Vida

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Ya No Está en mi Vida

Luna Uch

Plop! Plop! Plop! Went the water from the kitchen sink. I didn't want to get out of bed because that meant that I would no longer be warm, if I left her side. Whoosh! My hair strands hit the side of my ear as she uncovered my face so that her dark-brown, marble-eyes could kiss mine. I knew then as our eyes locked with one another that she loved me and at that moment nothing else mattered. Her eyelashes kissed my cheek as her plump, bottom lip made love to my lips. Saturday mornings were the best mornings because I got to wake up next to her love.

Now I see her around and a part of me longs for her body to touch mine and for her fingers to excite me as they did before. But I know that won't happen. I hear her voice and my body tingles, my heart races, and I just want to hold on to it. I no longer have her in my arms and she is no longer present in my life. I know we are better off not being together, and that it's for the better if we just stay friends. But it's hard to act like nothing happened. As if you never satisfied me in ways only a lover can. As if you were not there for me when my dad was being an asshole and when he was still in my life you were there as the process of separation happened. I look at you now and you are different. The blinds have been lifted from my soul and I see you for who you really are and what you believe in.