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The hot sun is beating down
Hitting the dirt
And radiating back up from the ground
But the heat is no bother to her
Not with the fact that he's talking to her
He leans over and whispers for a bit
Her eyes then start to water
As if she doesn't like it
He goes off in silence
She then picks up her cup of coffee
Takes a sip, hiding behind it
Holding a hand against her cheek
The bitterness, the feeling her mind then tips
She gets up and walks away.
Yet a while ago,
Here at the café was where they had met
She thought things would go fine her way
But it all left her in disappointment and regrets,
Reality is that this was all two months ago
Now, she stops by this place everyday or so
Always reliving memories
While dying to try and let it go...