

Laborer of Music

How much did I love her? Each piece I played on the piano was like feeling her skin, as if caressing her face. I could whisper into her ear eternal words as I was savoring her lips. I kept her between the walls of my living room. No one ever saw her because she was mine. Her silhouette was perfect. I would tremble each time I went near her and there were times that I was almost able to reach the stars. When my eyes would be flooded by tears my melody was the one that would be transformed by passion. She was cold when quiet, to see the moon illuminate my sky so many times. Her aroma was the purest sound; until that day when I saw her lips smile. Everything was destroyed, darkness, lost screams. The love of my life then turned into red, and then ashes. I fell to the floor on my knees. How can I explain what does not have words! I saw how what was white turned into black. I could not place my hands close to her anymore. I only stood there, looking at her there wringing painfully between the debris. Damn fire! He finished her. He took away my soul; he ripped my heart and made it nothing. She was so beautiful! She was above all things delicate, so fragile, and all mine.



Name: Natalia

The Photograph was taken by Rubén Báez-Delgado on June 12, 2009, he is part of the Upward Bound Program, he gave me permission to use it because it was taken for this purpose only.