

# Verses from Absence

Lore



Presented by

*My poetic Side* **P**

## Dedication

*Today I want to dedicate a few words to everyone who is with me. Sometimes life feels like a silent place, where we don't always have someone there with us in person. But in the middle of that silence, you appear: my friends, my people. Each one, with their own way of being, brings light to gray days and turns the ordinary into something special. This dedication is to acknowledge that even when we seem alone, we are connected. Thank you for being part of my journey*

## About the author

Lorena González García, who was born in Cantabria, Spain, writes from a place of silence and deep emotion. Her poetry arises from everyday pain and the beauty found in what is broken. With an intimate and sincere voice, she seeks to give shape to what the soul often cannot express.

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## survive in front of the mirror

*Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.*

I woke up surrounded by a heavy silence,  
as if the world had decided to stop,  
as if everything I loved had chosen not to return.  
The sheets felt like soft prisons,  
and my body, a shadow drained of energy.  
I didn't want to open my eyes?  
the pain was already there.  
In my chest, an unnamed wound pulsed,  
as if I were crying inside.  
The words from the night before echoed endlessly,  
like soft blades that wouldn't stop cutting.  
I stood up carefully,  
as if the floor might collapse beneath me.  
The clock marked a new beginning,  
but I... I hadn't finished with the ending.  
I didn't want to face anything?  
not the day,  
not the air,  
not even myself.  
I just wanted to stay there,  
in that corner where time stands still,  
where no one asks how I'm feeling.  
The room, my usual refuge,  
now felt like a distant shore.  
And the mirror?  
that silent traitor?  
gave me back a gaze I didn't recognize.  
Smudged makeup, hollow eyes,  
a face that spoke without a voice.  
And I understood,  
with a knot in my throat,  
that sometimes the reflection screams

what the soul cannot express.

Something was broken,

something I didn't know how to piece back together,

and still...

there I was,

standing,

facing myself,

surviving.

## Eternal Love

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

And I was certain, I felt it deep inside,  
that now she, far from this world,  
was resting in peace, with no more pain,  
watching her little girl with all her love.  
Beside her sister, among silent clouds,  
she watched over her laughter, her dream-filled nights,  
observing in silence how she kept growing,  
with shining eyes and a soul still glowing.  
From the sky, her voice still reaches me,  
like a whisper full of hope and peace,  
like a soft echo within my heart,  
that holds me close with every song.  
And I, who still carry her so near,  
know that love doesn't disappear,  
that neither death nor time can take  
what the soul truly chooses to keep.  
For even if winters and springs go by,  
even if the moon fades or the stars fall silent,  
I know for sure I'll always love her,  
beyond all time, beyond this earth.  
She was light, shelter, and relief,  
my root, my calm, my sky above,  
and though she's no longer here with me,  
her memory is eternal?she still walks with me.  
Years may pass, fate may shift,  
she'll go on shaping my every step,  
because she was, beyond all measure,  
the greatest love of my life, forever.



## Whispers in the Storm

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

When time stands still,  
and sadness comes to visit,  
I close my eyes and picture you,  
like a whisper in my soul.  
Your voice is the melody  
that soothes my inner storm,  
the embrace that hasn't arrived,  
the refuge I long for so deeply.  
Even if distance becomes a wall,  
and pain an ocean of cold,  
my heart keeps beating?  
for you, for us, for hope.  
Because despite it all,  
I know love is resilience,  
and someday,  
the sun will shine again for us.

## What's Not Always Seen

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

Depression doesn't shout, it wears no sign,  
it hides in smiles, in "I'm just fine."

It has no age, no clear disguise,  
it lives in the mind, behind the eyes.

A panic attack is not a show,  
it's gasping for air when no winds blow.

It's feeling the world fall apart in your chest,  
while begging for comfort, longing for rest.

Anxiety is not an exaggeration,  
it's a constant storm, a quiet vibration.

It's overthinking while trying to sleep,  
fearing tomorrow will be too steep.

Low self-esteem is no child's game,  
it's seeing your face and feeling shame.

It's fighting the mirror day after day,  
wondering why you feel so far away.

And suicide... it's not for attention,  
it's pain too deep to even mention.

It's the coldest hug from the darkest night,  
when no one asks if you're alright.

May we one day truly see  
that mental health is key to be free.

Though it's not always visible to the eye,  
it matters just as much?don't let it pass by.

## The Silence

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

Today I woke up different.

The silence was still there,  
but it no longer weighed me down.

It was a gentle silence,  
like the kind that comes when things are at peace.

The light came in through the window  
as if it knew

I had been waiting for it.

There was no rush, no fear,  
just the calm heartbeat  
of being alive.

The sheets were no longer cages,  
they were warmth.

And my body, though tired,  
felt like moving,  
stretching like a tree  
reaching for the sun again.

It didn't hurt as much.

Or maybe it did,  
but the pain no longer ruled everything.

There was space for something else:  
a beautiful thought,  
a song I remembered,  
a laugh that came without warning.

I looked in the mirror  
and finally recognized myself.

I wasn't perfect, or always strong,  
but I was me,  
with my scars,  
with my strange way of healing,  
and that light in my eyes  
that had returned,

even if just a little.

And I understood that growing  
is not about forgetting the pain,  
but learning to look at it  
without letting it  
dim all that we are.

Today I don't need to run.

Just walk slowly,  
with my soul in my pockets  
and my heart at ease.

Because after the storm,  
not everything goes back to how it was...  
sometimes,  
it's even more beautiful.

## When I Thought I Was Okay

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

There was a time when the world  
didn't weigh so much.

The days didn't hurt.

And my mind?

that cage without bars?

finally seemed to grow quiet.

I thought: *I'm back.*

I laughed with my whole mouth again,

slept without inner wars,

stopped being afraid

of my own reflection.

But then...

the emptiness returned.

Without noise,

without reason,

as if it had never really left.

And here I am.

Again.

With that nameless sadness

pressed against my chest,

and that anxiety that won't let go,

not even in my dreams.

I feel fragile.

Guilty.

As if relapsing

were a sin?

when really,

it's just part of the path.

I haven't failed.

I'm not weak.

I haven't gone back to the beginning.

I'm learning.

I'm healing,  
even if this time I had to fall  
to keep climbing.  
And even though breathing feels hard today,  
I promise not to give up.  
Because I know?deep down?  
that even in the thickest fog,  
the light is still there.  
Waiting for me.

## What Your Friend Broke

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

We were two, just you and me,  
soft glances, words that floated free,  
the world would slow, almost stand still,  
when your fingers brushed my sky with will.  
We made no vows, yet still we knew,  
with silent hearts, brave and true,  
to love without deceit or net,  
to cherish what we wouldn't forget.  
But then came he, with brother's tone,  
laughing through lies he barely honed,  
planting doubts with human grace,  
and you believed? my heart lost place.  
He said I lied,  
that shadows danced within my smile,  
that I was not who you had trusted?  
and his betrayal ran deep and vile.  
You didn't ask.  
You didn't search my eyes before you left.  
You walked away with his version told  
as if love could be so easily theft.  
You left me in the heart of winter,  
no reason, no warmth, just cold,  
and he, with his vulture's whisper,  
held you close... he was never bold.  
Now we are three in memory's ache:  
you, me, and what he chose to break.  
A story that could've touched the skies,  
but the sky with you... no longer replies.  
And though I try to hate you at night,  
my soul still aches? I lose that fight.  
For I loved you with a shattered soul,  
but you... you trusted a friend's control.





## Sometimes?

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

Sometimes it rains inside,  
even when the sun shines bright,  
and the soul, in quiet silence,  
screams without a sound or fight.  
Sometimes calm feels heavy,  
like a sea that's lost its way,  
and a sigh becomes a weapon  
piercing through the heart each day.  
Sometimes memories ache,  
as if they never said goodbye,  
and the past, stubborn and aged,  
refuses to let me fly.  
But then there are moments  
when light slips in unaware,  
in a laugh, in a gesture,  
in someone who truly cares.  
Then the soul starts breathing,  
stretching out without fear,  
and love, though bruised,  
learns again to draw near.  
For we are everything at once:  
the sorrow, the hope, the unrest,  
we are sleepless nights  
and dawns that rise from the chest.

## The Empty Room

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

He walked among us  
with steps that seemed steady,  
but in his chest  
the ground was breaking a little more each day.  
He smiled in the hallways,  
said "I'm fine" in every talk,  
and no one saw that in his eyes  
an endless winter lived.  
He carried storms in his pockets,  
questions without answers under his skin.  
His phone buzzed with quick phrases,  
but never with a "I'm truly here for you."  
He screamed in silence so many times,  
his voice turned to ashes.  
He wrote invisible letters  
in the steam of the shower,  
hoping that someone, someday,  
would read his early goodbyes.  
September lit the hope,  
with yellow ribbons on the streets,  
with voices saying "you are not alone."  
But he, sitting in the darkness of his room,  
no longer heard anything.  
That night, the moon leaned through the window  
and found him surrendered,  
with broken eyes,  
with open hands  
as if waiting for an embrace that never came.  
The clock moved on without hurry,  
and the world kept spinning  
while his light faded slowly.  
At dawn, the house was calm.

The bed untouched.

The silence unbearable.

And on the desk, a wrinkled note:

**"I didn't want to leave,  
but you left me alone  
when I was screaming the loudest inside."**

That note burned in every glance,  
like a cruel mirror.

And then they understood, too late,  
that it wasn't him who gave up,  
it was us who never learned to listen.

## The Last Night With You

Translated from the Spanish original by L.G.G.

The signs were there,  
but we chose to be blind.  
Your laughter broke halfway,  
your messages grew shorter,  
your words sounded hollow.  
You told me *I'm fine*,  
and I nodded,  
like someone accepting an empty gift  
because they don't know what to do with their hands.  
Your eyes screamed,  
but I refused to listen.  
You carried the storm inside,  
and I handed you calendar phrases:  
*it will pass,*  
*tomorrow will be better,*  
*don't worry so much.*  
How cruel they sound now.  
How useless they were.  
The phone rang that afternoon.  
I remember the silence before answering,  
as if the world already knew  
it was about to break.  
A voice on the other side,  
dry, trembling,  
spoke your name.  
Then it said *hospital*.  
Then it said *overdose*.  
I didn't hear anything else.  
I ran.  
The ground burned beneath my feet,  
the streets blurred,  
and I repeated your name

like a desperate prayer.  
White lights blinded me.  
The smell of disinfectant  
stabbed my throat.  
And there you were.  
A fragile body,  
skin almost transparent,  
your lips cracked,  
your hands cold.  
Around you, wires and machines  
trying to anchor you to this world  
when you were already far away.  
I came closer.  
I held your hand.  
I spoke.  
I begged.  
I told you you weren't alone,  
to stay a little longer,  
that if you opened your eyes you would find me there,  
waiting,  
like so many times I failed to do before.  
Your eyelids trembled.  
A faint gesture,  
almost a smile,  
like someone thanking too late,  
like someone saying goodbye.  
The clock froze.  
Every beep from the machines  
was a knife in my ribs.  
Sometimes it stretched,  
sometimes it broke,  
and every irregular sound was a sentence.  
I remembered then your summers,  
your silly jokes,  
the nights when you confessed your exhaustion  
and I answered with hollow words.

I hated myself for not holding you tighter,  
for not reading your pain between the lines.  
And suddenly, silence.  
The monitor fell quiet.  
The doctors stopped moving.  
Your chest was still.  
The world too.  
I screamed your name,  
wept into your lap,  
begged for another chance.  
But you were gone.  
Now I am left only with your absence.  
Your empty bed.  
The echo of your steps that will never return.  
And that invisible phrase,  
the one you never said aloud,  
but that every wall in the hospital  
keeps whispering to me:  
**"I didn't want to die...  
I just wanted someone to truly listen."**  
And the most heartbreaking part,  
what will haunt me forever,  
is that it wasn't the pills that killed you.  
It was us,  
it was all of us,  
who let you scream in silence  
until your voice faded away.

## You?re Still Here

Don't let go of the rope,  
even if it trembles in your hands  
and your fingers bleed from holding on so tightly.  
Don't close your eyes,  
even if the darkness screams at you  
that it would be easier to sleep forever.  
Breathe.  
Breathe even when the air feels heavy,  
when it burns inside your chest,  
when every heartbeat feels  
like a useless effort.  
Breathe, because every breath you take  
is defiance against the voice that lies,  
the one that tells you you don't matter anymore.  
I know you're hurting.  
I know there are endless nights  
where the ceiling feels like an enemy,  
and your thoughts,  
sharp knives that won't stop falling.  
I know you've looked in the mirror  
and didn't recognize yourself,  
that you've felt unseen,  
that you've wondered if anyone would even notice  
if you were gone.  
But I'm here,  
telling you that you're wrong,  
that you do matter,  
that they would notice.  
That your absence would be a wound impossible to heal.  
That your laughter, even dimmed now,  
is a lighthouse others need  
to find their way back.  
Pain has tricked you

into believing you're a burden,  
that you're too much,  
that you don't belong.  
But no, my dear,  
you are not too much.  
The world wants you here.  
I want you here.  
Think of what you haven't seen yet:  
the summers waiting for you,  
the smell of rain in unknown cities,  
the new music that hasn't reached your ears,  
the unexpected embraces that will shatter your armor.  
The stories you have yet to tell,  
the tears that will turn into laughter,  
the people you will meet  
who, without you,  
will never know the meaning of finding you.  
You are not alone, even if it feels that way.  
There are voices that want to hear you,  
hands that want to hold you,  
hearts that beat louder  
simply because you exist.  
Sometimes pain is so loud  
it drowns out all those sounds,  
but believe me:  
those voices are still there,  
waiting for you to lift your gaze.  
Don't go.  
Stay.  
Even if it's only to see what tomorrow brings.  
Maybe tomorrow won't be perfect,  
maybe it will hurt too,  
but hidden in the pain are sparks,  
tiny glowing moments  
that are worth it.  
And you deserve to live them.



Ask for help.  
It isn't shame.  
It isn't weakness.  
It is the greatest proof of your courage.  
The cry of someone who wants to keep going,  
even if they don't know how.  
And I, and so many others,  
want to hear you.  
Stay, please.  
Stay a little longer.  
The world would be poorer without you,  
colder, emptier,  
more broken.  
And I...  
I don't want to learn how to breathe  
in air where you no longer exist.  
Your story isn't finished.  
Your pages are not fully written.  
And even if you think now  
that there's only emptiness at the end,  
I know that in those unwritten pages  
moments of beauty are waiting for you.  
Let me, let us,  
walk with you to find them.  
Because yes, it still hurts.  
Yes, it's still heavy.  
But you're still here.  
And while you are,  
there is hope.

## Endless Letter in the Waiting Room

I write to you now, when the hallway clock  
marks hours I will no longer count with you,  
and the vending machine coffee burns my hands  
as if trying to remind me that I am still alive.  
The hospital smells of bleach and defeat,  
of flowers that never arrive, of promises that dissolve.  
I walk the corridors with damp shoes,  
listening to the carts scrape and moan  
and to the lights flicker as though they, too,  
are tired of so many farewells.  
I saw you in the bed,  
surrounded by tubes, by bags that dripped like clocks,  
with pale skin and chapped lips,  
your breathing reduced to an irregular beep.  
Your body was there,  
but your gaze swung between this shore and a farther one,  
as if you had already learned to sail without us.  
I sat by your side,  
and the only thing I could do was call your name  
over and over,  
like someone praying without faith,  
like someone throwing stones into a well to make sure  
it still has a bottom.  
Do you remember that summer we laughed until it hurt?  
The water was cold, the sun fierce,  
and you said life was unbearable and beautiful at the same time.  
I believed you half-heartedly,  
because you always gave me half-truths wrapped in jokes.  
Now I understand that in every one of your laughs  
there was a crack that no one wanted to look closely at.  
The hours passed slowly,  
the clock hands seemed to mock us,  
and I stayed still, like a clumsy statue,

unable to move for fear that, if I blinked,  
you would vanish completely.  
I thought of the calls I didn't return,  
of the messages I replied to with "we'll talk tomorrow,"  
of the times I saw you acting strange and convinced myself  
it wasn't my business.  
What a comfortable lie that was:  
believing someone else's sadness is private territory.  
Your fingers moved for a moment,  
brushed mine with the lightness of a feather,  
and I clung to that gesture like to a rope.  
I whispered promises to you that I couldn't keep:  
that you wouldn't be alone,  
that we'd get out of there,  
that there would be all-night coffees, aimless walks,  
that you'd return to complaining about the bad show we watched  
or the neighbors' noise.  
But promises were paper  
and the poison in your blood was lead.  
The doctor entered with measured words,  
with phrases that did not want to be final  
but had the edge of farewell.  
"We're doing everything possible," he said,  
and I realized "possible" is a narrow field.  
The machine beeped one last time,  
like a clock deciding to fall silent,  
and suddenly the room filled with a silence so dense  
I felt it could be cut with nails.  
Your eyes closed,  
and with them closed a world I couldn't keep afloat.  
I stepped outside unsteady,  
coat in my arms, your name on my lips,  
and the air struck me as if trying to wake me from a nightmare.  
But there was no waking:  
the city carried on the same,  
cars rushing, people talking on phones,

and I carried a freshly opened hollow in my chest.  
Now I gather your things:  
your half-folded t-shirt on the chair,  
the keys you left in your coat pocket,  
the notebook with crossed-out lines you never showed me.  
I reread your messages and get stuck on each ambiguous word,  
trying to decode a code I never learned.  
I punish myself thinking everything was there,  
that the signs shone like beacons,  
and I was the one who chose to close my eyes.  
Guilt is an animal that bites me at night.  
It lies down with me, breathes on the back of my neck,  
reminds me there were a million ways to ask you  
and I always chose the easiest:  
"Everything okay?"  
And you replied "yes"  
because you knew I didn't want to hear anything else.  
I cry for you with anger, tenderness, exhaustion.  
I cry because I miss your terrible jokes,  
because your mug is still in the kitchen,  
because your scent clings to the pillow.  
I cry because you won't be in my next laugh,  
or in the photo we never took,  
or in the silly three-a.m. conversations.  
And yet, among the tears,  
I force myself to look at those who remain.  
I tell myself your absence cannot be mere emptiness;  
it must also be a warning.  
I promise myself that I will learn to listen,  
to insist even if it annoys,  
to hug even if not asked,  
to not be satisfied with half-truths.  
If someone reads this and is where you were,  
I want to speak plainly:  
there is no shame in asking for help,  
there is no weakness in crying in front of someone,

there is no burden in calling a friend at night.  
The real burden is what we leave behind when we go,  
and I would give anything to carry yours with me now.  
I don't know if you can hear me,  
I don't know if you still keep my words somewhere,  
but I name you so you won't completely die,  
so your voice remains alive in other people's silences.  
Rest where you are.  
I stay with the task of not forgetting,  
of not letting anyone else sink without a witness,  
of shouting when someone falls silent,  
of asking even when my voice trembles.  
Because losing you taught me the cruelest lesson:  
no one should leave like this,  
no one should switch off the light alone.  
And even if the world tells me to accept it,  
I refuse.  
I write to you today, I will write tomorrow,  
I will write while I have a voice,  
to remind you that you were, that you are, that you matter,  
even if your body is no longer here.

## Empty Elevator

The elevator rises slowly, as if it didn't want to carry up the guilt,  
the metal walls return my own reflection,  
a face that doesn't know whether to cry or to call someone.  
In the night cafeteria, a forgotten coffee steams,  
the cup with its bitten rim looks like a broken promise,  
there's a sign with schedules nobody follows.  
I found you in room 312, tasteless number,  
with the sheet twisted like a shipwreck,  
and a lightbulb that flickered with the patience of the sick.  
You weren't a poem, you were a file with tabs,  
your history full of dates that didn't match your mood,  
your name written in cold ink beside an hour no one remembered.  
The security guard looked at us with the routine of someone  
who has already seen too many farewells,  
the nurses' clogs squeaked like old tunes,  
and I told you things without verbs,  
verbs that couldn't bind your breathing.  
There was a pill jar on the nightstand ?  
I didn't know whether to count the hours or the doses ?,  
labels in tiny letters looked like instructions for forgetting.  
A greenish light outlined your lips,  
and on the respirator the sound was more human than words.  
Your phone, turned off, held a chat with the last word  
that refused to be an answer.  
In the waiting room a mother stroked her child's head,  
and I wondered how many hands fit in an embrace  
when someone is about to break.  
I spoke with the voice of someone repairing something that isn't,  
I told you we'd go out to smoke one last ridiculous cigarette,  
that you'd complain again about the slow elevator,  
that we'd watch another bad movie on the couch,  
and you answered with blinks,  
as if your eyes were a dim antenna.

The doctor spoke with the precision of someone filling out papers with a destiny,  
talked about toxins, about functions rising and falling,  
about a fraction of hope measured in percentages that sounded like coins.  
I interpreted the numbers as though they were musical notes,  
but there was no score that could save us.

The night had its own sound: machines breathing for you,  
the flow of a tube, a monitor marking times my hands measured in anguish.  
Friends came, true and half-known, with cheap flowers,  
all forming a cordon that wasn't tight enough.

I remember the hallway clock: its digits stretched like gum,  
each tick adding minutes that were never enough,  
and in the elevator again, with people going up and down,  
I felt gravity had become an impartial judge.

I tried to make a list of reasons for you to stay: movies, songs, stupid days, small futures.  
I tried to tell you that life isn't measured in wide frames but in microgestures,  
but my words were like frightened birds:  
they found no branch to rest on.

There was an instant, minuscule, where your hand sought mine with an effective impulse,  
I understood that tiny call as an urgent telegram,  
I gripped your fingers so hard my own bones ached,  
it was a contract without notary: you and I against fading.

And yet, the machinery did its work with its usual calm:  
the indicators dropped in silence,  
as if someone were switching off the world's lights by feel.

The monitor gave a long beep that knew nothing of metaphors,  
and the air in the room turned into a heavy object no one could lift.

When it ended there was no film, no crash, no deceitful music,  
only the official gesture: a doctor saying "he's gone,"  
words that sounded like doors closing.

I stayed with the feeling of having lost something I didn't know how to name,  
as if an entire city had decided not to wake one morning.

The cafeteria went on with its cold coffee and ownerless cups,  
the elevator rose and fell with the same indifference,  
the guard tied his hands at his belt and kept watching the door.

On the nightstand remained your stopped watch,  
as if time preferred not to go on without you,

on the phone, an unread message stuck to the screen like a wound.  
The sheet stayed jammed on the bed, in the shape of someone who won't wake,  
and on the door someone hung the chart like an archive note: closed, no reopening date.  
I stepped outside and the night didn't recognize me:  
traffic lights lit their indifference,  
a taxi braked and moved on,  
and inside I carried the certainty that the world sometimes doesn't spin for us.  
I went home in the empty elevator again,  
and in my pocket, the echo of your name.  
I write this as if I could give back something I never had:  
time, questions, answers.  
I know there's no possible repair for what's gone,  
only inventories of small things.  
So I take your cup, wash it, place it in the cupboard as a humble relic,  
I leave it there to remind me there was a body and a laugh now missing.  
And I think of the people passing without looking at the window of room 312,  
the cleaners, the clerks, the ones who sign forms,  
the ones who make no noise:  
maybe all of them are silent heroes  
or maybe just bureaucrats of pain.  
I don't know. I only know I'm left with the feeling of having come too late.  
The night ends in a train ticket you never took,  
in a movie you won't see, in a list of songs without an ending,  
and I wonder how to explain to others  
that sometimes silence has both weight and edge.  
I close the door of memory and leave the key on the nightstand:  
let it serve whoever comes after,  
so maybe they'll ask, so it won't be so easy to walk past.  
But I know the key is just a gesture, and absence will go on weighing,  
like an empty house nobody wants to buy because it remembers too much



## The Girl of Silences

In the shadows of a frozen home,  
a little girl hides behind the wall,  
her breath is barely a trembling thread,  
as if discovery would end it all.  
The floor still keeps the stains of weeping,  
her broken doll lies on the ground,  
the only witness to her sorrow,  
the only friend she ever found.  
The window shows a sky of brightness,  
children running freely in the sun,  
but she has learned to turn away,  
to never wish for what won't come.  
Her tiny hands are weak and shaking,  
they've never known a gentle touch,  
she dreams of arms that would protect her,  
she dreams of voices speaking love.  
Each night she prays without a whisper,  
begs the wind for strength to stay,  
but the moon still finds her shattered,  
with hope slowly fading away.  
Her smile is only a faint memory,  
a spark extinguished long ago,  
like a lighthouse drowned in storming waters,  
like a story that never began to grow.  
And so she carries, quiet, her cross,  
invisible to the world outside,  
screaming in silence, asking for rescue,  
knowing no one will ever arrive.  
Time withers her sleeping childhood,  
the cold consumes what little remains,  
she no longer dreams of being saved,  
she no longer believes in breaking chains.  
For some destinies are born already broken,

and some flowers never bloom at all,  
the little girl fades into the shadows,  
and no one will know she once wished to live at all.

## The Silence Beside Me

There used to be a voice,  
soft as dawn,  
that filled the empty corners  
of my restless days.  
Now the air is heavier,  
thicker with absence,  
and every word I try to speak  
falls into the hollow of your name.  
The bed feels wider than the night,  
its sheets are cold rivers  
where I reach and find nothing  
but the echo of your warmth.  
The streets still remember your steps,  
their rhythm carved in stone,  
but the echoes have faded,  
and only the dust remains.  
I whisper to the silence beside me,  
pretending it answers,  
pretending it cares,  
but silence is crueler than truth.  
No letters. No farewells.  
Only the sudden void you left behind,  
a wound without closure,  
a door slammed without reason.  
People tell me to move on,  
as if grief were a train to catch,  
as if forgetting were as simple  
as turning my head away.  
But your absence is stitched to me,  
woven into my skin,  
a shadow that follows,  
a weight I cannot shed.  
And so I live, day after day,

with the silence beside me?  
louder than thunder,  
heavier than loss,  
eternal as your leaving.

## The Room That Doesn't Forget

I don't know when life decided to take you from my arms.  
I can still smell you in the blankets,  
I can still hear your laughter in the walls,  
but the house is empty,  
and so am I.  
I wake up every early morning searching for your shadow,  
I find myself calling your name without realizing,  
and the silence hits me harder than any word.  
It hurts to open my eyes.  
It hurts to breathe.  
It hurts to keep living here, when you are gone.  
People tell me time heals,  
but time knows nothing about us.  
Time only stretches the hours,  
and I sink into every single one of them.  
I want to scream at you for leaving me half-finished,  
for leaving me broken,  
for stealing half of me.  
I walk through your room again and again,  
touch your toys, your books, your photos,  
and everything reminds me you will never return.  
Every object seems to look at me and whisper  
that the world went on, but you did not.  
Sometimes I sit on your bed,  
close my eyes, and hug the air,  
as if somehow that could hold you.  
But I only hold my own pain,  
and my tears fall onto the empty pillow.  
The nights are endless.  
No stars guide me,  
no moon comforts me.  
Only your absence, heavier than any stone,  
heavier than any silence.

I open the window, and the wind deceives me,  
bringing whispers that sound like your voice,  
but they are just lies of the air.  
And I close my eyes again,  
alone again, broken again.  
Sometimes I get angry at the world.  
Who took your laughter?  
Who decided your voice would never return?  
I scream inside my head, I scream into the void,  
and no one hears.  
No one can hear.  
Then comes nostalgia, cruel and heavy,  
dragging me to the days when you were here.  
I remember your tiny hand in mine,  
the smell of your freshly washed clothes,  
the sound of your steps running down the hall.  
All of it hurts now,  
because I know it will never return.  
There are days I just sit on the floor,  
looking at your things, not touching anything.  
As if touching them would betray you.  
As if keeping them intact could bring you back,  
even though I know it's impossible.  
The pain becomes routine.  
The emptiness becomes a companion.  
I get up as if I were still alive,  
but I am dead in every gesture I make.  
The room remains a silent altar,  
a golden prison of memories that kill.  
And so the years go by, if years even exist,  
talking to nothing,  
waiting for a return that will not come,  
clinging to memories that kill me a little more  
every time I relive them.  
There are no miracles.  
There are no happy endings.

There is no going back.  
Only the room intact,  
your things exactly as you left them,  
and I... trapped in a world where you are no longer here.  
The wind keeps coming through the window,  
the sun casts shadows across your bed,  
and I stay here,  
my heart frozen in the day you left,  
my hope shattered forever,  
my love that cannot die but cannot live either.  
Because you will not come back,  
and I cannot leave either.  
I can only remain,  
watching your absence,  
breathing the air of what no longer exists,  
and crying a little more,  
every day,  
every night,  
forever.

## The Empty Armchair

In the corner of the house,  
an old man sits every afternoon,  
staring through the window  
as if waiting for someone  
who will never come.  
His hands tremble,  
his skin is a map of wrinkles,  
and in his tired eyes  
still burn memories  
that no one wants to hear anymore.  
The phone does not ring.  
The door does not open.  
The clock moves slowly,  
but every minute weighs  
like a stone on his chest.  
He remembers when the house was full:  
laughter in the kitchen,  
running footsteps in the hallway,  
the voice of someone calling him "dad."  
Now he only hears the creak of the wood,  
the echo of his own breathing.  
The world outside keeps spinning,  
but within those walls  
life stopped years ago.  
Every object carries memory,  
every photo on the shelf  
returns a face  
that will never return.  
He talks to himself softly,  
so as not to forget the sound of a conversation.  
He tells jokes with no reply,  
asks questions to the air,  
and answers with a silence that breaks him.



No letters arrive.  
Visits are forgotten.  
The promises of "I'll come soon"  
dissolve with time,  
and he is left counting days  
like someone counting crumbs.  
The armchair is his only refuge,  
the only thing that holds him  
when his body no longer can.  
That armchair knows more secrets  
than any living soul,  
and it also keeps tears  
that no one will ever see.  
And when night falls,  
he stares at the dark ceiling and wonders:  
is it worth breathing  
if no one remembers you exist?  
There he dies a little more each day,  
with his eyes fixed on the window,  
waiting for a visit,  
a hug,  
a single word,  
that may never come.

## Read me before you forget

Don't pass me by,  
don't close your eyes.  
This poem is not pretty,  
this poem bleeds.  
It's the voice of someone who screams in silence,  
the voice of one who was loved once  
and then thrown into oblivion.  
Do you know how it hurts to exist  
when no one remembers your name?  
There is no hope here,  
no consolation,  
only an open wound  
that nobody chose to heal.  
Imagine waking each morning  
and discovering your life doesn't matter,  
that your laughter was lost to the air,  
that your tears left no mark.  
The world keeps turning, indifferent,  
while I shatter into pieces.  
And I write,  
because it's all I have left.  
I write so someone will read me,  
even for a second,  
even if tomorrow you forget.  
Read me,  
because behind these lines  
there is a heart no longer whole,  
a soul collapsing with every verse.  
Read me,  
because this pain cannot bear the silence.  
And when you finish,  
when you close these lines,  
perhaps you will understand

that whole lives are dying around you,  
while no one looks.

## His last recess

They called him by names that weren't his own,  
and laughter returned in flocks, like stones.  
They stole his breath with stares,  
they emptied his world with phrases sewn to his chest.  
Each morning was a suit inherited with fear,  
each step to school, a war without truce.  
He hid behind his backpack as one hides a heart,  
trying to keep others from reading the maps of his sadness.  
The messages arrived like acid rain,  
doors closed with the laughter of others.  
He silently begged to be left alone,  
but the silence of the rest became a noose.  
His home was a place of contained breath;  
his room, an island where he tried to rebuild words.  
He counted the hours until recess ended,  
he counted the excuses that healed nothing.  
One morning the door did not find his hand,  
a voice that once cried for help no longer asked to leave.  
The news spread clumsily, unaware of the weight:  
"he's gone"?and no one knew when they had stopped listening.  
A corner was left that no one dared to face:  
his chair, his backpack, his stretched-out silence.  
The boys who laughed remained just boys,  
but now guilt had a name too heavy for their pockets.  
And in the afternoons, when recess falls into shadow,  
someone leaves a flower and looks at the ground, afraid,  
because understanding came too late: words can kill,  
and the emptiness of a child cannot be patched with regrets.  
This is not a story to glorify or to silence,  
it is a warning that asks for hands, not stares.  
If you see someone suffering, don't look away:  
ask, reach out?don't wait until everything breaks.

## I Look for You in My Dreams

I was eleven when the world broke,  
when your voice faded from the house  
and a silence larger than me remained.  
The days went on,  
but no longer with your steady steps,  
no longer with your hands guiding mine.  
At night I close my eyes  
and there you are, Dad:  
sometimes you smile,  
sometimes you just look at me without speaking.  
I dream of you because in dreams  
there are no goodbyes,  
there I can still run to you,  
feel that you never truly left.  
But when I wake, the bed is cold,  
the house grows heavy with your absence,  
and I am still that child  
who learned too soon what it means to lose.  
I search for you in the air, in gestures,  
in every memory I keep like a treasure.  
And though you are gone,  
I carry you within me like a lighthouse,  
like the unseen root  
that holds my life together.

## The Toys

The room still smells of laughter,  
though the bed lies empty.  
The stuffed animals wait for him,  
fairy tales remain open,  
as if they were ready to continue  
at any moment.  
He was my brother,  
small as a ray of sunlight,  
fragile as the flame of a candle.  
One day we ran laughing through the hallway,  
the next, that hallway became  
a tunnel of shadows.  
I remember his voice calling me,  
his barefoot steps at midnight,  
the arguments over who would win first  
in the simplest game in the world.  
Now the hallways echo hollow,  
and my name has lost its echo.  
I ask Mom if he will return,  
she hugs me but does not answer.  
Dad looks at the floor,  
as though words are too heavy to carry.  
The walls of the house are listening,  
but no one dares to speak the truth.  
I hide among the toys,  
I whisper softly to them,  
I tell them not to worry,  
that one day he will come back.  
But I know I'm lying,  
and my hands tremble as they touch  
the little car that will never be his again.  
Laughter left with him,  
and I was left to learn far too soon

what it means to lose.

Now I only play with his memory,

and every victory hurts,

because there is no one left

willing to lose against me.

## The Room

Every morning he opens the door slowly,  
as if waking someone who is no longer there.  
Dust rests upon the bedspread,  
but he doesn't sweep it away:  
he prefers to imagine it  
as an invisible embrace.  
The drawings still cover the walls,  
shoes aligned neatly under the bed,  
her favorite dress hanging in the closet.  
Everything waits, unmoved,  
as if she might come running back  
to say dinner is ready.  
Neighbors ask if he plans to change anything,  
if perhaps it would be better to donate her things,  
to close the wound.  
He forces a faint smile,  
because they cannot understand that each object  
is still a thread tying him to his daughter.  
Sometimes he sits on the floor,  
reading aloud her favorite stories,  
as if her little voice might interrupt  
with endless questions.  
The tears fall,  
but he hides them between the pages,  
knowing that book will never close again.  
At night he leaves the lamp lit,  
as though she might suddenly appear asking for water,  
as though time could be deceived  
by an unbroken ritual.  
He doesn't move anything,  
he doesn't change anything,  
because shifting one object would be to admit it,  
to acknowledge that she will never return.



And so, each night he turns off the light in the room  
with a caress in the air,  
whispering: *"good night, my daughter"*,  
though only silence replies.  
Silence...  
and a room that will keep waiting for her forever.

## Eternal Fire

Beneath the cross, the abyss unfolds,  
shattered angels cry without redemption,  
our souls walk through shadows,  
with faith consumed by eternal fire.

The night devours the skies with its cloak,  
and the echoes of prayers shatter in the wind,  
the world collapses in forbidden whispers,  
and the earth trembles before the unseen judgment.

The fallen eyes of saints watch,  
but hope hides behind curtains of smoke,  
each tear is a river to oblivion,  
each heart an altar consumed by flames.

Ancient shadows whisper secrets time forgot,  
and we, condemned to eternal vigil,  
guard the spark that defies the darkness,  
the light that not even the abyss can extinguish.

The eternal fire burns within our chests,  
a flame that neither death nor chaos can tame,  
and in this broken, silent world,  
we are the keepers of the forbidden light.

## Through the Darkest Nights

There was a girl, or so they thought,  
whose childhood was a war she never fought.  
The playground's laughter, sharp as knives,  
cut through the fragile skin of her life.

At nine, she watched her father break,  
a soul too heavy, too much to take.  
At eleven, the river stole him away,  
leaving her with nights that swallowed day.

Her chest became a hollow cave,  
four times she reached for the quiet grave.  
Yet death denied her the sweet release,  
leaving her lost, longing for peace.

The one she loved, with words like chains,  
and their family's cold and bitter reign,  
made her a shadow, a servant unseen,  
and her brother and mother were trapped between.

Each day was a storm with teeth and claws,  
every step a battle without pause.  
The walls whispered lies she could not fight,  
and the darkness consumed her every night.

They read her story and thought it was someone else,  
a tale of sorrow, a stranger's lost self.  
But here she stands, trembling and small,  
bearing a burden too heavy for all.

Yet even in the blackest, coldest rain,  
a tiny spark survives the pain.  
Her scars are deep, her nights unkind,

but still she breathes, her spirit confined.

**It is not a tale, not another's cries,  
this is my life, my truth, my skies.  
These are my wounds, my endless tears,  
and still I stand, despite my fears.**

Even if the world still tries to break,  
even if silence is all she can take,  
a faint heartbeat whispers, fragile and true:  
I am here. I breathe. I continue.

## Where my childhood died

A rusted swing  
sways with no one,  
as if still waiting  
for the small feet that once made it fly.

The park is empty,  
the laughter has vanished,  
and only a hollow echo remains  
among the weary trees.

A broken doll  
rests beneath the damp earth,  
the rain erased her name,  
just as life erased mine.

I close my eyes  
and search for that refuge of light,  
but I find only cold walls,  
yellowed photographs,  
and a child who no longer exists.

That child was me,  
with pockets full of stones  
and untouched dreams,  
who now walks in silence  
with empty hands.

My childhood shattered  
like glass against the floor,  
and the fragments glimmer  
only to remind me  
that it will never return.

## They killed his voice

He hid behind the hallways,  
carrying insults like chains,  
every word was a bullet,  
every laugh, a blade through his veins.

They silenced his voice with beatings,  
erased his dignity with scorn,  
and no one reached out a hand,  
as if his pain were some form of sport.

Loneliness became his executioner,  
tears, sharp knives on his skin;  
he wrote in rage on the paper:  
"They won't laugh at me again."

He hung his hope from a rope,  
in a small and silent room;  
when the door opened at dawn,  
only silence was left hanging.

There were no heroes, no late apologies,  
only a body, cold in the dark;  
bullying offers no second chances,  
only graveyards full of questions.

## The last thirteen

I  
Because silence screamed louder than voices,  
and at every corner I found an echo that broke me.

II  
Because the mirror was a relentless judge,  
seeing nothing in me but my defeats.

III  
Because my words always arrived too late,  
like lost letters in an empty mailbox.

IV  
Because others' laughter were soft knives,  
sliding through the cracks of my soul.

V  
Because I asked for help with my eyes  
and no one knew how to read them.

VI  
Because the world weighed tons  
and my hands were still open.

VII  
Because my name became a whisper,  
worn out between rumors and mockery.

VIII  
Because my dreams turned to dust  
before I could even touch them.

IX  
Because the night was my only friend  
and still it left me cold.

X  
Because promises broke  
like glass inside my heart.

XI  
Because I felt I was never enough  
not even to stay in my own life.

XII

Because each step was a desert  
and there were no more oases left for me.

XIII

Because no one listened to these reasons  
until they turned into silence.



## The echo of the void

A shattered shadow wanders,  
bearing the weight of a weary shell,  
each heartbeat a cry  
unheard,  
unclaimed.

Withered tears  
etch unseen scars,  
while the throat still smolders  
with the silence of all that vanished.

No stars remain to guide,  
no hands to anchor,  
only the patient abyss  
stretching wide, unbroken.

And in the final gaze,  
a hollow reflection lingers ?  
of one who once loved,  
now fading,  
dissolving  
into the echo of the void.