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85

Helena

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“85”

Helena (a pseudonym)

On Sunday afternoons on my island
I like to dim the lights and think about you
About that night, when I saw you, when I felt the
world go away
The night I felt that I need someone to hold me
When I saw that I looked young and beautiful in
your eyes
The moment I walked up and saw that what was
hard felt simple to me
The moment I felt I was in midair
And I could steal you
Wishing for our little world
Away in the giant sky

But then are you what I am
If I know what I am is not what you want
Pulled away by the pretty women
Looking into your eyes to see what you know
That you are complete and your own
Waiting for the girls

If you only knew, you could shine beautifully
Mapping out a sky
To have a moment
One passing moment
To kiss me
To crowd you with me

It's almost as if I'm losing my mind
Knowing we do not belong together

I have to move on.

Content dictates form.
Less is more.
God is in the details.

This Page: Detail from *You've Got to Work with What You've Got*, by Alexa Redlich

Opposite Page: *Broken, Yet Found*, Rebeca Farache