

Huellas  
talentosas

Poema  
Winter Blues



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The perfect muse you are,  
And because I flew too close to the sun,  
Now I can only dream of soaring with you.

My building lacked scaffolding,  
Because my engineer was in a rush,  
And because of that hastiness,  
I must now order my heart to hush.

As a crystal colliding with the ground,  
I felt my heart shatter in my hands,  
Piece by piece I felt the shards,  
Impaling right through my chest.

My death sentence I signed,  
With my foolish heart as a pen,  
And your piercing eyes as my guide.

From my biggest dream,  
To my darkest nightmare,  
The memory of your smile has morphed,  
Now only to think of you,  
Is enough to make my heart break again.

A hopeless fantasy I constructed,  
For days I made a fool of myself  
Just as a magician makes a fool of the crowd.

Ashes on the ground,  
That is all that is left,  
The coffin awaits open,  
So that my heart can finally crawl inside.



Imagen ilustrativa: Heart. Recuperado de <https://pixabay.com/es/photos/coraz%C3%B3n-de-metal-oxidado-clave-915562/>