

POEMS

For my quiet heart, I give you the keys.
For my tired eyes, you're a needed oasis.
For my theater story, you are the plot.
For my cold skin, you are a warm bathtub.
For my inner chaos, you are peace.

Paws

Miss the ticking sound of your walk through the empty house,
Miss the forced but needed cuddling on the couch,
Miss the smell of joy impregnated in you being,
I miss the way you're always there with a look so freeing.

When I found you, a timid little boy showed me his sadness.
When I saw your smile, the same boy introduced me to happiness.
When I walked with you, loneliness disappeared in your bright joyful existence.
When I saw you play, I understood why they invented the word pureness.

Paws were everywhere, the beginning really was a grind.
Close to every single person tattoos yours face in their mind,
So that when they follow the blueprints they'll know how to find,
Most of us are not worthy of living beings of your kind.

Justice

The entire world has declared war on you.
Not only because Parisian attires were jealous of your beauty,
But Italian warriors started fearing your immaculate resilience.
Even cherubs in heaven started gossiping about the angelic human on earth.

The masses are demanding justice.
It's just criminal how you're throwing away so much kindness every day.
Or, how you're stealing looks from everyone, especially me.
And how God is copying your silhouette to create the next kind of humans.

My God! I'm so fortunate to be wandering life with you.
Breathing with you, breathing for you.
Thinking of you, thinking for you.
Falling for you, feeling you.

Earth is your jail because you could easily be dancing with divine creatures in heaven,
Even people in hell are trying to find out how your inner flame is so intense
The quantum world is exploring your peculiar complexity.
And aliens are admiring the technology of your mind.

War ended with a nonchalant smile.
The entire world made peace as soon as your cheeks went up.
Every single word you spoke was a reason not to fight.
Every soldier, every lawyer, even the most mundane person in the streets saw you and
thought “luck”.