

Thoughts of a Teenager

Just a Story

I am just a story...
in the great sea of stories, I am just a simple story,
one that people grow tired of reading,
one that most leave aside.
They don't know that, between my short words,
deep meanings are hidden.
If only they understood one page,
they could discover wonderful things.
But no.
To them, I am just a simple story,
a waste of time,
a tale that conveys nothing.
They don't see my value.
For them, I am not just another story.

The Idea of Me

Then... you used me.
You didn't fall in love with me,
you fell in love with the idea of me,
with what I represented to you,
with the version that only existed in your mind.
You loved what you thought I was,
the reflection of someone who fit your dreams.
But you never loved me.
You never knew my fears, my silences, my real laughter.
And now I see it clearly:
you only fell in love with what you wanted me to be, an idea.
But I... I am not an idea.

Love Endures

They say inspiration comes and goes.
Laughter comes and goes.
Fears, anxieties, memories, sadness...
all in life comes and goes.
But love... love endures.
Love is that spark in your eyes every time you see that person.
It's those butterflies in your stomach,
it's the nerves running through your body.
And even if you try to forget,
even if you say you feel nothing,
a little of that mischievous love will always remain in your heart.

The End of Illusion

And the illusion ended.
The butterflies' wings broke,
and they drowned in tears.
The sparkle in the eyes vanished, and the heart...
The heart was still there, but it stopped beating,
stopped feeling.

Not Fair

It's not fair.
It's not fair that sometimes you make me feel special,
that you make me feel butterflies, and then leave me there...
trapped in the confusion of my own feelings.
It's not fair that you play with me and leave me asking, "Why?"
You look at me as if you cared, leave me in a "maybe", and then do the
same with everyone else.
It's not fair that you stole my heart,
and I couldn't even steal a sigh from you.

The Deception of Words

Words enchant...
they bind and use you.
Words are false,
they create impossible longings,
they make you get lost in sighs.
Words are vague...
and yet, sometimes we cling to them
as if they contained the truth that never came.

It Was You

Have you heard the famous phrase, "It's not you, it's me"?
Lies.
This phrase haunted me for a long time; every night the same nightmares.
What had I done wrong?
I needed to know if I was the one at fault.
But now I've come to the conclusion that, after all, it was you.
It was you who made everything end.
It was you who stopped loving me, who betrayed me, who left me alone.
After years of remorse, I understood that I was never to blame.
After all... it was you.

Silent Departures

People enter your life...
and they leave without warning,
without whispering,
without making a single, insignificant sound.
They leave gaps that no one fills,
memories that hurt in silence,
and questions that will never have answers.

For Those Without a Voice

We speak on behalf of those
who never could.

We raise our words for those who were silenced,
for those who were forgotten,
for those who never had a voice.

We speak,
and in every word we carry their story,
their pain, their strength,
their living memory among us.

Already Dead Inside

I have been hurt, betrayed, forgotten...
I have lost everything I believed was mine.
But my spirit is still here,
torn,
but impossible to destroy again.
And now I know for certain:
No one can kill someone who has already died inside.

I Hate You

I hate you.
I hate that you loved me.
I hate that you gave me false hope.
If I ever loved you, all that remains today is hate.
You are like a rose: beautiful from afar, but up close, your thorns hurt.
I hate having met you.
I hate that you wasted my laughter.
I hate remembering your scent and your touch.
Those moments, all of them... I hate them.

Miss You

My worst mistake was believing you would be eternal.
It hurts so much not to have you... not to feel you again.
I miss you. I miss everything about you.
Even your smell of tobacco, the one I didn't like.
I miss you so much it hurts.
But I know it was for the best.
Now you no longer suffer. Now you're telling stories to the sky.

The Brightest star

The moon shone brightly in the sky.
The only thing I remember perfectly from that night was one star.
It shone in such a special way that it seemed different from all the others.
It shared its light with all the other...
but, as often happens with the brightest stars,
other tried to dim its glow.

Stories

Some stories are doomed to repeat themselves.
There are stories with happy endings,
other that break your heart and leave it in pieces,
stories that make you wish you were someone else,
stories that steal your smiles, tears and moments.
And some of them are destined to live forever,
repeating themselves through time.

A Prayer to the Stars

"I wished to see you every night", it was my prayer...
and it came true, but not in the way I wanted.
I miss you. I want to feel you again.
I can't settle for just seeing you in the sky at night.
You light it up beautifully, and every day I fall more in love.
But I need you here. You are the star I ask to come and shine on me when

the pain consumes me.

I still remember how you spoke about the stars with such excitement.

Please... come back.

I want to see them once more, but this time, with you.

Flowers

“I brought you flowers.”

Those were the words that started it all.

I never imagined that, years later, that gesture, those words, would bring me so much sadness.

It was a cold, rainy day.

I approached that box, so precious and horrible at the same time, and said:

“I brought you flowers, my love.”

Unrequited Love

And everyone forgot you.

Months passed, but I... I cannot.

I cannot stop thinking of you, cannot stop feeling you.

I will love you forever.

Because you were everything to me.

And I don't care if you didn't feel the same.

My heart chose you, even when yours didn't.

I loved you in silence, I loved you in secret,

and I will love you as long as I can breathe.

Our Perfect Disaster

We were a disaster.

A disastrous couple.

And even though we broke each other,

even though we got lost

you were the most perfect disaster

that has ever happened in my life.

Letting You Go

And when I saw you smile...
look at him as you once looked at me,
I knew, with deep pain, that I had to let you go.
Not because I stopped loving you...
but because your happiness was elsewhere,
and even if it hurt, I had to learn to let go.

The Final Period

It was hard, more than I thought it would be.
Every memory, every shared laugh, every tear...
all stayed there, frozen in time.
But I accepted it.
With pain, with nostalgia, with love still beating silently...
That was all.
I had put a period at the end of the story, at our story.

Innocence

No one is innocent.
And what is innocence, really?
We are all guilty of something...
of words that hurt, of silences that pained, of actions we didn't know how
to control.
There are no fully innocent people,
only beings trying to live, stumbling through mistakes and successes,
seeking redemption where there sometimes is none.

The Thief

I was part of your games,
just another in your stories,
a heart you thought you could use and forget.
And now I understand it all...

you were a thief,
and I was just one of your many stolen objects.