

Shards or Love

My dearest Fejiro,

The memory of you still lingers, a bittersweet whisper in my mind. Fejiro, my first love, my first everything...my first heartbreak. Our love was a symphony of laughter, tears, and adventure, a melody that echoed through my soul. But, like a discordant note, you shattered the harmony, leaving me with a heart in pieces, pieces that seemed irreparable like shattered glass that refracted the light of our love into a thousand shards of sorrow.

I remember the day we met like a sunrise etched in my memory...warm, golden, and full of promise. You looked at me like my beauty was ethereal, like an answered prayer, your gaze left me in a fantasy in which reality could never compare, a fantasy that to this day, my heart still endlessly yearns for. Your eyes, like sapphires shimmering in the morning dew, held a depth that drew me in, a mystery that beckoned me to explore. We were two souls, lost in the depths of each other's gaze or at least I was lost in yours. I was just a naïve 17 year old, and you were an experienced 25 year old, yet our age difference seemed insignificant compared to the connection we both shared or so I thought...

We'd talk for hours, our words weaving a tapestry of dreams, hopes, and fears. In your arms, I found solace, a sense of belonging I'd never known before. Your touch ignited a fire within me, a flame that burned hot and true. I was lost in the depths of your eyes, drowning in the sea of your love. Every moment with you was a gift, a treasure I cherished deeply. Our love was a work of art, a masterpiece that hung in the gallery of my heart. I thought we were invincible, that our love could conquer all and it did for a while, your presence had a healing touch to my soul, your aura put my chaotic mind to peace and gave relief to my wounded spirit.

I remember the way you held me, I doubt you remember because it seems I'm just your buried past now, the way your fingers traced the curves of my face, the way your lips whispered sweet nothings in my ear. I remember the way you made me feel, like I was home, like I was exactly where I was meant to be. And I remember the way it all fell apart, like a house of cards in the wind, leaving me shattered and broken and like a

masterpiece shattered by a careless touch, our love was reduced to shards of broken promises, whispered lies, and unfulfilled dreams.

Fejiro, your detachment was a slow poison, seeping into my veins, infecting my soul. I tried to hold on, but you were already gone, lost in a world of your own making, you were my first love, my first kiss, the first person that unlocked my vulnerability but I wasn't yours, was I?...I was just another version of your first love. You'd always mindlessly tell me how much I reminded you of her, it stung my heart but I was so hung up on your addictive love, I didn't mind losing myself to become a version of the one that truly had your heart.

The breakup hit me like a tsunami, crashing against my shores, leaving me gasping for air. Like a sunset that fades into the horizon, our love disappeared, leaving me with a heart that was once full, now empty and hollow. The memories of our love still linger, a bittersweet reminder of what could have been, a melancholy echo that whispers "what if?" in the silence of my soul. Yet, even in the heartbreak, there is beauty...a beauty that I'll always carry with me, a beauty that will forever be etched in my memory

I had lost all hope of healing, I dreaded the thought of my soul losing its light for good, being at a constant losing battle with darkness, but I began to win again, I began to win myself back, understand my needs, listen to the song of my soul, dance to the tune of reality...

Fejiro, you may have broken my heart and left the pieces to cut me so deeply, but you also taught me to love myself, to cherish the beauty of imperfection, and to find solace in the shards of love. I know that I am not the same person I was when we met. I am stronger, wiser, and more resilient. I am a phoenix risen from the ashes, a phoenix that will forever carry the scars of our love on its wings. I'll always carry the memory of you with me everywhere, a bittersweet reminder of the power of love to both create and destroy, to mend and break.

I still love you my dearest Fejiro and I don't think there'll ever be a time I'll stop loving you but I have finally healed from the wounds and burns that your broken love inflicted on me

