

For the Memory of Love

Grade

The last time I saw her, I stood tall and played the role. The great architects' post and lintel has fallen. It ended in Chicago on the phone, and it took two years for my contempt to turn to compassion. And with mascara tears, she cried "I will not survive without you". I would like to think that everything is OK, that it's not just broken wings beneath my heels. She needs more to survive this memory of love. I need more to forget this memory of love. Will it ever end? In life you have to choose your own pain, especially when it comes to the memory of love.

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