

Todas las Cosas Que No Te He Dicho

E

There was a void sometimes. I couldn't really explain it. I loved you more than I had loved anyone before and yet sometimes I felt like I didn't love you at all. Like I resented you. Like you were never going to be enough, and I could never be satisfied. It felt like wanting to feel something and feeling nothing, just a great, loud, uncomfortable silence inside me. Like I had to think what to say or analyze how I felt, trying to figure out how I could love you so much and have nothing, no words at all, to say to you. It felt like the emotions, thoughts, phrases and ideas were at the tip of my tongue and I still couldn't put them all together, couldn't pronounce them, feel them or remember how to express them. I had a dictionary of emotions and an encyclopedia of phrases and I couldn't understand, read or translate any of them. I was empty, so empty sometimes. It made me feel sad.

It felt like I was a hand, trying to reach out for something unknown, something that would answer all the discomfort inside me. I was looking out for the truth. For me. For kindness. For a sense of confidence and reassurance that my life lacked nothing, that my soul was full of color and I was complete. Why was I never satisfied? Why when my breasts were against your chest and my naked body was against yours I could feel everything and nothing at the same time? Maybe my emotions were bipolar, too cold and too hot. Earth and Air. Water and Fire. Maybe I felt so many things that my brain just tried to repress all of them so that I wouldn't be hurt later, so that the idea of letting myself feel was a joke: stupid and laughable.

I always wanted to lay naked next to you. I always wanted to feel your skin against mine. Your touch. Your hands all over me. I loved it when you were horny and dirty. I loved it when your hands explored my body: my waist, back, stomach, my neck, my ass and boobs. I loved when you played with my nipples and sucked them. You made me so fucking horny all the time. I loved making out with you. I loved taking a break, looking at your eyes and feeling your heavy breathing. *Cuando decias "te amo" mientras me besabas.* When I looked at your eyes and we had a mutual understanding that we were the only ones in the world. It always felt like an apocalyptic kiss, like the next day would be the end of the world so we had to kiss as if we would never see each other again. It felt like everything. We were everything. It felt like I loved you and like I still love you. Like it's quiet and safe and like a work of art, a *pièce de résistance*. A painting others can look at, a photograph with emotions others can long for, lyrics from a song made only for us and by us. I wanted to be yours. I *still* want to be yours.

The first time my naked skin touched your skin it felt like magic. Honestly. Your skin was soft and warm. My body fit perfectly with yours when we cuddled. I wanted to hug you and let my hands touch all of you. It felt like I was connected to you, connected in a way that went

beyond just saying “He’s my boyfriend”. You were more than that. You were the person I could dream about forever, I was sure. You were the one. Home. Light. Italy. France. Ice cream. Trees. You were the best view, my best friend, my person, everything. The thought of you made me smile sometimes. But it saddened me too.

I was scared that we would eventually break up. I knew we would. We were just kids after all, teenagers. I was scared that you would get over me too quickly, that you would go to a party and hook-up with a random girl just to forget me, to let me go and erase my memory. It made me so sad to think that you would delete the photos of me you had on your phone, that you would throw away the frame in your room with our photo at the beach. It saddened me to think I wouldn’t be brave enough to delete my photos of you and the conversations we had. It scared me to think that all that would be left of you would be that awkward feeling of “an ex, someone in the past I used to date”. I wanted to remember you and every silly little thing we did because it was love. We were real. Too real and too fictional at the same time. Ours was the type of love that you see in movies or read about in books, the type of pure love and happiness that ends just like that: after 90 minutes or 350 pages. It was physical. Emotional. Logical. Spiritual. It was you and me.

Us.

I got anxious whenever I thought of us parting, going our separate ways. Our dreams were so different it was impossible to ever see you again. I wanted to give up on my goals and my future, the ultimate sacrifice, and create a new dream just to be closer to you. It angered me to think that you would probably date someone after me. She wouldn’t make you feel the way I made you feel. It wouldn’t be really serious, more like casual dating. But you would date and see other women and make out with some of them until you would finally find someone good enough to compromise your memory of me and corrupt the reminiscence of what we were. You would find a partner that would make you feel whole again, someone unlike all those other casual girls, someone serious and more special than me. I resented all the things we could’ve been if only we would’ve been older. If only we were more mature, more honest and bold. If only the world would have ensured us we would meet again, years later, and that we would have another shot. I would’ve taken it. *Te amo.*

Is it too late?

Don’t get me wrong, I want you to be happy. I want you to walk around and feel like you deserve all the good things in the world because you do. You brought sunlight to my life. I want you to be brave. To look at the moon, at sunsets and to inhale life. Exhale death and unhappiness. I wish you’d remember me even after we split up. I wish you’d feel like I was your one true love, the fucking love of your life, your first love. I don’t want you to forget me or replace me. I don’t want to become your “another ex”, “someone I used to date” or “an old friend”. I want to be tattooed in your memory, as you are in mine. I sort of hope that when you think of me you

remember all the things we did: sneaking around, looking at the stars, walking next to the ocean, dancing, playing guitar, laughing, baking cookies and sight-seeing each other. The conversations we had and how we were so innocent and young and naïve.

I honestly think I will never forget you. You remind me of so much kindness and joy and peace. Lights on the horizon. You are unlike anyone I've dated and met. It makes me cry to think of you and me and our lives intertwined. How we ended up together even if I had no idea who you were months before making out with you at that random party. How you and our love evolved and matured over time. At first we were so shy and childish. *So* turned on. *So* into one another, as if we had each discovered a rare gem in this big, wide world, and we wanted to learn everything about it. I wanted to make you laugh, to hug you and get to know you. You wanted to hold my hand and spin me around just to see me smile. I remember we would chase each other at the mall and laugh at whatever stupid thing because there was nothing in the world that could ever hurt us. It was a special type of love, like a seed starting to grow, too shy to come out to the world and too curious and impatient to do it still.

Like jumping from a plane not knowing if you have a parachute, unaware if you will land safely, if you'll crash onto land or the ocean... and yet it doesn't really matter.

C'était l'amour.

It was love.

Our love did grow. It claimed the ground and the soil around it. Like a tree, its roots were strong. It had that feeling of sunlight filtering through the leaves of a tree. *Komorebi*. 木漏れ日. It was so safe, and I was closer to you than ever before. I started to understand so many things about who you were. What you liked or didn't like. What made you smile. What turned you on. We talked about marriage and being older. We made stupid jokes and talked as if we would be together for the rest of our lives. It was nice to pretend we would. I thought I was the only one aware that we would break up one day. Of course we wouldn't date forever. I was anxious. Scared. Happy. Sad. In love. Hurt. Healed. Angry. At peace. Confused. Stuck in my head.

I guess that explains the emptiness I felt when I was with you sometimes. I had convinced myself that you were both the love of my life and "just my first boyfriend, someone I used to date". I had convinced myself that I couldn't feel so much love for you because I wouldn't be with you forever, and so I had to save my dignity and make sure there was still space in my heart for others. I wanted to say so many things to you but couldn't because of what they would mean. Maybe you really weren't enough. Maybe I was too mature and melodramatic and needed something "more serious". Once you said "Merry Christmas" with a space between "Merry" and "Christmas" and I, confused, heard you say "Marry" instead of "Merry". My stomach felt like I was on a rollercoaster, or at the Tower of Terror, falling. Butterflies. I would've said yes. *Marry me. Merry Christmas.* Maybe I was the one who wasn't enough. Maybe you felt I wasn't worth it. We were too young anyway. I wish we hadn't been. I wish I

could meet you now, 25-year olds, hold your hand again and miss you again like when I missed you after two weeks of not seeing you. I remember I used to be scared of not doing everything I wanted to do with you. I used to be nervous about sex and not being sexy or good enough in bed. I was afraid of being and not being with you. You showed me so many things about life and the world that I didn't know about. You made me a stronger, better person. I didn't want to be immune to you, your touch, your eyes and smile. I worried I would never meet someone like you or that there would always be something missing... and for that I resented you. I imagined the people I would date after you, men who lacked many of the things you had, lacked that emotion, that peace and safety you made me feel. Things would never be the same after you.

Nada sería igual sin ti.

The last time I was with you in bed I knew things would be over soon. I knew it would be the last day my fingers would touch your chest, the last time you would play with my nipples and the last time I would kiss you so passionately. I would never be able to play with your hair again, never look at your eyes so intensely or whisper to you "I am yours" so desperately and hungrily. You were everything in that moment. I thought that even if we did see each other in the future and had sex again it wouldn't be like *this* apocalyptic moment. Maybe the sex would be better and we would be more confident, but there would be nothing like that moment. No other moment with so many things left unsaid, so many things quietly understood every time your lips retreated from mine, every time we stopped kissing just to look at each other naked. Truly naked. There would be no other hug or cuddle like that one because it was the last one.

The smile. Your smile. Your eyes. Happiness. Repressed feelings. I completely let go in that moment. With you I wanted to jump and feel everything all at once. I didn't want to feel empty anymore or like unspoken words were at the tip of my tongue and a cat had also bitten my tongue so I couldn't speak.

Kiss me.

Love me.

Leave me.

Hug me.

Kiss you.

Love you.

Leave you.

Hug you.

Komorebi.

The last time we kissed, I pulled away and looked at your eyes. You were crying internally and externally. Your eyes were filled with liquified emotions and melted memories. It was goodbye and yet I thought, so distinctively,

A second longer of your eyes and the world would have been ours.

A second longer of you forever. Looped in my head. Replayed. Tears in your eyes. Tears in mine.

木漏れ日.

My favorite sight. My best memory. Seeds and flowers. Trees. Smiles. Cookies. What could've been. What is. What was and what isn't.

We made a choice.

Our relationship was a matter of chance, the Gods tossing a coin, Cupid trying things out, and destiny, the ultimate Tinder, setting us up. We defied time and Zeus and life when we were together.

It was great wasn't it?

I wish I could see you again. Say all the things I left unsaid.

Komorebi.

You.