

BLUE

I used to love the color blue
because it reminded me of you,
of all of the things we used to share,
and all of our lovely glares.

Sometimes it would make me nostalgic,
I'd remember the smell of your cologne,
how it was all tragic
and how I ended up alone.

The thought of you
would turn my whole day blue.
I'd think about how you let me go
without any clue.

Now I don't like the color blue,
mainly because it reminds me of you,
but I don't miss the things we shared,
In fact I wish you had never been there.

CELESTE