

Far, Far Away

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Just a crush, states away
A screen between us, nothing more
Longing through pixels and delay
Every laugh of yours I'm living for
I'm caught in the orbit of your voice
Getting used to wanting from afar
Hurting? Then I'm here—that's still my choice
Miles collapse into blue light at 2 AM
When you text me something small and true
I memorize the rhythm of your words, the way
You punctuate with dashes, never dots
I've learned the timezone math by heart now
Three hours mean you're probably awake
When I'm just starting to give in to sleep
This distance is a kind of prison
I can't just drive to where you are
Can't show up with coffee on a Sunday
Can't meet you at that place you love
I'm trapped by maps and money and the miles
By circumstances bigger than my wanting
Stuck here watching you live a whole life
In a city I can only see through your camera
When you're hurting, I can't hold you
Can't be there in the ways that matter most
All I have are words across a screen
My presence flattened into pixels
But I'm still here, however far
My care doesn't need geography
Even if my body can't cross state lines
My heart has made the journey long ago
Maybe distance wins, like distance does
Maybe I'll never walk your streets
But for now I'm choosing this—
The orbit of your voice, the pull of you
This crush that bloomed across the miles
And aches because I cannot close them

Soundtrack-Midnights Interlude Tory Lanez

<https://open.spotify.com/track/31zNgkbLt8McmjDrh6XKY9?si=036272b2f5b9444c>

Pick Me

Pick Me

Escógeme

Te veo por los pasillos, Entre la multitud, sobresalen como nadie más— Una luz de la que no puedo apartar la mirada.

Me cuentan historias de ti, Te llaman un engañador, Pero eres demasiado bueno para ser tan malo como dicen. O tal vez solo quiero creer eso.

Te vi a través de la ventana, Y quise llamarte, Decir, "Escógeme, escógeme," Pero las palabras se quedaron atrapadas en mi garganta.

Solo estoy aquí de pie, Esperando que el amor me encuentre, Pero sé que forzarlo Es como ser manipulado— Una marioneta con hilos que nunca pedí.

Pronto lo veré en mi teléfono: Tú, en una cita. Tú, sonriéndole a alguien más. Tú, yéndote—

Y me quedaré aquí, Todavía queriendo más De la atención que nunca supiste que anhelaba, Todavía reviviendo el momento en que no hablé, Todavía preguntándome si alguna vez me viste Parado en el pasillo,

Viéndote desaparecer.

Soundtrack: Enhorabuena- Manuel Turizo

<https://open.spotify.com/track/3Jwlbr7aq7cVnsdAbb2WxL?si=c60d8a3beb804eaf>

Two Years Too Late

Too Late to be Yours

Your name still rings like an alarm,

Pulling me from sleep into the ghost of you

your body, your eyes, your hair, your heartbeat Still warm against my chest

But morning always comes, And those dreams dissolve like smoke.

I'm left with the truth: Things didn't have to end like this.

We could've been different. But we drowned in arguments over lies I fed you, The same lies I still whisper to myself, So no one else can see who I really am.

I've replayed it a million times rewind the tape, changed my lines, Became the man you needed but it always ends the same. I'll never change.

What if one day I wake up and realize The life I built without you Was never really living? What if I'm two years too late, And you're already happy, Already adored, Already held by someone Who became everything I refused to be?

What if you've stopped waiting, And I'm still here, Trapped in the wreckage of who we were, While you've become who you always deserved to be

Without me?

Soundtrack

Two years too late: Issac Levi

<https://open.spotify.com/track/2kKtV9SnxcaOgBMwT7eb8d?si=119a8fc094aa4953>

Sorry: Nf, James Authur

<https://open.spotify.com/track/34ksxaX1hF5d6v73jETP70?si=e2a6a4bdb8894ecf>