

Sara

I do not think she realizes how deeply it hurt me to see her so sad.  
Those perfect lips trembling and those forest green eyes filled with tears of a broken heart.

I cannot look at that so called man without being mad.

My jaw clenches and my hands shut into fists as I force myself to remember she is not my  
sweetheart.

I wish I could just tell her someone so delightfully unique should not feel that way.  
She is far too striking, far too hypnotic to shed tears for him, most especially of sadness.

And as I dare myself to say that I am going to kiss the sadness away

I remember everyone believes I am heartless

So I keep my mouth shut instead as I curse at myself in my head for my cowardice.

Jessica from Portugal