

Why did everything happen, does anybody know?

(they never did)

It was a lovely day.

She was standing near.

She never fell in love with him.

he did

no

didn't

but "she seemed pretty"

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and

they loved each other

but

never fell in love.

so

they were convinced without judgement.

because love was nothing

but an "illusion".

She,

realist,

but *emotional*

loved to be individual

was also *mysterious*

a sensitive dreamer

"c'est la vie"

they've already been

used to each other

"She could've carried him on her shoulders :)"

He was the "main character."

She was looking for someone
to walk hand by hand
while crying a river

naïve!

he couldn't stand of her
"individual instinction"
walked all over
pressed
always wanted her existence
as a shoulder bag.

She never knew
how all should've been
no alternative
wasn't what she was
"looking for"
fold down "her life before him"
and locked in a wardrobe

"meanwhile"

loud voices

“criticizing”
seeing there “an only face”
they made each other “their choice”
It couldn’t be a mistake.
“They’ve known each other
millions of faces.
and once upon a time
-they were young-
but grown up together
so they couldn’t be

“**just an ordinary case**”.

-Am I mistaken?

am

mistaken.

-unchained melody-

absolutely

“the wrongest song”

I wouldn’t.

I shouldn’t.

maybe I would.

but

couldn’t.

*It didn't mean
"they were wrong"
there was a "silent fight"
the rhythm of their life song.*

"-Everybody has problems."

"-There is no perfect."

*there was nothing to cure
Everybody was sick.
(since ...?.....)*

-what they believed-

*ignored/couldn't see/couldn't feel (!)
they weren't "them" anymore.*

*She accepted him as “himself”
knowing “there was no point”*

he never thought

if she accepted “him”

or not

“He made her happy as himself (!!!) ”

but “he should change her

to make them happier .”

“?”

“green eyes unchanged”

just the body aged

-still “pretty”-

her reality,

-still-

has been

inside of her head.

though, tiring, consuming

“seems pretty”

-yes,it does!-

*“We are totally different.
no point in fighting.
If I make him see “me”
nonsense,
there is no lightning.”*

*and the woman felt wrong
-as usual-
where she was heard.
**wished to be visible
but never told him
stayed invisible.***

*the case “if not”
never thought.*

*They forced themselves
to live in the same world
to put a limit
there must be somewhere*

certainly (far away from here)
pushed each other to enter in a room
“imaginary”
and *they tried hundreds of times*
to “forget” their own world
but *they never did*
so *pretended*

she protected,
gingerly,
“herself”
in her “other world”
her -fragile- “emotions”
she was unhappy

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and *they loved, lived, kissed, cried, laughed, lived, won, lost together*

never understood each other.

Actually, it didn't mean

"there was no intersection"

sad

it was never noticed

in the shadow of

"contradiction"

neither "but"

nor "so"

anymore.

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