

The Day My Heart Died

Jaiden Dembo | Poetry

There's a whisper of your cologne

On the crowded subway car

And I'm searching for you

In this sea of masked pretenders

When I pass by that café window

I can see us sitting in the booth

My heart in your hands

As you play a tune on its strings

Walking down these streets alone

I can feel you next to me

In the train station, the coffee shop, the library

Replaying the echoes of your laughter

No matter how many times it rains

This city can't be washed of my memories

As people layer the bricks with imprints of their souls

All that's left is your silhouette

I search for you in every man I meet

And when I catch your reflection

I turn my cheek

Because the stranger is a half-hearted copy

The double vision is twisting my mind

Where I can only live in the past

Even when I'm crawling into the future

Because I'm blind to the present

Ghosts always find a way to haunt you