

Remember when
We were born interconnected,
You me & the rose,
In the *almost* world,
And we ruined it all,
In vain?

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Sunday, December 14th, 2019

Table of Contents

Remember when

Draft 1	3
Draft 2	4
Draft 3	5
Draft 4	6
Final	9

We were born interconnected

Draft 1	10
Draft 2	11
Draft 3	12
Final	13

You, me, & the rose

Draft 1	14
Draft 2	15
Draft 3	16
Final	17

In the *almost* world

Draft 1	18
Draft 2	19
Draft 3	22
Final	23

And we ruined it all

Draft 1	24
Draft 2	25
Draft 3	26
Final	27

In vain

Draft 1	28
Draft 2	29
Draft 3	30
Draft 4	31
Draft 5	32
Final	33

Remember when: Draft 1

It is a peculiar thing for me
To remember a childhood
Of the person I was
But not the life I had a few months ago
It is as if I was reborn when we met
And I no longer
Remember when
We didn't meet yet
And one day I won't remember when
You were in my life
I'll forget the little things
That make my day now
You will become sewn into a blur
That will be my past
As if I'll be reborn again
When you leave
It is a peculiar thing for me
To live the life of a person
That has a temporary place in my soul
And will fade away over time
As I grow
And it is a peculiar thing to love
Something I know to be temporary
But when that day comes I will smile
Not in spite of my lack to remember when
But because of my past self
Choosing it to be so important
That I should try

Remember when: Draft 2

It is a peculiar thing for me
To remember a childhood
Of the person I was
But not the life I had a few months ago
It is as if I was reborn when we met
And I no longer
Remember when
We didn't meet yet

And one day I won't remember when
You were in my life
I'll forget the little things
That make my day now
You will become sewn into a blur
That will be my past
As if I'll be reborn again
When you leave

It is a peculiar thing for me
To love something
I know to be temporary
But when that day comes I will smile
Not in spite of my inability to remember when
But because of my past self
Choosing it to be so important
That I should try

Remember when: Draft 3

It is a peculiar thing for me
To watch the memories within my mind
As a movie, remembering when
With one main character
Who within herself
Is a hundred
Continuously reborn
Always with a different plot
In the same story

It is a peculiar thing for me
To know one day I won't remember when
You were in my life
And to know you will be
But a mere character in one scene
Even though, now
Everyday with you seems like it's own movie
You will become sewn into the blur
That is my past

It is a peculiar thing for me
To know I will look back
Watching who I am now as a stranger I was
Falling in love with something so temporary
But when that day comes I will smile
Not in spite of my inability to remember when
But because of my past self
Choosing it to be so important
That I should try

Remember when: Draft 4

Do you remember when
We knew it was the end?
We couldn't keep going back
Again and again.

It is a peculiar thing for me
To watch the memories within my mind
As a movie,
With one main girl who changes over time
Hundreds of lives within a soul
Something that I'll never control
Always with a different plot
In the same peculiar story

It is a peculiar thing for me
To know one day
I won't remember when
You were in my life
And to know you're just
A means to an end
Even though, now
Everyday with you's like a movie
And we're the only cast
You'll become sewn into my past

Do you remember when
We knew it was the end
We couldn't keep going back
Again and again

Do you remember the day
I said I needed space
You weren't wrong
I've felt it all along

It is a peculiar thing for me
To know i will look back at my life
Watching who I am
as a stranger for the first time
That girl will forget your name
By then you won't feel the same

Just like when I look back now
And feel nothing

Do you remember when
We knew it was the end
We couldn't keep going back
Again and again

Do you remember the day
I said I needed space
You weren't wrong
I've felt it all along

You look me
And I can't lie
You touch my hand
The butterflies
Escape my mind
It's left behind
But if I scream
You'll know that I'm

Falling deep in
You'll never see
You think it's just him
I see for me
Cause that's all I
Want it to be
But I promise
I wasn't honest

It's a peculiar thing for me
To fall for something so
Temporary
To remember someone I knew would go
But that day comes I'll smile
Not in spite of my inability to remember when
But because it was so important then

Do you remember when
We knew it was the end
We couldn't keep going back
Again and again

Do you remember the day

You said you felt that way
Like the usual
I'll never say it was mutual

A secret I'll keep locked behind
In my mind
Maybe you'll know in the end
I never saw you as my friend
If you'll remember when

Remember when

Do you *remember when*,

We knew it was the end?

We couldn't keep going back,

Again and again.

It is a peculiar thing for me

To watch the memories within my mind

As a movie, *remembering then*.

Me, as the one, main character,

Hundreds of lives within a soul,

Something that I'll never control.

Continuously reborn,

Always with a different plot

In the same, peculiar story.

Do you *remember when*,

We knew it was the end?

You pulled me back,

But I was empty, then.

It is a peculiar thing for me

To know one day I won't *remember when*

You were in my life,

And to know you will be

But a mere character in one scene.

Even though, now,

Everyday with you is like a movie,

And we're the only cast.

You'll become sewn into my past.

Do you remember when,

We knew it was the end?

Living the memory,

We couldn't repeat again?

It is a peculiar thing for me

To know I will look back,

Watching, as who I will be, the stranger I was,

Falling in love with something so temporary.

But when that day comes, I will smile,

Not in spite of my inability to *remember when*,

But because of my past self,

Choosing it to be so important,

That I should try.

Do you *remember when*,

We knew it was the end?

Who are you, who am I?

Who were we then?

We were born interconnected: Draft 1

This is just to say
We lived in a world
Where only shades of red could complement
No matter how dark or light each of us became
All interconnected

Beautiful and wild
Shades that complete one another
So forgive me
For changing my shades so much

So dark
So empty
That they became black

We were born interconnected: Draft 2

We lived in a world
Where only our shades of red could complement
Beautiful and wild
No matter the spectrum we would run through
And collide within
So forgive me
For changing mine so much
So dark
So empty
That they became black

We were born interconnected: Draft 3

We were born interconnected
With shades of red woven in our souls
The world was filled with a million colors
Finally seen by the human eye
And every pair of lovers had their own

We were born interconnected
With shades of red woven in our souls
And only ours could complement
Beautiful and wild
No matter the spectrum we would race through

We were born interconnected
With shades of red woven in our souls
But what we didn't account for
Were the people empty on the streets
The lonely lovers

We were born interconnected
But I have been born again
So forgive me
For changing my shades so much
So dark
So empty
That they became black

We were born interconnected

We were born interconnected,
With shades of red woven in our souls
The world was filled with a million colors
And every pair of lovers had their own

We were born interconnected,
With shades of red woven in our souls.
Beautiful and wild,
No matter the shades of the spectrum we raced through

We were born interconnected,
But what we failed to account for
Were the people empty on the streets,
The lonely lovers

We were born, but I have been born again
So, forgive me, for changing my shades so much,
So dark, so empty,
That they became black.

You, me, & the rose: Draft 1

There were red roses
That used to fly on the skylines
Amongst tides with the greatest strengths
And beyond worlds of limitations
That soared with a mind wherever they went
In harmony with everything that was
And all that could be
But when the latter ceased to exist,
They ceased to feel their existence
And merely began to walk instead of run
Then, crawl instead of walk
And be carried by the wind
Instead of riding at its feet
All until it settled on our graves and looked with us
Within us
And we sat down together on the cold day
With empty skylines
Weakened tides
Ruined worlds
Hollow minds
And simply grieved over the hearts that could've loved
Between the lives that could've been
Under the rose that could've soared

You, me, & the rose: Draft 2

There were red roses
That used to fly on the skylines
That soared with a mind wherever they went
But when their love ceased to exist,
They ceased to feel their existence
And simply collided within us
And grieved over the hearts that could've loved
Between the lives that could've been
Under the rose that could've soared

You, me, & the rose: Draft 3

Red roses
There used to be red roses
Don't you remember?
They used to fly along the skylines
Soar amongst tides with the greatest strengths
And be free beyond worlds of limitations
The red roses—the ones who soared
Each petal with a mind of its own
Wherever they went
In harmony with everything that was
And all that could be
But when the latter ceased to exist,
They ceased to feel their existence
And they merely began to walk instead of run
Then, crawl instead of walk
And be carried by the wind
Instead of riding by its side
All until, one by one,
They found us and settled on our graves
They watched with us
Within us
And we all collided down together on that cold day
With empty skylines
Weakened tides
Ruined worlds
Hollow minds
And simply grieved over the hearts that could've loved
Between the lives that could've been
Under the petals that could've soared

You, me, & the rose

There were red roses,
Written on the skylines.
Soaring amongst tides with the greatest strengths,
And thriving beyond worlds of limitations.
Each petal with a mind of its own,
Wherever they went.
In harmony with everything that was,
And interlocking with all that could be,
That is, until they did not fit together, anymore.
They ceased to feel their existence,
And they merely began to walk instead of fly,
Then, crawl instead of walk,
And be carried by the wind,
Instead of riding by its side.
Going in circles and circles.
All until they collapsed within our hearts,
On that hollow, barren day,
When we settled on our graves,
Watching the two loves that died.
With empty skylines.
Weakened tides.
Ruined worlds.
Hollow minds.
And simply grieved over the hearts that could've loved,
Between the lives that could've been,
Under the petals that could've soared.

In the *almost* world: Draft 1

People spend hours, minutes, days
Looking through previews
And could-be memories
A what-if future, a written fate
With the choice of whether or not you want it

Some don't go out of their homes
Rendering humanity hopeless
Others stay home watching and watching
Waiting to find their perfect person
A perfect match
A perfect love or friend or perfect complement

I have even seen people running after each other in the streets
Where one wants the relationship
And the other wants nothing to do with it
For why go into something when you know there's an end? They say.
Why would you fall in love to be betrayed? They say.

It's been hard getting used to the new system
Where people don't meet anymore
Where they are born given a million cassette video tapes
Of trailers for all the people they could meet
Deciding whether or not they'd want those experiences
The government says it's to "save time"
But I see it a waste?

It is a flawed concept for humans with imperfection
to claim something without
It doesn't exist
And so I am one of the few that have never seen a preview
But that leaves me walking with empty streets
A world with known possible fates
That no one wants to seek.

In the *almost* world: Draft 2

CUT

People spend hours, minutes, days
Looking through a million cassette tapes
Trailers of their written fates

Some don't go out of their homes
Rendering humanity hopeless
Watching and watching
Waiting for their perfect person

I have seen some arguing whether or not
To conform to the people they are in the trailers
But why start when you know the end?

It is a flawed concept for humans with imperfection
to claim something without
It doesn't exist
And so I am left walking with empty streets
Watching a silent world with known possible fates
That no one wants to seek.

DOUBLED

People spend hours, minutes, days
Looking through previews
And could-be memories
A what-if future, a written fate
With the choice of whether or not you want it
Whether or not you'll try

Some don't go out of their homes
Rendering humanity hopeless
Others stay home watching and watching
Waiting to find their perfect person
A perfect match
A perfect love or friend or perfect complement

I have even seen people running after each other in the streets
Where one wants the relationship
And the other wants nothing to do with it
For why go into something when you know there's an end? They say.
Why would you fall in love to be betrayed? They say.

It's been hard getting used to the new system
Where people don't meet anymore
Where they are born given a million cassette video tapes
Of trailers for all the people they could meet
Deciding whether or not they'd want those experiences

The government says it's to "save time"
But I see it a waste.
It is a flawed concept for humans with imperfection
to claim something without
It doesn't exist

Yes, trailers of everyone you would meet
Are intriguing
But the mistake they did not think of
The flaw they did not account for
Is that, if you give someone a trailer of their life,
It won't be their life anymore
They won't choose to meet everyone they would have
Or experience the same people they could have
Had they not known
They won't have the same highs or lows
As they would've
It is completely useless for each person to watch
What they could've had
For that is watching a stranger's life
It won't be their's anymore
Because the whole point of meeting someone
Is MEETING them
Not watching your whole future—beginning, middle, end
And deciding to feel it all over again

The government thinks it is freedom
It is a choice
But the truth of the matter, is they stole the choice from us
The choice of spontaneity and genuine interaction
Everything is filtered, everything is fake

And so I am one of the few that have never seen a preview
But that leaves me walking with empty streets
While strangers that I could've known stay in their houses
Watching the person that they could've been
With another they could've met
A world with known possible fates

That no one wants to seek

I suppose, sometimes, it's better not to know.

In the *almost* world: Draft 3

People spend hours, minutes, days
Looking through a million cassette tapes
Trailers of their written fates

Some don't go out of their homes
Rendering humanity hopeless
Watching and watching
Waiting for their perfect person

Yes, trailers of everyone you would meet are intriguing
But the mistake they did not think of,
The flaw they did not account for
Is that, if you give someone a trailer of their life,
It won't be their life anymore
They won't choose to meet everyone they would have
Or experience the same moments they could have, had they not known
They won't have the same highs or lows as they would've
It is completely useless for each person to watch
What they could've had
For that is watching a stranger's life
It won't be their's anymore
Because the whole point of meeting someone
Is meeting them,
Not watching a whole future—beginning, middle, end
And deciding to feel it all over again
Because feeling something for the second time
Without ever feeling it for the first
Is a lie

It is a flawed concept for humans with imperfection
to claim something without
It doesn't exist
And so I am left walking with empty streets
Watching a silent world with known possible fates
While strangers that I could've known stay in their houses
Watching the person that they could've been
With another they could've met
And the life they could've had
That no one wants to seek

I suppose, sometimes, it's better not to know.

In the *almost* world

People spend hours, minutes, days
Looking through the million cassette tapes
They receive at birth
Trailers of their written fates
Of their future memories with each individual person,
Beginning, middle, end
Some don't go out of their homes,
rendering humanity hopeless
Watching and watching,
waiting for their perfect match

But the mistake they did not think of,
The flaw they did not account for
Is that, if you give someone a trailer of their life,
It won't be their life anymore
Because the whole point of meeting someone
Is meeting them,
Not watching a whole future,
and deciding to feel it all over again
For feeling something for the second time
Without ever feeling it for the first
Is a lie

It is a tainted concept for humans with imperfection
to claim something without flaw
And so I am left walking with empty streets
Watching a silent world with known possible fates
While strangers that I could've known
Stay in their occupied, but empty houses
Watching the person that they could've been
If they were with another they could've met
With every memory they could've felt
Within the life they could've had
That no one wants to seek

I suppose, in the end, it's better not to know.

And we ruined it all: Draft 1

They say the world is the sea,
Beautiful and wild and free.
With creations in and out
That bring life without a doubt.
Where the sun sets and rises
Where the moon's path is guided
Where the stars are connected
And the land is reflected
And every piece of water collected
Where every part within
Is needed to form the skin
With animals that fly within the infinity
And sing all as a symphony
Where the gaze is stolen
Whether it is boiling or frozen
And we watch as we are captivated
For the beauty we awaited
But if the world is the sea, the conclusion,
Is we must be the pollution

And we ruined it all: Draft 2

They say the world is the sea,
Beautiful, wild and free.
With creations to and fro
Something new wherever you go
Where the sun sets and rises
Where the moon's path is guided
Where the stars sleep connected
With every life collected
Where every part within
Is needed to form the skin
With animals that seek infinity
Within their gaze we hear a symphony
Those creatures with time so stolen
Those creatures too pure for broken
And we watch as we are captivated
For the beauty we have awaited
But if the world is the sea, the conclusion,
Is we must be the pollution

And we ruined it all: Draft 3

They say the world is the sea,
Beautiful, wild and free.
With creations to and fro
Something new wherever you go
Where the sun sets to rise
Where the earth births and dies
Where the stars sleep connected
With every life collected
Where every part within
Is needed to form the skin
With animals that seek infinity in a moment
Within their gaze, imperfection is broken
Those creatures with hearts untainted
Those creatures we have acquainted
And we watch as we are captivated
By the beauty we have awaited
But if the world is the sea, the conclusion,
Is we must be the pollution

And we ruined it all

They say the world is the sea,
Beautiful, wild and free.
With creations to and fro,
Something new wherever you go.

Where the sun sets to rise,
Where the earth births and dies.
Where the stars sleep connected,
With every life collected.

Where every part within
Is needed to form the skin.
With animals that seek infinity in a moment.
Within their gaze, imperfection is broken.

Those creatures with hearts untainted,
Those creatures we have acquainted.
And we watch as we are captivated,
By the beauty we have awaited.

But if the world is the sea,
the conclusion,
Is we must be
the pollution.

In vain: Draft 1

I give my sincerest apologies to you,
My frozen beauty
For you will never know how it feels to be a wave
That crashes unto the shore

You are a professional at pausing time
And never returning to the moment
Erasing a memory that will never be completed
You are the full population
In a world of almoses and maybes
And are the only resident
Living in a world of never

But you will never be the only grain of sand on the shore
You can never be the only drop of water in the sea
Or the only ray of light within the sun
But you will always be the only grain of sand
That remains dry
And the only drop of water within the sea
That lives in isolation
And you are limited to a ray of sun
That does not allow itself to release light
You are a frozen beauty

I am the drops of a wave
With a direction to meet the shore
But you have changed my course
Forcing me to crumble within myself
Before reaching my fate
And we recouse together
Meeting in the settled waters
With the potential to end with a crash
Or begin along the gliding paths of freedom
But the potential is thrown away
For you may always remain a frozen beauty

In vain: Draft 2

I give my sincerest apologies to you,
My frozen beauty
For you will never know how it feels to be a wave
That may crash onto the shore

You are a professional at pausing time
Then, leaving forever
Erasing a memory that will never be completed
You are the full population
In your lonely world of 'could've beens'
Living in a world of never, but almost

But you will never be the only grain of sand on the shore
You can never be the only drop of water in the sea
Or the only ray of light emitted from the sun
But you will always be the only grain of sand
That remains dry
And the only drop of water
Frozen in isolation
And you are limited to a ray of sun
That does not allow itself to release its light
So piercing, so full
With a fear that betrays its potential

I am the drops of a wave
With the fate to meet the shore
But you have changed my course
Forcing me to crumble within myself
Before I may reach the land
And we travel back together
Meeting in the settled waters
With the possibility to end with a crash,
Yet the ability to begin along the gliding paths of freedom
But the potential is thrown away
For you may always remain a frozen beauty
And my heart may always remain a burning fire
From your disappearing into the night

In vain: Draft 3

I give my sincerest apologies to you,
My frozen beauty
For you will never know how it feels
to be a wave
That may crash onto the shore

You are a professional at pausing time
Then, leaving forever
Erasing a memory that will never be completed
You are the full population
In your lonely world of 'could've beens'
Living in a world of never, but almost

But you will never be the only grain of sand on the shore
You can never be the only drop of water in the sea
Or the only ray of light emitted from the sun
But you will always be the only grain of sand
That remains dry
And the only drop of water
Frozen in isolation
And you are limited to a ray of sun
That does not allow itself to release its light
So piercing, so full
With a fear that betrays its potential

I am the drops of a wave
With the fate to meet the shore
But you have changed my course
Forcing me to crumble within myself
Before I may reach the land
And we travel back together
Meeting in the settled waters
With the possibility to end with a crash,
Yet the ability to begin along the gliding paths of freedom
But the potential is thrown away
For you may always remain a frozen beauty
And my heart may always remain a burning fire
From your disappearing into the night

In vain: Draft 4

I give my sincerest apologies to you,
My frozen beauty
For you will never know how it feels
to be a wave
That may crash onto the shore

You will never be the only ray of light emitted from the sun
But you will always be the only grain of sand
That remains dry
And the only drop of water
That will never meet the sea
So piercing, so full
With a fear that betrays its potential

I am the drops of a wave
With the fate to meet the shore
And we meet in the settled waters
With the possibility to crash,
Yet the ability to begin
In vain
For you may always remain a frozen beauty
And my heart may always remain a burning fire
From your disappearing into the night

In vain: Draft 5

I give my sincerest apologies to you,
My frozen beauty
For you will never know how it feels
to be a wave
That may crash onto the shore

You will never be the only ray of light emitted from the sun
But you will always be the only grain of sand
That remains dry
And the only drop of water
That will never meet the sea
So piercing, so full
With a fear that betrays its potential

I am the drops of a wave
With the fate to meet the shore
Pulling and pulling
With the possibility to collide,
Yet the reality to stop and watch vain
For you may always remain a frozen beauty
And my heart may always remain a burning fire
From your disappearing into the night

In vain

I give my sincerest apologies to you,
My frozen beauty,
For you will never know how it feels to be a wave
That may crash onto the shore.

You will never be the only ray of light
emitted from the sun,
But you will always be the only grain of sand remaining dry,
And the only drop of water that will never meet the sea.

So piercing, so full,
So hollow in your actions
But so pure in your heart
With a fear that betrays your potential.

I am the drops of a wave,
Pulling and pulling.
Reaching out for you, with the possibility to collide,
Yet the reality to stop and watch in vain.

For you may always remain a frozen beauty,
Absent in your presence
And my heart may always remain a burning fire,
From your disappearing into the night.