

I Can't Stay

By Juliana Dornellas

I can't stay

It's been so long,
I had to grab a pen,
and start again
before my soul overflows with sentiments.

Writing is my escape.

Memories are the floor I step on
and my floating way through life.

Following mundane days.

Answering calls.

Waiting for the lights to be switched off,
so my own lights can be turned on.



Photograph by Diane Liguori

And I can finally dance.
In this semi-real place
where I hide and watch the rain
Sometimes I go outside
barefoot.
Hues and black and white.
Sometimes I drink my coffee quietly
and watch
what is not there.

I have to go back now
to the box
to nothing
to grey
to existence.

Wait for me, my place.
I shall return to breathe,
to be,
to justify living.