

# Memories

I don't know how long I've been sitting looking at the raindrops on my window, I don't know when my coffee got cold, or when I left the book I was reading on the table, I just keep seeing the raindrops on my window, while I remember others years of my life, and I think, how is it possible that such beautiful memories can torment me so much, can create that hole in my chest, that tear in my soul, instead of the joy that I have in that memory?. It is true that perhaps memories are the most valuable thing that people have, because they teach us, they are the ones that warn us that we have already run into that stone, they are the ones that preserve the essence of the moments that the cameras don't capture, the ones that they make us feel that we touch those lips again or the ones that make us smile alone in the street like crazy.

Without a doubt, memories are wonderful as well as dangerous, because if you are not careful they can become your worst demons, and it is even more curious how the more beautiful the memory is, the happier you are in it, the more it hurts...like a sweet poison, which makes us feel good, makes us re experience that adrenaline and even makes us believe that we are superior to everything, so that later the feeling of nostalgia kills us slowly, because the pain of knowing that it is not going to be repeated suffocates us . Memories are like the most delicate roses, it is worth the to see and feel its soft petals even if you are nailing its sharp thorns, which cease to matter for a moment, until we release the flower and realize the pain. Memories have names, dates, feelings, sensations and they will always be wonderful no matter how much they hurt at times.

Babi 2° Bach