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No Feelings
By Juan Guzman

The seasons transitioned
in desperateness of change.
Falling and springing
distantly estranged.

She, the scorching summer
And he, the wintry winter
She, setting aflame
All he could give to her.

Her eyes spoke volumes -
Feelings held onto by a thread.
He reached for the pair of scissors
And went on ahead.

Bridges exhausted
from the ponderous rain
Had crumbled like pastries
into miniscule grains.

Undiscerning love
had taken form of flaw.
What was once shared
Had now been withdrawn.

Lips met in spite of it all
No spark had burst
from the static lips
once filled with ethanol.