

## Somewhere in Siwa

It was a beautiful sky on those 3 days we visited Siwa. I hated those three days. I knew that 10 months later. What was I looking for? I was seeking safety and comfort from the person I ever loved. They left my lungs burning from how much I cried on this trip. There were lovely people present, but the only thing I could focus on was the well being of my partner. I can hear those conversation we had, like I heard it then. The words you used to hurt me and blame me later. You left my reality a long time ago and took a part of me that completes my purpose.

That part of me that I no longer recognise. Something you can't even recall or remember. I hide from myself in order to hide from reality. It doesn't hit me until I realise how much emotions have disappeared. How much you have disappeared. This is where my nostalgia to an old self begins. And every time I see those pictures, my chest gets tighter and I remember how weak I was and how harsh you were. I imagine you fading away into the void and far away from my reality. It was a beautiful mess. Never to be repeated again.