

## 99 WRITING

**Burning Love** 

by Lola, 826 Valencia

TYPE POETRY She told me that our love was like her favorite lighter.

It was small, I guess,

compared to the other lighters I saw her friends using.

She was always skipping school.

Smoking in the shadowed alley about a block away with her buddies,

'cause she was just too cool to care about her health, her future.

She was the skip school, smoke your pain away kinda girl.

The Tumblr grunge, die young kinda girl.

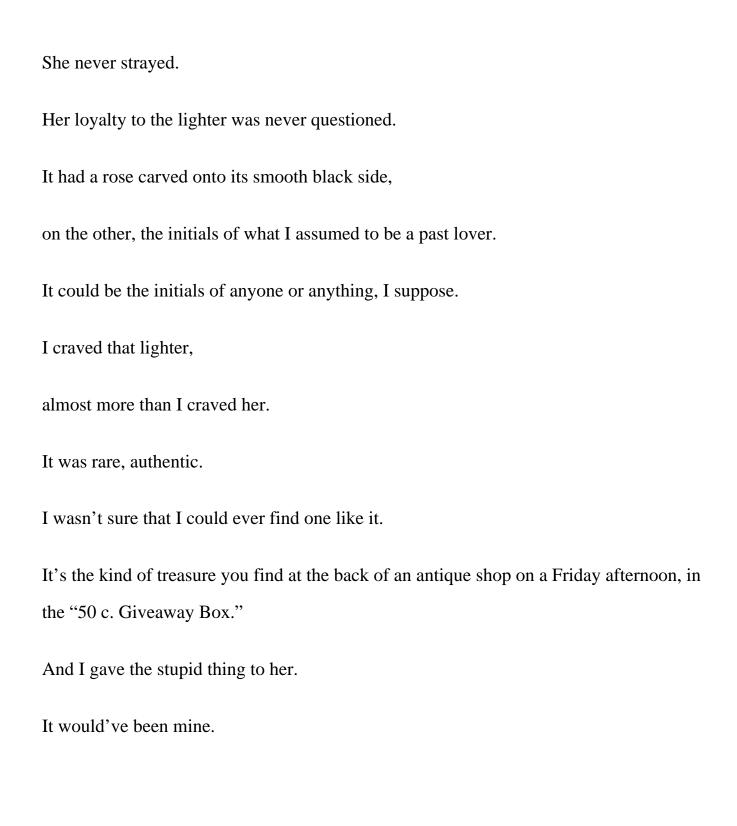
The drink 'till you pass out, don't care kinda girl.

But even after all this time, I don't think she will ever be a matches kinda girl.

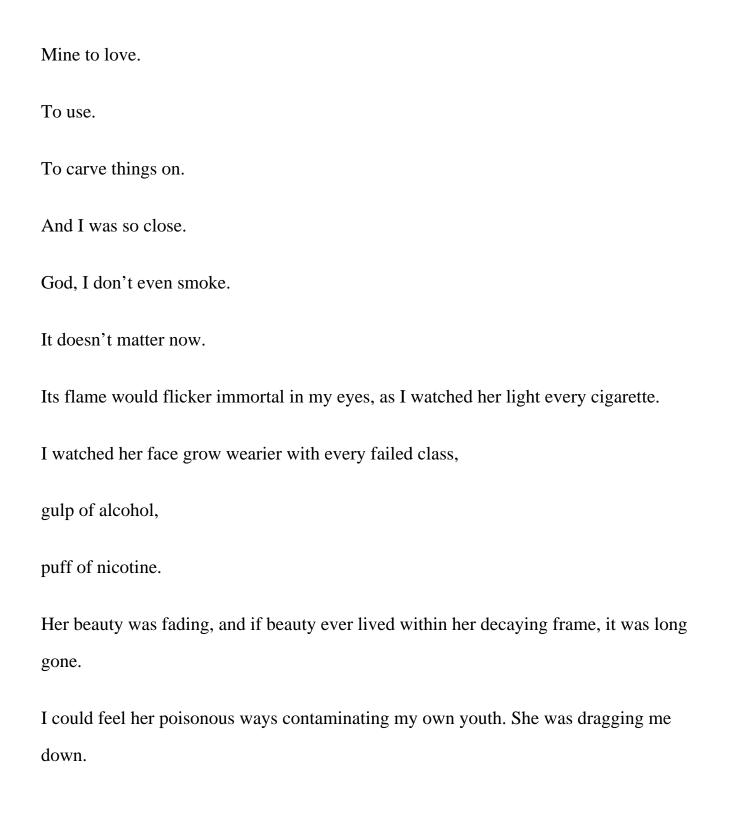
Always that same lighter.

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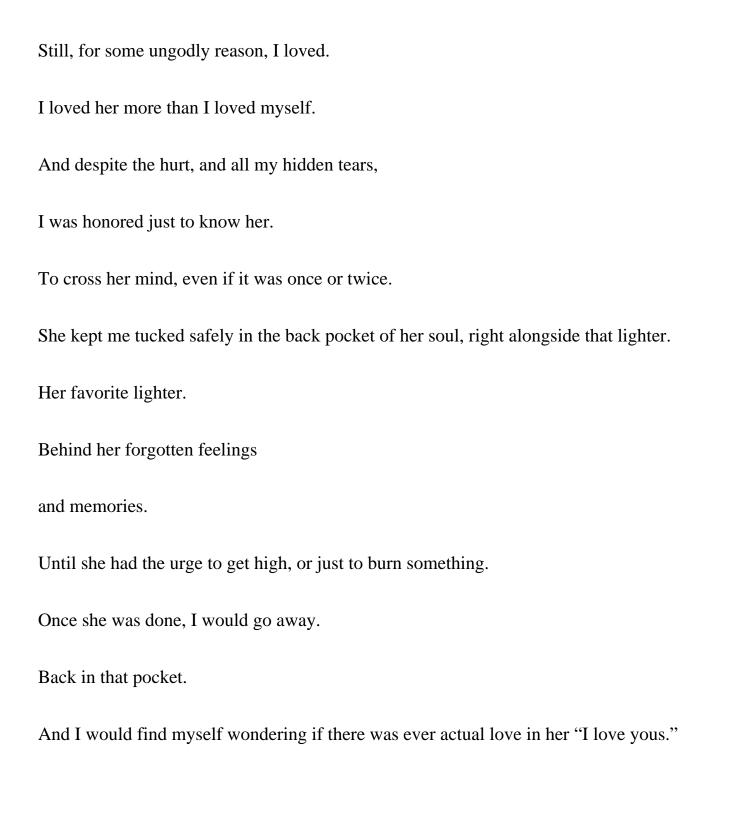






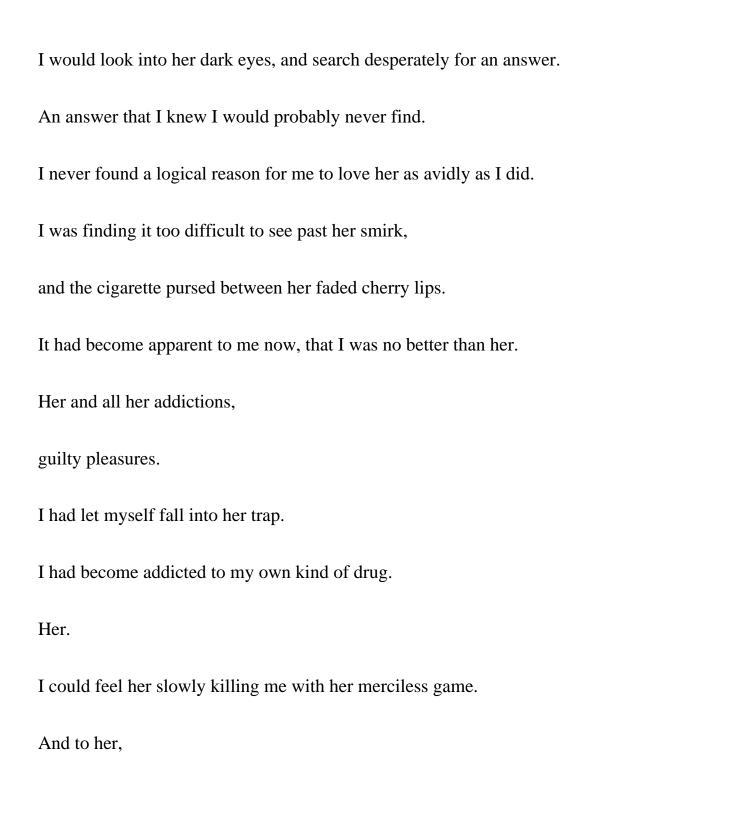






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That's all it was.			
A game.			
So I let her go.			
I let her soul slip through my fingers.			
I cried like my heart had been ripped out of my chest.			
I let her name fade.			
With every week,			
month,			
year.			
I burned pictures.			
Created new memories.			
I let myself heal.			



I thrived.		
And eventually,		
When I was ready,		
I bought my own lighter		