Beat: Local

Do memories take us back?

Reality story

Iraq, 17.01.2020, 18:09 Time

USPA NEWS - All the day, I am thinking of you.
The whole time I am yearning to you.
The night chokes my breaths and rips my heart.
The insomnia kills me slowly, while the memories set fire to my chest although it's beautiful.

It rips my body with the cruel night whips under cover of darkness.
Even my writings become don't to describe my longing and suffering where my silent words are scattered everywhere on the papers, on the walls and on the tree trunks.
My eyes don't know the thrill of sleeping.
My eyes are silent and withered as a thirsty flower dying under the summer flames.
My face is pale as a desolate desert while my lips are as dry as the barren land, how I wish I could kiss her lips to restore my life, to restore my health and to restore my energy.
My heart is not from rock to bear all that until the rock is crashed and dispersed.
My heart is tired, my mind is confused and my body is exhausted.
I remember how we are sitting at night in front of set fireplace where we drink coffee and I read to you Austin novels and we write our wishes on each hands of each other.
How I hope you will return those days.
I don't know when the meeting will come.

Wishes remain to come
And we do not know whether or not it will come.

Article online:
https://www.uspa24.com/bericht-16404/do-memories-take-us-back.html

Editorial office and responsibility:
V.i.S.d.P. & Sect. 6 MDStV (German Interstate Media Services Agreement): Hussein Ali

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Official Federal Reg. No. 7442619