

## Spring Love

A swindle in a breeze brings scent,  
To this odorless parched heart,

Spring with its enticing sight,  
Colors blooming from the ground itself,  
Nature sings its new season so bright,  
I found love at first sight:

I spotted a dark silhouette,  
I could not perceive it as an animal,  
But I knew it felt...different seeing something,  
Looking exactly like you.

Sakura, marigolds, tulips and hydrangeas,  
My colors of love projected on their petals,  
The dreams of forgotten love delve,  
In the dying leaves of my precious rose,

Although you may not stand out in spring,  
You shall always hold memories blessed,  
With the moments where he spoke,  
What I've always so wanted to have heard;

4 seasons, 4 desperately awaited seasons,  
Spring! My love, bring me towards you,  
Let me bathe in your iridescent sunlight,  
Let me play with the buds of young love,

Let me search in your nature,  
Let me search...for I must know where he is,  
I must know, my flower-crowned love,  
Where did you put my past?  
I am lost in this forest of pink descending delicates,  
Please, I must know,  
For in you, spring,  
Is where I discovered what true joy was,  
I found my reason to believe, to trust,  
I finally understood what a rose's scent meant,  
I finally understood the memory of the sakura,  
I understood what it was to have love...

Spring, my carrier of passions and romanticisms,  
Tell me what you did do to my love,  
Did you bury him in the depths of your roots?  
Did you drown him in the lake of despair?  
Spring...did you cast his soul into the rose you gave me?  
Is that why, is that why it never withers?  
Is that why, it always gleams a sparkle of elegance,  
Whenever I catch myself captivated by its beauty?

Birds sing, frogs croak, plants bloom,  
But why, why him?  
Why did your iridescent light blind me from what you did?  
Why, cruel year, did you twist him into my heart?  
Why, why was his love for me casted in the rose I so preserve?  
Spring, my forgotten love,  
You brought me petals,

You brought me romance,  
Your delightful wind brought upon me such peace,  
Your beloved skies lured me in,  
Everything, everything brought me...to the thought of him,

The silhouette was your soul coming back,  
It was your last attempt to see me, wasn't it?  
You knew I dreamed of leaving in spring,  
I wished to be blessed in spring,  
I wished to hear your last words,  
Under the tree of my dreams,  
I wished for so many things that never happened,

The spring breeze no longer brought me in,  
The sunlight burned my withering soul,  
The sounds of nature bewildered my heart,  
And at the last minute,  
At the last minute of spring, you decided to show yourself,  
After so long, that my mind forgot what pleasure it was  
To see you carrying the gifts of love I gave you,  
But now, you are too late, my rose,  
I've already lost so many things,  
I can't bear to live another season with what I've become,

Spring, my dear, bury me in the red roses,  
Twiddle with my soul until I cannot bear it,  
Break my dreams into ripped petals,  
And end yourself,  
With the first ray of summer heat,

For I,  
Won't live to see,  
My rose shine in the next season's light,  
I will never again,  
Feel his strokes of uncertainty near,  
My broken self,

Take care, both of you,  
May the mountain tops remind you of  
How my mind was clouded with you,  
May the shining river remind you of  
The tranquil nature that was around us,  
May the eternal rose...wilt  
Along with who I was



**About the Poet:**

Yulissa Crespo is in her senior year at the Alcides Figueroa Bilingual School in the humble town of Añasco, Puerto Rico. She loves flowers, music, the night and all its skies. She aspires to be able to write whatever she desires and to enjoy life at the fullest. "Spring Love" describes a love that can no longer live on, a love that withered in the season where everything blooms. Where all see beauty and blossoms, the poem sees the contrary. She hopes you enjoy the poem; she has put all her heart into. Fun Fact: Despite the heavy theme of roses, her favorite flower is lavender.