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## Casi un poema de amor . . . Creo / Kind of a love poem....I guess

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Kind of a love poem....I guess

While I taste the bitterness  
of this sweet coffee —  
I can't stop thinking about  
the sweetness of your lips —  
that I've never kissed.

These cold winter mornings  
won't let me live without wanting  
your Caribbean *lecho*

And all the hours that I've wasted in  
dreaming of being the owner of your memories  
make me feel like an aging flower.

This strange sensation of sadness  
that invades my roots —  
is only the reflection  
of my soul  
It reminds me that  
in feeling this way —  
I've already won  
because feeling this way  
lets me know I'm alive  
and even if it hurts  
like the heaviest tear in the world  
it doesn't matter anymore  
because I just saw you two minutes ago—  
and that is enough to make me happy.

## Casi un poema de amor . . . Creo

Mientras saboreo lo amargo de  
este dulce café no puedo dejar de pensar en la  
dulciosa  
de tus labios que no he  
besado

Las mañana frías de este  
invierno no me dejan vivir  
sin desear el calor  
Caribeño de tu lecho

Y todas las horas del mundo  
que he perdido soñando con  
ser dueña de tus recuerdos  
me hacen sentir como una  
flor marchita en el florero  
del olvido

Esta extraña sensación de  
tristeza que invade hasta las raíces  
de mi ser  
es solo el espejo de mi alma  
recordandome que con solo  
sentirme así ya he ganado  
pues sé que estoy viva  
y que aunque duela como  
la lágrima más pesada del mundo  
ya no importa por que hace dos minutos  
te vi y eso ya es suficiente para hacerme feliz.

Mercedes Betanco