

## **Little girl.**

What does it feel like to cry underwater?  
Peace, or so the red-cheeked girl thought.  
Maybe if she had only been a little smarter  
they would not have made her go distraught.

She now screams incessantly in full voice,  
trapped in a skin that she wishes was hers,  
dreaming of skimming drops of some joys  
that people leave in the water after the years.

She makes the water dark and trembling  
with the deafening beat that she tries to hide.  
Breathing is not as important as dissembling.  
She should have stayed watching on the lakeside.

Silence means loneliness, sometimes terrifies  
and no one wants to know how alone we are,  
neither the girl with red cheeks and big eyes  
that would leave on what she hides a scar.

Shout that no one will ever listen to you.  
There's you, me, and this agonizing silence,  
so scream until think it doesn't hurt the true  
or reluctantly form, with the fear, an alliance.

Cry little girl, it is too late for everything else.  
The birds die before drinking your blackened water.  
If I could I would get you out of there by myself,  
then, little strong girl, nothing else would matter.

Show me a little smile before you go and hide  
and have to pretend forever that you're not.  
Wherever you decide to stay, be my eternal guide,  
take care of your tears, and don't get caught.

Little girl with rosy cheeks and big eyes,  
the drops you left will never be a waste,  
I will always remember those painful nights  
but for having had you I will feel graced.

Before they drown you out of fake smiles  
show the world your perfect pearls.  
Ignore their stories, they are all guile  
they will leave your stomach full of burls.

Little girl hidden and trapped in herself,  
one day this will be your happy place,  
and you will recover all your lost wealth  
but your memories will not be able to replace.

I will remember you but for me, there is no time left  
so, little warrior, remember the sound of the rain,  
protect yourself, excuse me for leaving that heft  
and remember that someday soon you will be free.

I want it to end, this is like an automatic mode  
every day is the same and I am not shunning out.  
If you come back do not go on this road,  
for me, for now, time is running out.