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My loving rose

As soon as I was born, she gave me a rose
and, suddenly, the thorns of life faded away,
leaving soft petals hugging my body, keeping me safe.
That was the start of two stars that only together would shine.

Growing up I felt down so many times
but the pair of her arms would never let me go.
I used to love our talks late at night
and how we played with snow a long time ago.

She would paint my blue days with idyllic colors
and make my cold winters feel like warm summers.
When nightmares took possession of my brain
her tight hugs were lullabies to my pain.

She was the front row soldier at the wars I had created.
She sought for love in my hatred,
She builded a cage so that my heart would never be shattered,
but how could that be possible if our relationship was all that mattered?

I recall she would turn labyrinths into picturesque pathways.
she would ignite an incandescent sun over rainy days,
displaying a rainbow resting over me, always,
just how the stars would never split from the moon in fairy tales.

Right now we are not the kids sleeping on bunk beds,
nor the children with colorful braids,
nor the little girls with whole world to discover,
nor the ones who made forts under covers.

But now we are girls consumed by wanderlust.

she is the only soul I trust,
she is my tranquility and comfort,
and the one who will always come first.

She now locks our ephemeral moments in eternity.

Our talks have become deep conversations that heal me completely.

She has been my helpful guide,
and the journey has led me to a beautiful scenery.

When she is no longer close,

I will simply stare at a rose,
and I will always find
sister love.