

## **Somewhere**

**By Verónica Corral**

Somewhere you exist but not for me.  
Somewhere you smile and talk and gaze into others' eyes  
You hold their hand and graze their hair, you listen intently at responses elicited by your comments  
“Tell me the highlight of your day.  
Bare your soul to me and allow me to uncover the layers of your thoughts, of your being, of you.”

Somewhere you share the periphery of your life.  
You highlight what is most appealing and skirt around the undesirable.  
You evade the uncomfortable, the soul baring, the vulnerable areas of your soul.  
Somewhere you woo, with a practiced perfected dance that blinds the seer to your flaws.

Somewhere you present only parts of you.  
Strong you, competent and held together by rigid laws and philosophical thought.  
Somewhere the edges are frayed and up close the fabric of your life is a bit tattered and stained.  
Somewhere you must grip your notions of life and easily discard what does not fit.

Somewhere you exist but not for me.  
I exist only as a memory, a brief stain on an already assembled pattern.  
A detour down a lovely hidden path, that must be righted to continue to a present goal.  
Easily looked past and forgotten. A mistake in the journey of time.  
Somewhere you exist...

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