



*Tightly
Untied*

A POETRY COMPILATION

WRITTEN BY EZRAH MAE QUINTAL

TIGHTLY UNTIED

Written by Ezra Mae Quintal

A three part compilation of poetries
for the love that I could never have





PROLOGUE
Dearly Beloved



Fall in love with an artist

Love an artist
and your every words will be written in the stars.
Your body may fade away,
but you will be remembered
even after a thousand years,
even after death claims you both,
until forever.



Yours

No matter what you do,
or what you say won't change the fact that I love you
and I'll love you still
until all of the stars explode and all of the planets collides.
You'll have a space in my heart
even after the sunset lose its colors and
until we can't see the sun rise anymore.
I may not be there with you but I'm yours even after a decade,
even after a thousand years,
and even after death claims us both.



Stardust

You whispered stardust in my ear
and shimmering constellations
and colliding planets
started to scatter around my once dark world.
You lit up not just my world



Gray

You are not a beautiful clear blue sky.
You are a disastrous storm
that everyone hates
because you destroy everything in your way.
But for me,
you are the calm.
You are the cold wind that I've been waiting
for after a long dry season.
You are the rain that pours down on me
when I was crying and when I hate
people to see how vulnerable I was.
You are the thunder rumbling outside my window
and hearing your screams makes me understand
that you're still human after all.
You may be a disaster
for others but for me,
You are what I have been waiting for.



Fairytale

He was all my beautiful metaphors and
enchanting words and phrases.

He is all of the exciting adventures
that I am willing to take, over and over again.

He could be the evil monster in your fairytale
but in mine, he was the beast with a heart of gold within.

You will know it if you look closely,

You will feel it if only you close your eyes
and listen to every beat of his mournful heart.


You will see it if you look directly
into the window of his soul and
see through every flaws and imperfections.

You will know it if you let yourself believe—
believe that despite of everything evil, there is still something good
within.



Fireworks

You might be imperfect
In their eyes,
But in mine,
You are fireworks
Exploding
In
The
Sky.



Chapter 1
The Aftermath



Unsaid

You and I will forever be
the unsung songs and unsaid poetries
of a weary writer,
We are an unfinished canvas of a demotivated painter,
a broken piece of a melancholic sculptor.
Our story is far from a fairytale
for we never had our happy ever after.
But you my love,
will be my forever metaphor.



Intoxicated

While other people enjoys their coffee in the morning,
I had your intoxicating scent and the sight of your messy hair.
While other people were busy during the day,
I was busy making memories with you.

While other people enjoy a well-deserved rest after everything,
You became my safe haven and resting place after a long a tiring
day.

But now that you're gone and out of my sight,
I will just enjoy the small things as well as other people do
and smile in the middle of a busy day,
remembering the memories that I will always cherish with you.



Random Days

I missed you on random days.

I can feel you in the morning as soon as I open my eyes and I see your face in my dreams.

The thought of you and our long-forgotten memories lingers in my mind like coffee stain in my favorite white shirt.

The thought of you and what we could've been haunts me every time I try to close my eyes and sleep.

I will be remembering you in the middle of a busy day and I will cry myself to sleep during midnight.

I tried to search for you in someone else's arms but the feelings that I want could only be found in your arms.

I miss you on random days and on the days after that.



Beautiful Catastrophe

My eyes wander around the room,
And then there's you –My beautiful catastrophe.
The reason behind y broken heart
And shattered dreams,
And the same reason behind my loving smiles.
This is the aftermath of the storm you made.
But despite of the mess you've made,
I still craves to be your dearly beloved,
like always,
like how it used to.



Lingers

My body remembers you.

I could be sitting in front of the window
while having a cup of coffee and remembering those days that we
were together and a sudden blow of a warm wind would make me
feel your touch.

I could be sleeping peacefully in the middle of the night
and my dreams would remind me
of how you made me special with your kisses.

I could be doing the most random things and my mind would
instantly replay the moments when we shared together.

My eyes would see you smiling and
my ears would hear your soulful laughter.

My hand remember the day that it wiped away your tears and the
feeling of your tear-stained face pressed against my palms.

And my chest remembers the way that it beats like a drum whenever
you're around.

You are imprinted in me.

My body remembers you
and it will

continue remembering you
until a hundred and thousand years,
even after eternity,
even in our afterlives.



After all this time

The world had seen hundreds of sunrise and sunset.

It already had gone through a lot and so am I.

I had made myself believe that my world could still revolve without you in it.

I lied to myself and believed that the rapid beating of my heart was caused by the caffeine kicking in.

But right now,

At this very moment,

I finally had the courage to admit,

to say,

and to finally embrace the fact that after all this time,

you still has this ability to take my breath away



Protagonist

People often hoped for a someone
that would come out of their favorite novel.
I had mine.
You are and you'll always will be
the man of my dreams,
the one that I've been wishing for all of my life.
But we're not destined to be together.
Run free and be happy, my love.
As I wait for my happy ever after.



Unloved

I would lie if I told you that
our memories does not
keep me awake at night anymore.
Because it did,
it always did.
And each time
it makes me realize that I still love you,
but I don't want that anymore.
I don't want to continue loving you,
because loving you more is loving myself less
and settling for less once more.



Danger

Loving you is reckless.

Loving you is like diving in a deep body of water
without any idea of how to swim.

It is like being lost in the middle of a war
without any weapon in hand.

Kissing you brings

both poison and remedy to my whole being.

What we had was dangerous,

what we had almost became the death of me.



Empty

I am thankful of the days
that you never told me that you loved me.

Because I know,
that you never did.

I'd rather bathe in your silence
While you're holding me close,

Than to hear you say

Those

Three

Empty

Words.



Longing

I've been yearning
for something,
for someone.

This feeling has been
engraved in my soul
for the longest time.

I took a step away and I knew
I could never come back,
despite the tears,
despite the agony.

And each and everyday,
I painfully longed for a home
that was and never will be mine.



Almost

I am thankful for the days
that you made me smile
after a long and tiring day.

I am thankful for the moments
when you crack a joke just to make me laugh.

I am forever grateful for the countless times
that you stare at me and tell me
that I was the girl that you've been looking for.

I am thankful for the days that you told me
that you love me even if you mean it or not.

Because for a moment,
I had you.

For a moment,
I became a part of you.

For a moment,
God lets me see a glimpse of your soul.

and no matter how short our time together was,

I will always remember you in every season,

in every fairytale,

in every heartbeat

because you are the greatest dream

that I almost had.

And I am eternally grateful for that.

.



Love that I will never have

If loving you could be the reason
why I'd be thrown to the underworld,
I would gladly walk through
the depths of hell with you.

If kissing you and touching your very soul is a sin,
then I am willing to be the biggest sinner there is.

But the heavens forbid the sparks between us
and you are never brave enough
to stand up for our love,

So like the wolf,

I would forever cry for the love
that I could no longer have.

.



Hope

I hope that you know
that I fought for your name
whenever they tried to stain it
with hateful words
and angry criticism.

I hope that someday
you'll understand
the reason why
no matter how much
I want to be with you,

I can't.

.



Home

I could still remember
the place where I could lay down
my defenses.
The place where I can sleep peacefully
wrapped in your warmth.
Your soft breathing was my most beautiful lullaby.
I could still remember
the place where I could be myself
and be someone I'm not at the same time.
The place where I could be free as a bird,
the place where I can dream of you and I.
I could still remember my home,
my resting place,
my safe haven— which is by your side.

.



Open Wounds

All of the scars that you've left
has been opened and I am bleeding words and sentences.
You inflicted the pain
and my heart still bleeds for you.
I have been blaming myself since that day
that everything between us crumbles down
like a beautiful sand castle by the beach.
I blamed myself for losing you
and for losing the last chance
that was given to us but I forgot something.
I forgot that I would cross oceans for you.
I forgot that I would walk on fire for you.
I forgot that I could turn these galaxies into dust for you.
I forgot that I would make something out of nothing for you
but you — you won't even jump a puddle for me.

.



Regrets

The day that I learned about her
is the day that I hated afternoon dismissals.
I was scared that my eyes would caught you
picking her up after school.
I started hating my afternoon coffee
because I don't know if the thumping in my chest
was the caffeine kicking in
or the pain of knowing that you're doing the things
that we have done with somebody else.
I hate the fact that the engraved fingerprints
in my body will be imprinted in someone else's.
I hate the fact that while I am busy pretending that everything's
alright,
you are genuinely happy with her.
I hate that she could give you the things that I couldn't give.
I will forever regret that
there is someone else in your arms rather than me.
And I will eternally hate myself
for knowing that it is my fault
why I could never hold you ever again.

.



New girl

The idea of a new girl
makes the fireflies in my tummy
turn into wild bats that wants to get out.
The idea of her makes my head fuzzy
from all of the sleepless night
that I spent thinking of you and what we could've been.
The idea of the both of you
doing the things that we used to do
is slowly and painfully killing me.



to his present girl,

Please know that before you touch his face,
my hands had already touched each and every
corners and imperfections.

I've known each scars and their story.

Before you kiss him,

please know that my lips already told him
the unsaid feelings that I kept inside
with the kisses that we've shared.

Before you hug him,

before you hold him,

before you listen to his laughs

and before you admire his smiles

Please always remember to take care of him.

Take care of what I have lost,

because the man that you are holding

is the man that I love the most. .



Epilogue
Il etait un fois



Hiraeth

Suddenly,
I had the ability
To write
The shortest,
Yet most melancholic poem
That I could ever write –
I loved him,
But I never had
a place
in his heart.



Forgotten

I woke up one day,
And the stars
Have forgotten
The story of us.

Maybe because
They knew,
That although
I loved you,
You never loved me back,
Not even one bit,
Not even at all.



Should've never

Now that I think about it,
I should've never took a glance
nor took your hand when you offered it.
'Cause now that I did,
your scent and touch has been deeply
engraved in my body.
Now that i did,
your name lingers in my soul
like a coffee stain on the pages of my favorite book.
Your eyes that tells me the meaning of eternity
haunts me at night and I lay awake
knowing that you will never be here.
The moment that my hand touched yours,
your smile is etched in my fingertips and
your laughter rings in my ear even on days
that are dark and they never comfort me like before.
Because your face that was once a beautiful melancholic
dream turns into a nightmare
that haunts me until
the end of my eternity.

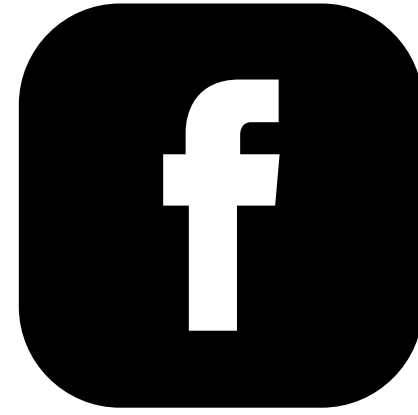
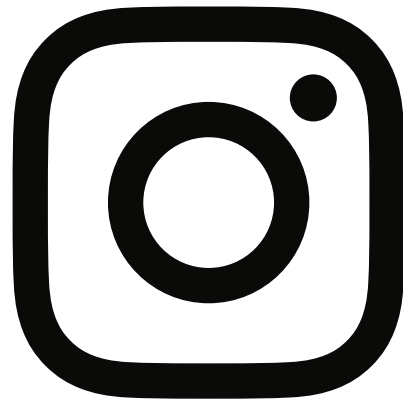
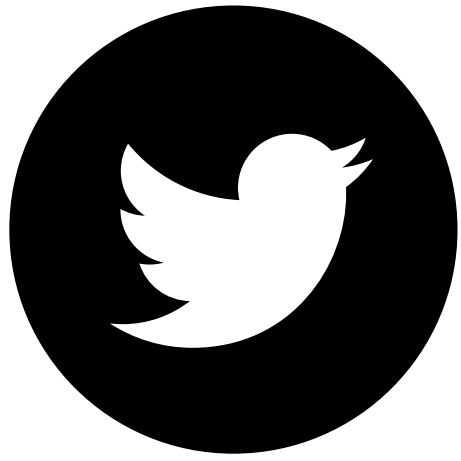


Suddenly

Suddenly I can't write poetries for you anymore,
I ran out of beautiful words to say,
I ran out of metaphors,
of deep words and sentences,
Suddenly our memories laid forgotten
in this town we once called home.
I can't write your name in the stars,
I can't draw your face in the clouds,
Because she's there,
the one you love,
the one whom you'll sing for and hope for.
she's there holding your hands,
holding my hopes and dreams.
She will be the one to write your names in every stars in the galaxy.
She will be the one painting you with every colors in the world,
She's there bearing the dreams that you've ever wished for,
And you're there beside her,
Making her happy,
Making her feel loved,
And I'm here one the side lines,
Wishing for your happiness,
like I always did,
even if your happiness
doesn't include me—
Not anymore,
Not at all.



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