

Empty Cube,

Waiting.

Hoping

for something;
to be looked at
in awe,
admired,
loved-

Yet the days walked by
quickly, like every visitor disregarding
the empty box.

Waiting.

If you stop for just enough,
you can see the marks,
scars really,
of the theft,
of absolute horror.

Life flows only through the veins
on the side.
The spotlight

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forever shifted.

Its melancholic guardian
relentlessly protects the cube,
the somber shadow
it casts at the royals' feet.
Perpetually in search,
of what was stolen-
Hope.

No more of his devotion
can be taken away.
Pleading to the heavens that just for a second,
Someone!
Might for just a split second,
Someone?
Might look at the empty box,
and think,

not about what was there,
but what will one day come to be.

By Rafael Rodas Aguilar