


Unworthy Dedications

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I dedicate these masterpieces to someone
who is uninterested in reading them.

I was a fool;
I was stupid;
I was dumb and so pathetic.

How patiently I carved on a paper
those metaphors, rhymes and lovely phrases;
tried spotting for some mistakes
that led to countless nights that I was sleepless;
even had my mom disturbed
just to make me a cup of coffee
while I write on our terrace;
I also used to sit alone
and contemplate by the furnace;
sincerely poured my heart
and soul on every masterpiece;
however, I only dedicated them to some jerks
who later on said they were all useless,
every single line of 'em was delicate
but little did I know,
they were left unread
and I knew right there and then
that I was rejected.



I was so full of myself
got me wasting hundreds of pages
can't believe I begged for love and attention—
jeez, I'm so foolish
I let my guard down,
allowed myself to get hurt
oh, I remembered—
I loved someone more than I loved myself
but all along, I was wrong
because I was just infatuated.
the differences between love and infatuation,
that I can't even decipher
yet, how dare I weave masterpieces
with confessions of how I feel? Pathetic.

Yesterday, I ripped everything that I sew—
burned all the scratches because I wanted to start anew
I wasted my teenage years—
devoted myself to someone
who made me shed thousands of tears
I was hopeless and restless.

But you know what?
I can't let that happen again
everything about me has changed
because of the unbearable pain
no more pathetic confessions,
no more devotions
'cause regret hovers over me
got me stayin' up all night 'til three

should've dedicated them to me
because it's me who really deserves.