

Romance

In the romantic film, the man searches for the virgin woman.

In my story, I'm the heroine who likes women.

In the silence of the house., everything is black and white.

In the cinematic scenes, marriage is always perfect.

In my adolescence, I'm hostage of a sad, estranged sexuality.

My crucifixes, high heels, and guilt surrounded that world.

In that version of the story, the man seems to fulfill all her wishes.

Out in my reality, I question the existence of this man, and, really,
who is this woman?