**Second Place: The City**

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I fell in love with you in this city;

It helped me like you more.

I walk now on these cobbled streets with pity;

It also helps me feel no more.

I remember the weather when I first walked with you,

With our shoulders colliding at moments we didn’t intentionally fabricate.

It was cloudy and the cold rain drops fell as they do,

The sunlight was there too, as it tangled in your hair like the headphones in my pocket.

You walked up the hill that day and asked for my hand.

I walk up the hill now handless.

Our eyes scatter from meeting as if you were banned,

From looking at me. Even a second is excess.

The point near the garden that is so alone now,

Was once filled with the peals of our laughter.

The shade under the tree that never knew how

To shadow the gleam in your eyes after

Every touch, every kiss, and every moment.

I trudge the pavement now – each memory screaming in my mind.

I walk the same alleys where I walked with you – each accidental shoulder impact in my head.

I used to feel beautiful and happy when our glances aligned.

Now I feel beautiful and happy with these memories dead.

Because,

I loved you in this city,

This city helped me love you more.

I don’t love you anymore,

And this city helped me love you less.