

Deja vu

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Would I really know who you are?

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/musings/deja-vu.aspx>

One day, a couple years ago, I went online to read and write poems. As you read over the words letting your mind flow around the meaning , you find some you connect with and some you don't. In a rare moment you find your heart catches, and your pulse races with each word that absorbs you . You FEEL the story. You are absorbed by what this person is saying. It could be the cadence of the words, the word choice or the direction they take you . And this is how you choose your favorite authors. I lived this life, and met and found many friends and connections. I wrote my heart out. I fell in love , and I lost myself and crashed and burned. I put the pieces of my soul back together. My heart though damaged has now healed. I am a different person, yet still the same. But I am happy. Fast forward two years. I go online after months just to read and peruse, sometimes it soothes my soul. I read story after story: That one's good, eh, that one I don't care for so much. And then my heart catches, my pulse races with each word that absorbs me. Is it him? Would I really know years later? Is it just deja vu?