**What’s Your Name?**

I remember that day like it was yesterday. I saw you outside of the gym. We started to talk and after some minutes I imagined our life together. The things we wanted to do. I loved the moonlight on your face. You looked so perfect. All I wanted was you. While the conversation was flowing, you broke the ice asking me “What’s your name?”. And everything fell apart. It was only a question, isn’t it? So why did I didn’t answer? I was there, frozen before your eyes and then you told it again: “What’s your name?” Is weird because I guess anyone else cared about my name. Jonathan -I said- We continued talking and then I never saw you again in my life. Thanks, for asking my name.