

PHONE

"I still remember that day, you came out of the shop, like a rose. Square, in a box. You were beautiful, your plastic cover, your glass screen, your delicate little buttons.... I didn't know it yet, but you were the love of my life
I turned you on, pressed your button and a light popped on. I was, yet, unaware of your potential; our potential. I vividly remember those first "swipes", first pass "clicks", first messages written on your keyboard.

Like all the time I had you in my pocket. We could go visit any part of the world. For such a long time, I felt like I had company.

I also remember breaking, cracking your screen against the floor, like if you were nothing but an insignificant cockroach. I am sorry. The pain I felt for you that night. I still have scars in my back because of it. 'Cause if you're hurt, I (must) also get hurt.

No one else mattered more than you did. Everyone hated me anyways, my mother thought I was useless scum, same thing for my father; My colleagues barely dared to even talk to me, I felt alone, an outcast. But I had you.

I still remember that day, when our relationship was born. An eternal bond between us. I love you" - I said

"You can now Kiss the phone!" - Said the priest.