

Untitled

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He always thought the water was peaceful.

Here, surrounded by it, he believes that more than ever. The shouts and cries of others are muffled by the transparent, blue-tinged waters. Movement is slowed, and all that is visible are the streaks of light piercing the waves. Perhaps occasionally a fish darts by his view, and he'd watch its colourful scales slip through the invisible barrier. He opens his mouth, as if to call out to it, and air-filled pockets escape instead. Filling the gap now is a fearsome creature. It is salty, and rushes in to seize the now vacant space. It travels down the path, forcing anything else residing there out behind it. The creature is starving for more.

He feels the painful sting of the water as it rushes down his throat, yet he ignores it and stares up at the glowing surface. His mind is occupied with something else. Flashes of forgotten memories and rosy visions cloud his thoughts, enveloping him in a sense of nostalgia and reminiscence. He closes his eyes, wishing to see more.

Childhood friends and broken roses, tender kisses and emotionless tears. Recollections of the past flit by, each imparting a brief snapshot of the moment it has captured. Curious, he reaches out to a nearby scene, brushing it gently before letting himself be taken back to when it happened.

It is an overcast autumn morning. A strange dull light pours through the clouds, shedding an odd sparkle onto the sunflower fields below. There was an almost entrancing scent in the air, something he couldn't quite place. He stands in midair, floating above the sunshine-coloured blossoms. It is the delighted laughter from his left that catches his attention. Two figures frolic in the tall stalks, calling out to each other and running away. One of them is a raven haired boy, although with the length of his hair many would have taken him for a girl. He is quieter than the ginger boy that accompanies him, but with him the boy feels like he could yell out to the world and conquer anything. The man wonders how he knows this before he realises that the boy is himself. The other child is an outgoing character, teasing and active around the boy. He watches as they play together, and feels a vague warmth in his chest before he closes his eyes again.

It is another day, but this one is warmer and has a more lively atmosphere. The

man smells a sugary aroma, and he turns to find a stand of confectioneries before him. By the arrangement, the two boys, now aged up to their mid teens, discuss their choice of snack. They decide on two shining, crimson, candy apples. He watches as the mirror-like surfaces capture the bright lights of the festival beyond, and as they crack after being bitten on. His surroundings blur for a second, and it takes him a moment to process that the memory has been fast-forwarded to midnight. He spots the pair on the ferris wheel, the soft glow of the stars illuminating the rocking seats. A white rose as a gift, and a soft kiss given shyly in return. Under the cover of darkness, rosy cheeks and held hands are witnessed only by the newfound lovers.

Pouring rain, crashing angrily against a carefully engraved stone and the figure hunched over it. Jet black hair, soaked through, blending in with the equally shadowed sky. A wilted rose, now tinged with brown, snapping in the clutches of a broken heart, its still-sharp thorns gouging out scarlet tears in a hand that is no longer held. The bold shade of red reminds him of the candy apples one summer night. They wash away like the happiness felt on that day.

The man wonders why the vision is much shorter than before. Perhaps this one did not want to be seen.

The stream of memories ends, sending him back to the depths of the ocean. His chest tightens, sending a torrent of pain throughout his body, and his sight begins to fade. He closes his eyes and lets the final, burning tears escape, mixing with the waters around him.

He finally remembers why he jumped.