

Raindrops

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I am quite a lonely person. We all are lonely people. I know it is part of the human condition to feel lonely, I just thought that it wouldn't be so bitter and melancholic. I understood being alone without anyone nearby but being alone with people near me always seemed odd. Perhaps it was because it seems oxymoronic, how could one be alone in the company of others? Learning that loneliness isn't the absence of others but the absence of connection has been a painful lesson for me to learn. I sigh and drop my umbrella and let the rain caress my worn down body. I have so many aches and pains, so many regrets, so much I wanted to do with you all. Water feels soothing, soothing of these pains so maybe that is why I've decided to come here, or was it to see you for the last time to say goodbye after everything. As I slouch through the muddy puddles with tears streaming down my face I lament this horrible circumstance. It will only cause me more pain and regret but I still walk towards you. I still see you hunched over crying tears of regret. You still haven't noticed me yet. You are howling in grief, a broken sound that should never ever have to come from someone's mouth. I regard you calmly, everything has numbed me to this. Despite everything you've done to me, there will always be a part of me that cares for you. There will always be a part of me that will love you no matter how evil you are. How vile you are. How twisted and horrible you are. You once were tall and strong but now you kneel in the flooded mud, a twisted mass of flesh, tears, and snot. What did I ever see in you? Now your perfect facade is broken, what is there to love if all I seemed to have loved was your mask. What is there to love for now I know that your little sighs, the creases in your eyelids, the crooked smile, the genuine laugh, the warmth in your gaze, everything that ever made me feel safe; they were all just a disguise to hide your trueself. Your little sighs are snarls, the creases in your eyelids are dark crevasses, your crooked smiles are sneers of disdain, your genuine laugh is a mocking jeer, your warm gaze is frigid and steely, everything about you that ever made me feel safe now makes me feel so violated and vulnerable. It seems that I fell in love with the idea of you. But what a pleasant flight of fancy you were, you acted like a solace for me whenever I felt so alone and unloved. Whenever I felt unloved and cared for, I'd imagine the two of us walking together hand in hand. Nobody would bat an eyelid at us. We would reach a garden and then you would turn to me and tell me you love me. And then everything would be okay, everything would end up alright. Only they haven't. You have hurt me so badly, you have done something so unforgivable and so cruel. How could you be so good of an actor that you fooled me. Your charade has stolen everything from me and now all I can do is stand behind you and glare at your pathetic existence. You have no

idea how much bitterness and hatred I feel, why did I ever deserve what you did to me. You now are curling up into a tighter and tighter ball and I am left speechless with my emotions. I can't seem to confront you because my emotions are so violent I am afraid I will repay you in kind. I hear you say my name and I want to vomit, it sounds so foul coming from your mouth. I wish you could just stop breathing. You turn and gaze vacantly at me but you don't see me, you never really did so why would that change now that I am dead thanks to you. I turn and walk away from you weeping at my grave, a last minute repent before the wings of justice come? Out of the corner of my eye as I walk away, I see you get arrested and I hear snippets. "Gay basher", "murderer", "under arrest", and "right to remain silent". As I pick up my umbrella from the soggy ground and walk away into the mist of the marshland I realise that your real cruelty wasn't in killing me for loving you. It wasn't in you killing me when I bared my heart to you and your prejudice couldn't be controlled. It was because you have now stolen who I am and turned me into a sad statistic for performative activists to weep their crocodile tears over. You have turned me into a martyr, I'm not a martyr. I am a victim, I am a student, I am a boy with dreams, I am a boy who was so desperate to feel whole and safe and loved. Remember that while you rot in jail. And when the time comes, I'll visit you in hell. See you then.