

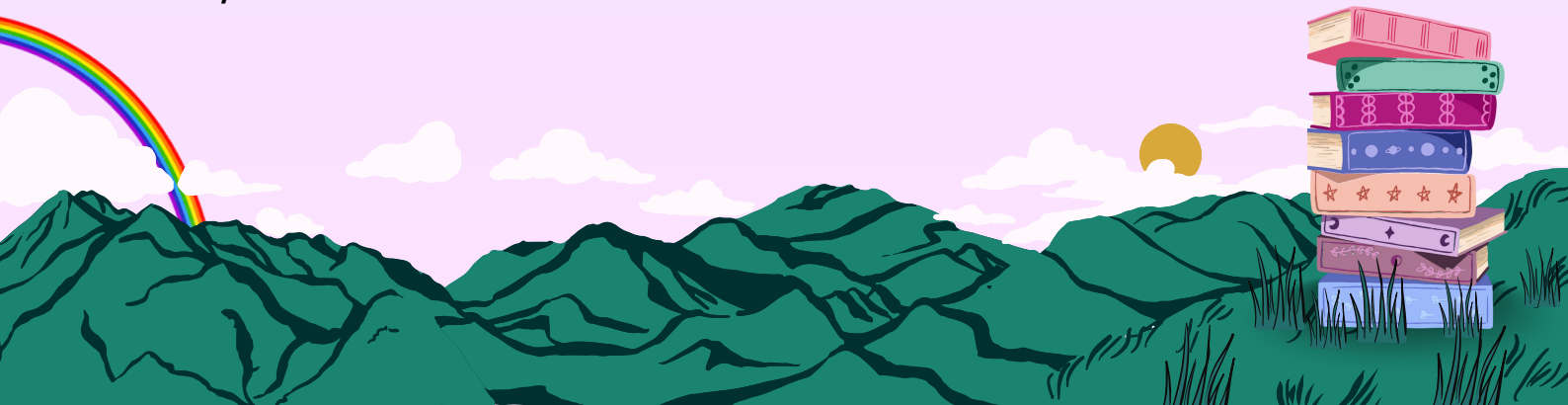
LIFE GOES ON

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Droplets of water dripped past my fingertips, the same way as their hate once did. The same way as my tears once did. The same way as your words once did. Closing my palm, squeezing out the last bit of liquid, I stuttered across the stream with the last bit of my strength. Life goes on. Life will always go on. The world keeps on spinning, the same way the red shoes keep on dancing, amidst the wail of widows with their fatherless babies, the sorrow of soulmates with their true love's corpse, and the pain of poets with their broken hearts.

The river seems to be in its worst mood today, constantly cursing and threatening me. Determined to push forward, I ignored the uproaring liquid bombarding on my calves, as your dispassionate voice continued to haunt my mind. On that frozen summer afternoon, the brilliant sun kissed your face, when I heard you whispering to him, "I will do whatever to achieve my goals". His radiance shines upon your eyes, igniting a sparkle as vivid as my affection. Enchanted, I was. You must have paused the time, since that moment feels like an eternity. That same sparkle dances upon my body, passing through the thick canopy like the rain of a million shooting stars, now that I am chasing my dream at this very moment. Now that I am chasing your goal at this very moment. A step at a time, strolling in this unkind river.

Hostility had always been in the air, whenever we were in a room together. You were always in the centre, surrounded by people like stars admiring the moon; And always looking across the room, fixing your gaze on this solitary lunatic who always yell out the same idea as you; While I always shot you a defiant smile, fierce as the sun, staring back into your eyes. Oh, how much had I missed those pleasant times! Those pleasant times, when I knew you refused to accept that we think the same way. Those pleasant times, when I knew you did not love me back.



My memory of that day is clearer than this beautiful night sky. I said too much. Because you are more intoxicating than alcohol. Well, I must thank you for listening to my first ever monologue. Getting everything off my chest does feel nice. At least, nicer than how you lifted my heart then smashing it on the cold hard ground. I still remember how your expression changed - you ended up with a genuine, full-hearted smile, a miraculous flame that melted the glacier on your face. The kind of smile you will never show to a guy.

Since that day, no light ever passed between our shadows on the ground. From Chiron to Siren, we dreamt upon the ancient wars and magnificent colosseums; From blue jays to dessert trays, we spent our youth days chasing the delights of this world; But... From black to white, from public to private, one day I grew tired of your two faces. And one day you grew tired of my troubles. You are right, chatting with a lesbian does seem suspicious. You are right, being honest and open will never be appreciated. After all, the moon and the sun could never appear in the sky together.

And it is this moment that I realised that we are the same, the exact same. You refused to stand up to the social pressure for me. Just like how I cannot throw out freedom. Nothing could change our heart, nothing could stop us from becoming the ones in our craziest dreams.

Powerless is love, powerless is hatred.
Our souls illuminate the same light, but it does not matter.
Because our visions are different.

Goodbye, my dearest.

I will touch the sky on a firm tower I built myself,
beside your human ladder which you forever fear for its collapse.
As for now, I must reach the other side, before I get devoured by this river of sorrow.
Because life goes on.

