

READ YOUR DIARY

Ella King

“Yesterday I felt it hit me. She couldn’t have done it- leave me like that. Through all of the shit that we had endured, I had actually loved. I tried and tried and hurt and loved. But it didn’t matter any more. Words of pain ricocheted around my head, crisp and accentuated in the anger I felt, tempered in the molten lava of the feelings I was trying so hard to let go of-”

He let out a snort and looked me in the eyes, raising an eyebrow “I can’t believe you were so emo back then.”

“I was just going through it for fucks sake.” As if he hadn’t been the one to ask me to read my writing, the stuff I never shared with anyone for a good reason might I add. “Don’t worry, I would never-” He snatched the diary out of my hand and started to read it, mockingly, of course. “Let clouds of doubt” Using overexaggerated air quotes “fall upon you as *her glare became critical and full of judgement*. Awww Lukey boy.” I reached over to him to snap the book shut, maybe this wasn’t a good idea. The little laugh he gave would have normally made me internally squeal but now it just seemed all too familiar.

...

These words were jewels in my crown of her, on the pedestal I had placed her on. The crown that she had worn that elevated her was shining in the sun. But the second the clouds of doubt fell over us, her glare became critical and full of judgment. The feelings of uncertainty stole away the gleaming jewels, replacing them with dull fakes.

And she changed into him.



In my mind a smooth small face broadened, stubbly with heavy-set lips. The once carefully lined eyes, each eyelash curled, became messy, brown now instead of blue. But those eyes carried that same level of critique. The now not-so-delicate lips opened and I dreaded to hear the words that would come next.

...

It had been a week since Luke last talked to him and he couldn't help but draw parallels at every turn. So much so that he got his old diary out again. Fishing under his bed for where he needed to hide it, Luke's hand grasped the book.

He pulled himself up onto his bed and finally opened it to see the words of years past.

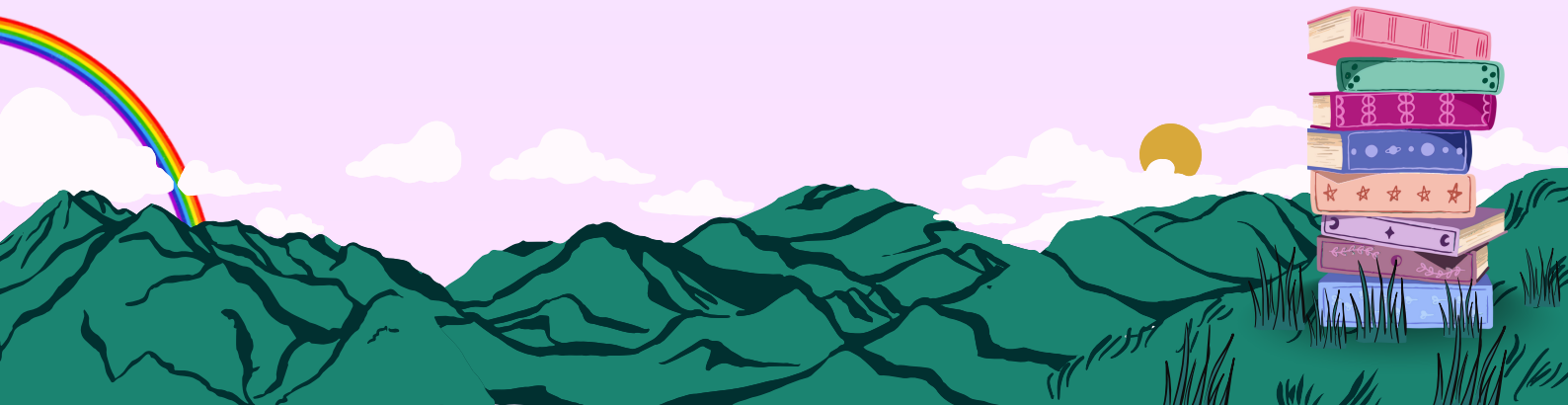
It would be easier if there weren't a wall. Not just for us, but for everyone, for all the myths and legends of old. Easier for Theseus to slay the Minotaur. Easier for Macbeth to stroll in and commit the deed. Easier for all unspoken heroes. If only they didn't have to walk past so many walls, and obstacles.

I wish there weren't a wall.

There are so many. Not just the physical wall between us. Everything else. Our families constantly warring, rules and restrictions placed upon us, how we can only communicate with words, never to see each other or to hold one another.

I wish there weren't a wall.

That in itself was risky, the note shoved through the crack no doubt now blemished in contrast to how carefully He had folded. It said everything it needed to without relating it back to him. All his feelings in those words that only they would get. He was Pyramus who fought the lion. He was Pyramus who fought and failed first, who died dragging his lover to death.



And She was Thisbe, who when faced with the danger ran.

He would keep fighting yet his Thisbe wouldn't die for him, She would instead run, run away from Him. Because He meant uncertainty and god forbid She would have to fight, unsure, unknowing.

He was the sun waiting for his Icarus yet She would never fly too close. Instead sticking to the ground, to what She knew. But She was also the sun and He was the darkness surrounding it. The sun needed to stay on its path, constantly moving and running otherwise He was worried He would consume the light in his sun.

Sure She supported him through the tough days, listening to the complaints of his tradition-ruled family. But She didn't sign up for what came with that. She didn't sign up for watching him cower in the corner from his grandfather, losing his religion, hurting unimaginably deep. She didn't sign up for that and so She would run.

I wish there weren't a wall.

How many walls did there seem to be? Walls between both of them but also walls in His mind and walls in Hers.

Even though there was and there were many

Dear Thisbe,

I wish there weren't a wall.

Love Pyramus

He sighed.

Just a little one. More of an exhale through his nose. He really didn't want to see Oliver tomorrow.



Didn't want to see him with his 'popular' friends, hanging out with the 'popular' girls because of course, they were the 'cool seniors'. Where did Luke fit into all of this?

It felt like a story a 13-year-old girl had written about a One Direction member. Luke was the nerd, asked to tutor the 'cool' lacrosse player Oliver. But this wouldn't end up happily ever after like in the stories. In real life Oliver would never be gay, said so by him "I'm not fucking gay Luke. Just because you are doesn't mean you need to project your RGB bullshit onto me." Yet he still came back. All to pass Chemistry. God, it really did feel like a teenage girl was writing the script of his life. But real life didn't work like that. Oliver wouldn't suddenly be a nice person and fall for Luke. Luke wouldn't get over either of them as he continued down his self-destructive path recorded only by his pen.

*i meant it
and it was nice
to finally say*

*three words
you did not
want to hear*

*it's a shame
you didn't like it
but i love you*

"FUCK" He screamed, pushing himself even more into the mattress, wanting it to consume him to stop him from having to go to school to face the coward who had forced Luke to show him his vulnerabilities only to laugh. He wishes he could have known how everything would go, what people think and where they will end up.



*If only I could see the way others see,
If I could look into their heads and hear their very thoughts the same way they
are.*

*I could do so much more than I am doing already, I could understand where
you are coming from, and why you say these things as you do.*

*I already know partially what is wrong, I have an idea of where I have fucked
up oh but only if I could see your thoughts.*

*To know why you say these things to me, to know why you act the ways that
you do.*

*Your words hurt, your emotions don't make sense and over text, it is so hard
to truly hear what you mean.*

*I just want to know why prompted you me to say that, no more than a week
ago as you splintered my world.*

*Not shattered, oh I could never let myself be as hurt as that but splintered
nonetheless.*

It still caused damage with a hammer breaking through.

Yet I stayed because I would never let you break me fully.

*Those words confused me, made me cope using words and pictures and
notes.*

*I tried to use my brain to see what you see, using glasses with the imprints of
your eyes.*

*But I don't actually know what you are thinking, I try to yes, I observe and
watch and make mental notes.*

*But your facade, much like mine, is oh so strong and I cannot see what truly
lies behind.*

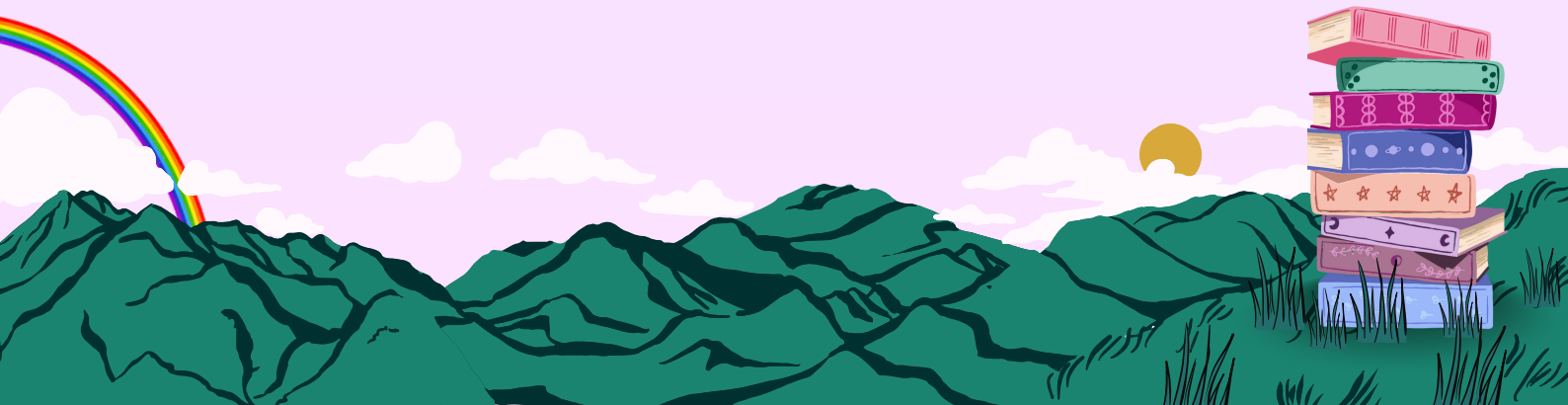
If only I could see the way others see.

If only I could see the way that you see.

Look into your head and hear your very thoughts the way you think them.

I could understand you, I could try and do something for me, for you.

*If only I could see the way that you see, maybe I would have prevented what
has befallen us.*



His words last year, last time, were so accurate. He had felt that heartbreak before, so why didn't he stop himself again?

If only Luke could have known never to fall for her.

...

If only Luke could have known never to fall for him.

