



Johnny Meng

English 12

“I hate you...

“You’re difficult... you look down on people... you put up false airs to protect yourself... you NEVER show your true feelings... you spout shit like you don’t care... you, y-y-you hurt others... I don’t like you, in fact, I think I hate you.”

*What did I just say?*

“S-Serious... Yuna?”

*She seemed surprised. She was hurt. I hurt her.*

“Yeah,” I admitted.

“It’s okay...” she giggled, “I already knew that! I always know your secrets.”

*There it was again. She was always like this. Please, just for once, be honest with me.*

“No, you didn’t! Stop lying to yourself!... you don’t know anything... because... I think like you... in fact, I like you a lot.”

Her arms fell slackly to her sides. Those sapphire eyes now glazed and dead.

*Oh God.*

“What did you say?”

The same pavilion where we first met was empty. Snowflakes fluttered around us this terrible February day.

It truly was a dreadful day.

Only now when things calmed down did I notice the tears dripping down my cheeks and the ragged breath leaving my mouth.

*Why did I say that?*

“PLEASE!” I begged, “...I don’t want to say goodbye.”

The crunching of snow echoed as she ran down those stairs one last time.

The tears flowed once again.

“Snow-white dress...”

“What?”

“Your snow-white one-piece... It looks lovely. It suits you really well,” I muttered.

“Of course it does. Why wouldn’t I look cute?”

I chuckled a bit under my breath. What a cocky response.

Our stilettos clicked on the dimly lit road as we strolled towards our destination. The cool summer night stung my bare skin but I couldn’t care. I was mesmerized by the dress. The gentle left and right sway of the linen made me ponder: this must be how it feels to lose your life, drawn to a beautiful thing, despite your fears.

Blood seeped from her ankles.

“Do your feet not hurt?”

“Of course they do, but I don’t hate the pain...” she paused, “Giving up defeats the purpose Yuna... I chose you for a reason, I knew only you would do something like this, you are different. Honestly, sometimes I just want to leave it all behind, if only for a moment. Go away and leave my troubles behind.”

I smiled, “You do things like this often?”

“What do you think?”

Red, green, and yellow. The lights of the city shimmered from the top of the mountain. The summer breeze rustled the leaves as we looked out from the pavilion.

“It’s beautiful. The city, a sky full of twinkling stars,” I said.

“I bet it’s even more picturesque with me in frame,” she blushed.

I laughed.

The wind rustled her black ponytail and snow-white dress. Left and right like a metronome, I was lost.

Oh.

So.

Lost.

“Climbing up a mountain with high heels in the dead of night? You are certainly special, Yuna,” she rejoiced, “you are special...I am special... We are special... We aren’t like the rest now, are we?”

She sat down next to me. The cloth of the snow-white dress draped across my fingers. Silky and light, Charmeuse, like her. She leaned in. It was my first. Cherry. That’s how it would describe it. Soft and cherry and I was getting drawn in. *I wouldn’t mind losing my life, I thought.* Up above were two lonely stars in the otherwise empty sky. They flutter, they twinkled and they shone so so bright. That was us. With her hands on mine, we spent the rest of the evening together.

Tears flowed down my cheeks.

“Two weeks,

That's how long cherry blossoms bloom. Just two weeks. Short and fleeting, but they still choose to bloom every year. Don't you think that's like us, Yuna?"

"Perhaps..."

"It's too soon isn't it," she thought, "we're always trying to fight against the grain, aren't we."

"Isn't this a rather drab topic to be discussing on a walk back from school?"

No matter how drab, she was right. We walked the rest of the way in silence.

"Let's go!" she laughed.

Cold and unforgiving. The river rushed between the stone steps that lead to the other side, the side where she stood.

"What are you waiting for? Come here!" she shouted.

Warm and bright. The evening sun lit up her half of the river, leaving me in the dark. It was beautiful and she was beautiful. It's tragic really. No matter how close we get, we'll always be pulled apart. Sometimes, I hate fate.

Across the water was her smile and that gold hairpin. Its Sakura petals held her sleek black hair behind her ear revealing her slender features. *Wow*. I wonder what she would be like in a snow-white dress. I was fixated on that gold hairpin. *Why am I unable to go?*

"Sorry... I can't..."

One by one she hopped to me. She took my hands in her's. Mellow and delicate, our hands fit together perfectly. Step by step she led me to the other side, laughing all the way.

"See, not that hard!" she exclaimed.

I smiled slightly, trying to hide my melancholy.



My tears kissed the frigid water.

*That gold hairpin, the snow-white dress, all those tears. I hate them, I hate them all.*