

Sunset

After our mutual, inevitable departure from each other's love stories, we decided to maintain ourselves as friends, and still enjoy the lovely cold air of Boston. All happened over a fork. A fork! Nonetheless, our vacation with each other still thrived onto the next day as we promised each other to spend as much time as lovers.

We were on our way back from exploring the West End of Boston, discovering every little aspect in the Museum of Science. As we decided to skip the train and take a stroll to Cheers, we came across something magical. I remembered your eyes lit up like stars in the sky, as if you were a child, looking at life for the first time. It was a small bridge pathway for the residents and cyclists, looking over the Longfellow Bridge.

The timing was perfect, almost pitch-perfect for any romantic story. The harsh winds slowly settled into a cool breeze while the orange rays from radiant sunlight rippled brightly on the Charles River. Everything around us was tinted with a dash of gold, even the cars speeding through the underpass—their metal colors reflected back onto the streets and the locals. Tall buildings behind us were playing with the sunlight, flickering sparkles above in the soft blue sky.

You led the way, too excited to remember what happened yesterday's night, too absent for the pain you felt when we decided to end our romantic chapter. For the moment, I forgot too, and just focused on your smile, your cheerfulness, your warmth and childlike persona. I walked behind you with admiration, with a grief sensation that was hidden well behind my heart. Regardless, I kept my promise and still laughed and smiled with you until our trip concluded.

You placed your hand that was covered in a thick blue glove onto the metal rail, sliding it with tenderness as you walked. The sun was slightly above the river, next to a silhouette version

of buildings—in clear view, you were in a perfect image as if it was straight out of a movie. I decidedly pulled out my phone, and calmly shouted, “Hey Mark!”

You were just about to spin around, and at that moment, my hand clicked. SNAP. It was flawless—everything was working right in that still. Your bright green jacket, your blue gloves, your navy jeans, everything created a sense of reconciliation and peace.

A sense of subtle dread washed over me, as I knew this might be the last time I got to see this peacefulness of you. It bothered me, hurt me to even think about what would happen when we reached back home. Determinedly, I shook off the feeling and caught up with you at the end of the bridge, staring out to the other side of the river.

You pulled out your phone, asking me, “Picture time?”

I chuckled away, knowing that I could not be in any picture due my inability to smile. You insisted, more and more, keenly said, “For memories.”

I still declined, and walked away. I regretted it, consciously knew that I made a mistake, not making another last still-together memory with you. Yet, you took one of me anyway, when I was unaware—when I was at my most peace and happy. You showed me, and your smile was still there—the same smile you gave me whenever we loved each other. In that instance, I knew, with all my heart and hopes, everything was just going to be okay between us, between the two ex-lovers turned friends.

I share a silent smile with you, almost a relief from every dreadful grief I held for our future together, as the sun tucked itself into a slumber, and the stars began to appear.