

## ***Endless Hide-and-Seek***

The moment I realized I loved her, was the moment she slipped from my grasp. No longer a dandelion seed drifting through the air, vanished before I could bless its root grip the soil. No longer do I follow the black rabbit darting through forgotten alleys or chase the echo of melodies I desperately plead to name. If I could bury these feelings, perhaps we could both survive unscathed. Yet, my gaze betrays me, pulling me back to her, caught in an endless game of hide-and-seek.

Her absence, forever lodged in my chest, a translucent storm that besieges me from within. She is absent from the void left in the wake of our shared giggles, the vigilance gnawing at me as I comb the crowd, restlessly searching for her among the sea of faces, and my coveting and shame that devour my words. She does not see.

The wave surges toward me, crashing against my body in a warm yet jarring embrace. but before I can fully surrender to its allure and the mesmerizing joy it brings, it recedes, leaving only a hollow emptiness in its wake. Only if the dandelion seed had alighted softly in my palm, only if the black rabbit had lingered a moment longer, the echo of melodies has spiraled and danced through the air again.

The moment I fell in love with her, the dandelion seed danced anew in the breeze, and the black rabbit perked its ears, and the melody weaves. Now, it is my turn to hide. Please, please find me.