
Fallen

It was the month of the fallen, February. The railway station was somewhat crowded, but not enough to get lost in. The weather was very chilly and the sun was well hidden as I like it always. I never really liked the sun anyway. It gave me nothing more than some headaches and it was disgusting. My life had grown so monotonous and dull lately, that leaving my hometown didn't even bring me a single tear. Actually, I was quite happy to leave everything behind to a new unknown future waiting for me. The two bags and trolley which I was carrying were quite heavy and I was facing difficulty to carry them in the crowd. The train was just right in time when I looked up the bulletin board and saw that I was running late. The station is still 5 platforms away from me. I started to hurry. The hawkers didn't even bother to give me some space though they saw I'm in a hurry and they kept on sitting on the walking area.

While passing from the 2nd platform, my gaze fell upon a familiar face. It was a stranger who passed me in the opposite direction, but I knew her. My eyes didn't wander from her because she wasn't just a random person in the crowd. She was a stranger I knew better than anyone in this world—no mere stranger.

For a moment, I wasn't sure if it was really her. My mind has already played tricks with me before. But this time, this time it was really her. From the sight of her, the ache in my chest, the way my heart started to pound in slow, deliberate beats, confirmed it. It had to be her. I felt the sudden rush of heart palpitation, dizziness and a kind of fear which I couldn't fully explain, maybe the fear of losing her all over again.

For the fraction of time, I saw her, it felt like the time has paused for me. Every people who was present at the station has disappeared mysteriously and it was only the two of us. She was again going away from me in the opposite direction. She looked more mature than the last time we met. It seemed like she had also improved her diet and has finally overcome the pain and suffering I gave to her. I noticed her earring, it looked like the same, I gave her two years ago. The time felt like it was stretching and I could spend an eternity with my thoughts in this never-ending domain. The time we spent together came flowing to my head after a long time. The bitter sweet memories of her, though

I only remember the good part of it right now. I remembered the small things, how she used to laugh at my worst jokes and comments or when she brushed her hand through her hair when she used to talk with me. I still remember the days we were planning to go to the pre festival decorations though it got cancelled horrifyingly. The days and nights we spent together, the late-night phone calls which lasted for hours describing how you feel, still remember them all. I was never a good speaker so I listened to you. I loved listening to you, all your thoughts, insecurities which you never shared, I carry them all till today and I'll carry them proudly even in the future.

But then, like an unwelcoming shadow, the arguments crept between us. The silences that grew longer with each fight continued to lengthen and the distance between continued to stretch until it felt like we were on different continents, even in the same room.

I still blame myself for everything she has suffered, every pain she endured, every night she cried. I still have to atone for the actions I made.

I guess I should have said something, anything to make you stay. But the ego, immaturity inside me was still dominating my actions. I let her slip away with all the memories. I should have fought harder to make her stay. We rarely fought among us, but the distance between us never ceased to stop. We had been happy once, hadn't we? Back then, the world felt full of promises.

All of these thoughts raced through my mind in a mere fraction of a second. I wondered if even a heartbeat had passed. I turned around, it was actually her walking away. The moment of reminiscing about her seemed to last an eternity, but the sound of the crowd of the station was creeping up and announcement of departure of my train finally announced. I looked at my watch, it was two minutes remaining. Reality was tugging at me, reminding me of where I was and how little time I had. The trains whistle echoed through the platform, pulling me back to the reality. I was running late. My train was only moments away from leaving the station, but, but she was right there, a few steps away from me, just like before. The thought haunted me—I didn't have her phone number, nor even her social media. If I miss this of getting her, I might never even see her again in this life time. The question haunted me, do I let her disappear again from my life like before, or to follow her, even if it means missing my train, giving up on my dreams, the dreams we dreamt together? I could let her go, like I had before. I wanted to revisit all the places we had been

together. The thought of leaving behind the spots where we shared so many moments felt like a lingering grief.

I wondered if I call her name, would she stop? Would she turn around and see me or would she keep on walking away?

I wanted to run, to call her name from the back, but my legs felt frozen. Maybe it was the weight of the bags I was carrying or the weights of the memories we dreamt together? For a mere moment I thought of dropping everything and sprint after her, but what if she never wanted to see my face again? What if she turned around and slapped me?

I made up my mind. I wasn't sure if it was the right situation or not, but something deep inside me urged me forward. The whistle blew once again, seemed like calling for my name. It was exactly one minute remaining. I looked at her, mesmerized by her beauty, taking one last lingering and headed towards the train. My heart felt heavier, heavier than before. I boarded the train in a hurry, accepting the fact that I'll never see her again in this life and my chest tightening with every step. The doors closed behind me and the train launched forward. I went to my seat; it was a window seat. My eyes instinctively looking the platform, hoping for one last glimpse of her. But she was already gone—lost in the crowd, slipping away further into the past with every second. As the train picked up speed, I went near the door, realizing I had made my choice. The world outside seemed too blurry, until I realized tears were falling down my cheek. I thought I could never feel this emotion again, until I did. I exhaled slowly, the ache still sitting heavy in my chest. The cold air felt soothing as the sun finally broke through the clouds. Its rays, warmer and more comforting than I'd ever remembered, gently touched my skin. In the end, I guess I started to feel a bit guilty for leaving everything behind, a city where she resides. I wondered, as the train passing the trees, if she had even noticed me today. Or if I was just another forgotten face, drifting further into her own distant worse memories.

~Zap