

Love Lost

Snow began to fall from heavenly skies that were all alight by the gentle sun behind the soft veil of white. The streets of the neighbourhood were doused with frost, as black roads and grey footpaths were chilled with thin ice and light snowfall.

But it was just a dream... A dream lost in the sorrows of my own feelings, and all that was winter was in reality my heart and perception. All that I thought I saw around me were gentle snowflakes in their thousands descending gracefully all around me. I imagined that the park was covered in winter white, if only to hide away the radiance of green beneath, just like me.

It had been a year since you said goodbye, and since I turned 16. I was not even sure of myself anymore. All I could do on the fifth day of winter was cry, and pretend that it snowed when it should not have. I sat on the equipment of a playground no longer visited, where you told me those three words that healed so much before, but only hurt so much now.

And then... I began to remember that night...

It was raining in darkness, lit only sparsely by streetlights. I ran away from home before you came looking for me, with my hoodie up and head down as I fled through twisting streets in the pouring night. By the time I reached the playground, I was drenched in vile cold. I collapsed onto the see-saw shivering with fear and trembling with hurt.

But you never stopped looking, and you found me there in that place. You held me close in the shelter of your arms, and I cried into your shoulder so full of warmth. You made me feel safe, and you stayed with me as I was on the verge of breaking.

I still remember your words...

"I love you... Little brother..."

Still... I begin to wonder this day...

Sitting in that same spot, I wondered if you would come back for me. Shivering in the cold, I wondered if you would find me when I was breaking. Letting tears roll down my cheeks, I wondered if you would tell me once more that you loved me.

But you never came... And now I still ask questions...

"Why did you leave? ...What did I do wrong? ... Do you still love me?"

There were no answers. Only a gust of wind replied when I asked, and all I could do was wail and break into a fit of sobs, my heart as frail as the winter leaves that fell from the trees. I

no longer saw hope of the snow melting away into the cheerful spring that once was. All that was left of me was only love lost.

Finally, the last and most hurtful question crossed my mind...

"How could you say goodbye...?"