

The Messenger

Volume 2014
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2014

Article 55

2014

To my beloved one:

Sabrina Islam

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Islam, Sabrina (2014) "To my beloved one;," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2014: Iss. 1, Article 55.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2014/iss1/55>

This Fiction is brought to you for free and open access by UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized administrator of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarshiprepository@richmond.edu.

To my beloved one: // Sabrina Islam

Darling,

We have spent a life together that was everything but happy. I hope you know that we both failed to ever find content in what was present. Oh dear, dead lover of mine, I wish we both desired what we had instead.

Now that you are gone, I can see things clearly. Myopia has turned to true vision again. What was it that came between us? Do you remember the first story you wrote? It went out on a free newspaper. I found it in our study, which somewhere along the way became only yours. You were so happy and you said it was the best day of your life. Sadly, it probably was. We could have always been dreamers like we once were.

The grey tiles became yellow then became white. Change, dirt, soap. I care about the sun seeping through the leaves and the shadows that haunt people in the night. Water makes the only straining noise that's peaceful to me. So do I state them all? Everything that's beautiful, all that drains me of my breath? The red flowers I don't know, the green leaves I can't name. Everything that I see, slowly I breathe in. Everything that takes all my power in mockery, do I tell you about them all, one by one? We missed them all.

There was a time when breathing you took all my power. Vision blurred, scents vague. Obligated by my obsession of loving and not loving you. The nebulous time has passed and now sitting here, I can't bear to see all of these wonders alone.

It got boring my love. There were no more surprises when the equations were no longer working. I didn't need the study anymore but I did wonder for a while whether you missed me being there. But then I didn't care. Breakfast, lunch, dinner. We were two of one and one of two. I put left, you put right, and we walked. Lost in our own minds. For each other we turned into the reminiscence of an age long gone. I stopped reading your paper the night you

told me working there felt like being in the pit of hell. Why didn't you try to get out? I scribbled on every sheet in our home before giving up. I even wrote on the edges of your papers. I was looking for real solutions, you were looking for real news. Did we forget something?

I found this stunning memory that was hidden in my mind for years. We were lying on grass on some warm afternoon. I had forgotten my sunglasses. I told you that there was light everywhere. You put your arm over my eyes. Though I meant something very different, I was happy that for a moment we weren't the same. I liked saving that thought all to myself until I forgot about it.

Was it that I didn't want to hurt you and you didn't want to hurt me? Was every expectation hopeless? All or none dear, all or none.

As the sun sets, I stand and wait and for the writhing shadows to come out.

Bound by an eternity of misery and the whiff of my old lover's air.

I miss you, again.

Yours truly and forever,
Me