

In Space With You

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The stars are bleeding in the heavens as I watch your receding back. I look down and see ink beneath my feet ready to swallow the screams of the damned. A marathon of questions in my head never reaches the finish line. I want to shout out and stop you but shock kisses my lips sealed.

The sun lazes up the morning sky above the vastness of our bed. Surrounded by soft clouds, I am wearing the skin you left and I breathe in the scent of you. How I wish to lie in this limbo forever, never leaving my cocoon of memories.

But alas! The need to exchange my time with scraps of paper and bits of metal that provide for my daily comfort is eminent. So I drag my shell out to the world, leaving my ghost in bed with you.

As a puppet on a string, I move as directed. Mechanical motions that need no cognition. The sun rests, tired from the day's work. And the bright moon changes shifts with the sun, basking in its light, mockingly reflecting it to eyeless ghouls that see no beauty.

I return to my casket, dive in my ocean of pillows. I come up for air, eat the berry, a tiny red and white one, to help me dream of you. I hear the monster inside me growling. I just ignore it -- I know it will go away when I see you.

Light as air, I drift slowly to your embrace. I see nothing but you, hear nothing but you, and feel nothing but you. We are in space and nothing else matters. I touch your face, I feel your lips, and I see your smile as we join the bleeding stars.