

The Melancholy I Haven't Forgotten

by Liswindio Apendicaesar

The long frigid night watered our favorite
rice wine into my bedstead, drenching me
in the melancholy of the familiar laughter.
Who was it I saw under the subliminal space?
I became lonelier than ever.

We were seated against each other, waiting for
the train of thoughts to halt. Your gaze pierced
through the heart, I was too petrified to ask.

“Didn't we properly part ways before the dusk
then?” my head kept wandering to the fate we had
opted. Then who were you? The face I knew, but
the eyes spoke of oddity.

My legs were fidgeted by the rush of blood
flooding crudely against its vessel. Perhaps this
was the sign. Perhaps I was too easy to give up
—eternity probably was too brief for waiting,
I should've fought harder against the cul-de-sac.

You were as silent as the dry gust passing through
the primroses, and then fled as if disappointed by
the vagueness we had.

I decided not to follow the sign—it was unfair
for us to play and make fun of the ratcheting destiny.
Out in the real world, a call had been shouting
my name into the dawn. Once again, I said goodbye
to the reverie; forgetting may be so long, but
the reciprocity I've finally found lasts so much longer.