

A Forgotten Past

It was sad really. Looking at a man I couldn't recognise with a melancholy look draped across his face. There was something about his look that was familiar. The sadness in his young eyes was like the ocean clawing at the sand on the beach, strong and rough.

He looked desperate for me to remember him, like he would do anything to give back my memories, but all I was familiar with was that sad look on his face. It was like I was reliving all of the bitter parts of my life, although there were no bitter parts to remember.

It was cold that night. So cold actually that it hurt with every breath. I was flustered, scared and unsure of what to do. I felt that if I took a step my bones would shatter, or maybe it was my fear of seeing her lying there, head bleeding, like she was a puppet with her strings cut, making me feel the cold so much stronger.

He stayed with me, clinging to something, but I wasn't sure of what. I let him stay for a while, I guess maybe I could see something in him. A shadow of sorrow hanging off his every move. I could see it in his eyes, maybe there was even more than that. Anger was my first thought, but how could I know?

I felt agitated around him but mostly I felt sorrow for him. In some way, I felt I had let him down. It haunted me how heartbroken someone could be, someone I couldn't even recognise.

She was skipping around like it was her first time using legs. It was funny really, for someone so mature to be dancing as confidently as she did that night.

Silence lay across the street as she danced and skipped her way through town. Everything was perfect, a night to remember, a night to become an anniversary. I was ready. The ring grew cold in my coat pocket as it sat alone, aching to be said yes to.

I felt nervous but she was happy, and I watched as she stained the world with her happiness as she danced along. Then all of a sudden, her happiness stopped. It happened so quickly I felt like I was the one who was struck. I ran to her, but not in the elegant way she did. It was too late, the damage was done.

A ring was held between his shaking fingers. It too looked sad, like it never got the answer it was hoping to receive. He placed it on the bed and turned to leave. It was sad really, that melancholy look was the first thing I saw, something that felt familiar, something that I may have once known, and now it was leaving.

The ring was resting in the palm of my hands. There was a message engraved for my eyes only to see. It read;

'Bound together by a loop of gold, forever and always we shall hold.'

However, the bond had been broken and the one thing that felt familiar had left, leaving only a sorry ring and a forgotten past.

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