

Dream Come True

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just to let you know, it probably seems like crap cause i never had it proof read. and i only read it twice, once when writing and again when retyping

I thank school for all the time it gives me to write

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1 - Dream Come True

As every minute of the days crawled by, sighing breaths heaved in and out of unwilling lungs. How so much hatred could be involved with such love was so hard to understand. Tears of pain and angst trailed down my icy lips.

I pulled the pillow close, holding it tight in my arms as I curled up in the corner of my bed. The only light in the room settled a soft, gray glow across half of my face from the slip in the curtains.

Images of him ran through my mind constantly. Never did he leave, not even for a second. Memories of us together replayed again and again, only making the separation even harder to cope with.

We were a couple torn apart by friends. They believed such people as us were not meant to be together; that it was wrong. A whole could not be made between two completely different halves. They went, lived, by the system of categorized groups.

How love could possibly be labeled by the placement of sociality I just could not comprehend. Or how the ones, claiming to be known as my friends, could dare say they know who I could and could not love and take no blame for this deepening pain.

I loved him; he was the only one I ever felt comfortable to express my feelings to and share my secrets with. He was the only other who could understand me. Our trust in each other was just unnatural to this deceiving world; it was strong and unbreakable.

He would comfort me when I cried, and tell me that everything was okay. He's the only human in the world who would hold me tight and tell me that I am loved. Never have I felt such importance in my life, like I was more than just a burden to others. He gave me refuge every time my mother would kick me out of the house.

He always seemed to know when something was wrong. It was as if he could read my mind, no matter where I was in the world. He always knew just what to say that could make me smile, even on the darkest day.

For once I felt wanted; for once I felt loved. After having gotten to experience such a warm feeling. I never wished to return to the cold depths I lived in all my life. My greedy body now longed for the burning fire that lit my eyes when we were a whole.

This was unfair. Why could I never keep anything that made me happy? Why did everything have to be painfully ripped from me, as if tearing my soul from my body? No such evil should be tolerated; no such monster could exist.

The next morning at school, I never met my friends in our usual corner of the courtyard. I was not present for my first class. My phone was busy with class and messages that I would never receive. Out in a field, I left my car and made my way through the tall, wide stretched meadow. Upon breaking through the blinding wall of grass, I stood in an opening, secretly hidden by the encircling field. In the middle was a large tree, built of secrets.

Resting against the trunk was the figure of a boy. It was him; my other half, waiting for me. As I approached, time slowed to a crawl. With each step, my chilling body began to warm. He looked up, our eyes instantly locking. The ice melted from my cold heart as soon as the light in his eyes buried in mine. His smile made my heart skip, my mind race, my stomach jump. In that split second, my life felt like it meant something. He was the only one who could convince me to believe in something to impossibly and foreign.

"Do you have it" I asked, my eyes never leaving his. Without a word, he slipped his hand into his pocket, pulling out a knife; the same knife he used to carve our names in a heart on the tree one year

before.

I knelt by his side.

“Are you sure you want to go through with this” he said, looking down at the knife laying in his hand.

I paused. “Is our love a losing game?”

He looked up at me. The air was silent.

We laid side by side against the tree, our backs leaning up the trunk. Holding our arms out together, our wrists faced the sky.

He handed the knife to my unchosen hand. As I crossed the blade with our wrists, it began to tremble.

My eyes closed tight as the tears began to burn.

His fingers wrapped around my hand, closing in my palm. I closed my fingers to latch to him. I opened my eyes and looked up into the only face that ever mattered to me.

My hand steadied the knife into position and paused. Thoughts began to swim through my head; questions of whether or not this was right. I didn't know if I could do it. Thoughts of possible regrets began to build. I didn't believe that I could-

His lips brushed against mine, erasing the words in my head. It was that kiss that gave me the permission; the freedom.

Sleek metal sliced through flesh and blood began to trickle. I pressed harder against him. My pain muffled by passion. I felt a tear hit my cheek. Was it mine? Was it his? It wasn't important anymore.

The life slowly drained from our bodies, but we cared about was being together in the end. Our blood mixed, binding together as it pooled around the tree.

I died the way I always wished of living since I was an isolated young child; in the arms of one I loved, smiling.