

The sun was setting, but still, I felt the warm heat on my face. The only noise I hear is the flowers talking to themselves. Their bodies shaking with laughter. The voice of someone familiar appeared in my mind. Their words were spoken to me before I could understand them.

I remember how those words frustrated me. I had given everything, but all I got in return was nothing. I had felt everything but left feeling nothing. I was young then, but now I am older. I was there, but now I am gone. Those words became clearer as time passed. My blurry vision is clearer from the glasses.

If I were there, would you be? If I came back, would you still be there for me? I want to believe you would. I know you still sit there, waiting. I know you are looking at all our writing on the wall. Ignoring the blood stain I'd left on it, Maybe the blood is gone now. I'm sure you must have cleaned it. The white walls tinted pink are what you look at before you sleep.

I take a drink out of my water bottle. It was still full, but only half of it was gone. The sun is lower than it was before. The moon taking its place. The flowers quieting from their chatter.

I should head back. Maybe write on pink-tinted walls. I'm sure you are waiting to write them with me.