Once upon a time recently in...a land nearby

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Condensation

Cady Micko
College of DuPage

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We ran, fingers hooked in gentle desperation, wild and unafraid through the dark forest that night. The trees were whispering above our heads, whispering encouragement and confusion and awe behind outstretched branches and emerald green leaves. The night clung tightly to our collective skin and we ran to clear our bandaged heads, ran to relieve our damaged hearts.

We ran to get away from ourselves.

Fireflies collected like six-legged stars in the clearing where we collapsed, shaking and panting and wet with shattered inhibitions and disregarded frustrations. There was too much to say in those days and so we said nothing; our ragged breathing did the talking for us. I reached across the uncut grass and touched his hand with the tips of my fingers, traced the lines of his palm and the purple-blue vein that extended from his bony wrist up the milky white skin of his arm and disappeared somewhere behind the crease of his elbow.

It was years too early and decades late, but I kissed his forehead with moistened lips anyway and his eyes were closed, and his eyes were closed, and...

Millions of gasping breaths later and he looked at me calmly and told me I was nothing. Told me I was kissing fantasies and I was nothing, nothing to his pompous beauty and glittering perfection and monumental everything. He walked away, shivering invisibility and solid, stoic power, left me melted wax and condensation pooling on the floor.