



The Last Snowfall

She waits.

The platform is quiet, save for the wispy voices cradled in the nests of their conversations. Every breath that escapes past her lips disappears just as quickly as the world's warmth and back into its stagnation. Jomei settles beside her with hands the same colour as the clouds travelling towards the edge of the earth, touching a thin line of snow along the bench but never quite touching again. "What are you waiting for?"

Spring is approaching. The snow in the distance is softening.

"You."

The train approaches and stops forward in a steady motion. The doors of the carriages open. A myriad of commuters flood in and out.

Jomei murmurs, “But you’re still alive, Dawn. Please don’t forget to live.”

Dawn *knows*. She knows that more than anyone. She is the fortunate one; the survivor written in bold Formica letters on the newspaper headlines.

Jomei’s hand hovers above her cheek—gently, if she could feel it. “I think it’s time that you forgive yourself, don’t you think? Your shoulders are looking rather heavy.”

Dawn knows. Spring is approaching.

Jomei smiles at her—the same smile Dawn saw before the headlights of a truck blinded her. “See you soon.”

Like the thawing of snow, the emptiness in her heart is replaced by a sudden pang of longing grief that compels her to stand from her seat and fall within the crowd. Jomei waves farewell before Dawn enters a carriage. As the train embarks, she watches the snow melt.

By Mary Zhu