



Photo credit: "shooting star?" by Javier Vieras, CC BY 2.0.

Return to Sender

by Jade Duldulao

To the most incredible person I've ever met.

Do you remember when we were on that rooftop (which we really shouldn't have been on) and watched the sun set on last year?

We cried so much. And I told you that I loved you. And you laughed at me because I choked on my own tears (literally, I didn't realize how salty sadness could be). Then, after you made sure I wasn't gonna die, you said, "Thank you," and I cried more, and you caught my tears.

"Thank you," I said, softly. "I really do love you, you know?"

Your smile was so sincere, it was answer enough.

It was cold. I could barely feel my toes and my tears were freezing my face. I didn't want to be anywhere else in the world. I had wrapped you in two blankets, but I couldn't stop you from shivering.

The fireworks made endless, coloured starbursts against the black sky, and everyone down in the streets was partying like there was no tomorrow.

Not us. It was just us and the night sky and the fireworks. When there were no stars, we made our own to wish on.

"Same time next year?" I asked.

Your smile that time was so sad, I started crying again.

My eyes were icy and stars kept falling. There really was no tomorrow.

When you get the chance, remember to send me a postcard from wherever you are now. I hope it's warm there.