

But then you walked out on me

by Alfred Lau

I watched as you tried to fit yourself quite awkwardly into the small chair. Your eyes fluttered curiously around my house, and I smiled to myself. Your vision landed on my smile, and your face wore an expression of puzzlement.

"What are you smiling at?" you asked, your eyebrows arched.

"Nothing," I answered cryptically, and shrugged my shoulders in tease. Your eyes narrowed, but you kept your silence. I shut the door and grabbed a chair from the other side of the long coffee table and sat down beside you. "So yeah, this is my house."

"I can see you're a tidy person," came your reply as you gestured to the pile of magazines and unsharpened pencils and dirty cups and abandoned letters and loose change.

I elbowed you in mock anger. You pretended to hurt and fell down with a touch of drama onto the floor. I burst out laughing and helped to pull you back up. You were laughing as well.

You got back onto the chair and then we started talking. For the next four hours, we talked about everything. About us, the people around us, our future, and everything else.

That was over a year ago now.

Since that day you disappeared. You were my best friend, my soul-mate. But then you walked away. We talked about everything that day, and then you left me with nothing. Not a word, not anything. You vanished, and you never returned.

I was left here. You left me to drown in my little hole of sorrow. You came to my house that day, and we talked about everything. On that day I was sure of the confusing emotions that I've had. On that day I knew I had actually fallen in love with you.

But then you walked out on me.

