

A Kaleidoscope of Memories

by Anna-Lisa La Rocca

In August, you told me your favorite color was red. Nothing had ever been as fitting.

You screamed red. Everything about you was red.

I painted my nails red - for the next five months.



You felt like rooftops.

I couldn't stop looking at you, while you soothingly jumped from stepping stone to stepping stone.

The summer sun set behind you, and it made you glow in yellow and orange and red and all the colors I loved.

Your Chucks had rainbow-colored shoelaces.

You coming?

You held out your hand, and I gladly took it. I always loved feeling your hand in mine.

**Freezing cold meeting
scalding hot.**

I'd never met someone who was so painfully themselves all the time. Even then, when you didn't do anything in particular, one could just see how content you were with yourself, everything, and everyone.



The night air was warm on that rooftop in September. I asked you to dance. Later you told me that your feet had hurt terribly after the first song, but you refused to stop dancing.

We should just kiss like real people do.

I hated that stupid Hozier song until your lips met mine, and it became my favorite song of all time.

ARE YOU REAL?

I had questioned it a thousand times before,
but this was the first time I dared to say it out loud.
We were lying in your bed and it was so hot – the blanket had been tossed out a long time ago.
So everything was just
youyouyouyou.

Your nose was pressed against mine and it made us laugh.
Your breath on my skin tickled and I never wanted the way it made me shiver to stop.
Your lips kissed mine ever so lightly. I almost didn't feel them.
I couldn't get enough of you, and maybe that's why you felt so surreal.
People usually don't walk into your life, take everything you believe in, turn it upside down and still
fascinate you every second of the day.

WHAT?

Your fingertips were dancing over my back, tracing little circles over every inch of my skin. It made me
shiver.



Yesterday was heavy on our bones.
It wasn't our first fight, but it was by far the worst.
We sat next to each other on that bench in the park we went for a walk in.
Just like we always did.
But I had never
felt as alone as I did at that moment. You were just a shadow of your former self, and it had been so long
since we had talked that I couldn't recall the sound of your voice that had once ceaselessly echoed through my mind.
I'm sorry, I overreacted.

It was freezing cold, and normally you would have told me to bring my red scarf, and then I would not have
shivered.

Not far away, a little boy was carrying a pumpkin that was far too big for him, and he almost
dropped it. Normally we would have laughed at that.

We all do sometimes.

But you didn't sound like you meant it.
Yet, you took my hand, and it fit perfectly in mine. Just as it always did.



Drink up.

The tea was hot, but that wasn't what made me feel warm. It was the fact that you made it for me,
because I was soaking wet from the rain.

I didn't even like tea that much.

You really shouldn't walk around without an umbrella in November.

The worried look on your face and your furrowed brow made me want to melt away
that E.X.A.C.T. second

It made me believe everything would turn out alright eventually.

I said something like *I didn't think it was going to rain*, and you shook your head disapprovingly.

You brought me a blanket and that red sweater that I kept in my drawer until long after we were no longer
US.



We danced.

The fairy lights were the only thing illuminating my room as the song ended. Your eyes were sad,
when you let go of my hand, and left the room



You can't do that.

I wished I had not been driving because I wanted you to see the raw anger on my face.

The stupid Christmas music in the radio made the whole thing even more ironic. Season of love.

A red car was in front of us, driving painfully slow because of the snow
and I thought that I was going to hit the nearest tree if it didn't speed up soon.

I rambled on about how *it wasn't only your life that you'd turn upside down* and that I was supposed
to have a say in it too and that we had plans together. All that was in my head was that I had to stop
you from leaving, even though I knew I couldn't. That you were long gone.

The car stopped at a red light. I almost ran the red light.

Be careful.

You left the car without a word as soon as we stopped at your house. I knew it was the end.



You were all around me.

Youyouyouyou.

Your favorite book on my desk. Your favorite song stuck in my head.

Your stupid red sweater clutched close to my chest.

I didn't want to know you anymore, but I couldn't let go of you.

As much as I hated you for leaving, I longed to keep every memory of you I had.

It was a never-ending cold.

The amount of times I looked at the pictures on my phone, read through the best parts of your favorite book and played that stupid Hozier song, were endless. Time was floating.

Days felt like weeks and seconds like hours.

It just wouldn't stop.

You just wouldn't stop.



I wore my red dress to go dancing with my friends on New Year's Eve. Drank too much, threw up in the bathroom, lost my jacket and felt miserable the next day, but it was still the most fun I'd had in a long time.



I saw you in the supermarket in January. My first instinct was to hide behind the shelf right next to me.

You were looking at cereal, were probably deliberating what you'd like best.

Chocolate flakes or dried fruit.

That was so you. Always serious about your cereal.

Never about your relationships.

I hated myself for not going up to you and talking to you like a grown up would. But I knew your name before I knew you and somewhere along the way it changed from being my favorite thing to say to being too hard to even think about.



I thought I saw you at the bus stop, wasn't you though.

I'm on a train right now.

Time seems irrelevant on trains. You can just sit there,

and watch as the trees and houses go by,

and not care how much time passes. I don't know how long it's been since I looked at your messages.

I thought it would hurt more.

Because it doesn't hurt at all.

Comment j'ai écrit: These are separate notebook entries of mine from 2018 to 2022 (mostly 2021). Everything taken directly out of my notebook is written in Times New Roman. I added some parts to turn them into a story. Everything I say is set in italics and everything he says is underlined.