

LONGING

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There she stood on the bus, surveying the horizon at the softly setting sun. The orange glow of the sunset now gently fades to a deep dark red with accented hints of purple reflecting off the whispers of cloud in the sky. She had dark black shoulder length hair neatly combed and trimmed. Her dark gray eye shadow emphasizes her ice cold eyes, which shine with the intensity of her pondering thoughts. He noticed the iron ring on her slender pinkie finger, and deduces that she is an Engineer; although he could tell it just by the confidence and determination that was present in the way she stood and composed herself. With his heart beating a little faster, not being able to stop looking at her intense eyes, he notices her second ring, a bigger ring, made out of gold and proudly displaying five sparkling diamonds, whose sight has the ability to tear his love struck heart out of his chest. And there, clutching his empty chest, sitting in the cold unforgiving metal seat, he wonders if he can live without her. That if he cannot have her forever, and not being able to have her at all, would surely be the end of him, could a friendship, brief in the vast symphony of life, give him strength, hope, and warmth enough to carry on with life? Or will her rejection toss his boat out onto the stormy sea of love and loss, forever wrestling and tormented with the question of, if it was meant to be then how could she say it cannot be? And so, the psychiatrist nods and says that he should not continue pondering on thoughts of, if it is to be, or not to be, because it is the question that is tearing him apart, not the answer. Lo! How do the words for a poet come so easily, flow like water, and melt the heart of a woman, whereas I cannot even say a simple "Hello"? He wonders, as he continues to look up at the angle before him and gets lost in her eyes.

With a jolt, the spell is broken. The bus comes to a sudden halt at her stop. With quick purposeful steps, she disembarks, and continuing the quick pace, heads home completely unaware of the longing, lustful desire, complex emotions, and feelings that she has tragically caused and ended. He watches her as the bus pulls away and continues to watch her elegant stride until the bus turns the corner, and the sight of her is lost, along with his intense feelings. A single tear eeks out of his eye, full of regret, and streaks down his face at the suddenness of another lost opportunity to finally convey his deepest emotions and feelings for her. Yet there is still hope. For there is always tomorrow, at the same time, same place, and the same emotions, tragedies, and regrets.