

The last love letter



By Lawrence Tân JJR 69

Dear Zbo,

Indeed, it has really been a while, how are you? Time flies does it not? The last time we were together, it was so long ago that even the world was so different. We all have grown up and now we are growing old. All the things around us have changed, we have changed; but I know part of me has not changed, and I know that it will be the last part of me that will ever die.

I am talking about the certain kind of heartbeats that I felt every time I was with you back in the old days. I am talking about those times when we were so happy; from the first day I met you until the day we had to part. I do not know about you, but those images have never ceased to rerun in my mind. I cannot forget the time I gave you my first gift, the book of poems that I composed myself, all inspired by you. That was the first time I had ever revealed my feelings towards you, my first overture, a small gesture of love. I took a chance, not knowing how you would react. I was so afraid that you would not accept it and then I would lose you as a friend too. In retrospect, it was a risk worth taking. I cannot forget the spring rains in which we were all drenched, and our first kisses. The spring rain was cold but I felt so warm at heart. At times, we laughed ourselves silly, happy for just being together; we held each other tight to console our pain, and the time I kissed your warm tears away. Those school outings were so much fun, the picnic, the movies or just hanging out. I thought at the time, I would be so lost without you. If I lost you, nothing around me would ever make any sense any more. I never thought that it would have turned out this way; I am sorry that I was the one who broke our vow, and that was to grow old together, and left you early. Perhaps you do not know but everyday, I regret so much for making you cry. For me, after all these years, I am still a lost soul; I have never regained my balance. My life is missing something and it has not been complete. I still cannot abandon the world you are in yet. Reluctantly, I accepted my destiny, with a lot of bitterness. All these years, every time I closed my eyes, you appeared, you were always close by and offering small gestures of love such as making sure my pillow was right, my blanket in place and sometimes a goodnight kiss. You always asked me what I would like for the next meal and made sure that the burdens of my day melted away. Your presence is my life's comfort. Oh! How I miss the scent of your body!

I apologize for being so silly. How is your family? How many grand children do you have now? Your husband must have loved you so much all these years. He would have died for you back then. He won and I lost. I saw you lately but I did not think you saw me. You looked happy. Your children seemed to take care of you well. You looked just as beautiful, even with your gray hair. My heartbeat sped up when I had a glimpse of you the other day. The same old feelings, the same old beats. I think how I feel for you is such a wonderful thing, so priceless. After all, it had sustained all these years. It was and still is so strong.

Do you remember the songs in the chorus group? I feel like all these years, those songs had kept us connected. Oh! Yes, and the popular love songs. You did not know how hard it was for me learning those songs, just to impress you. Every note and every word I sang, I sang for you. The meaning of those words now cut even deeper than you ever know. Please tell me the truth; did you fall for me because I sang those songs for you? Do you remember you told me that my love for you made you feel like the gentle tides caressed your heart? You know it; I remember every small words and gestures of love over all these years. Sometimes I thought it was all my imaginations. If I have to guess, where you live still have four seasons. Please tell me if you still go to the pier for the evening breeze, to the beaches just to listen to the crashing waves. Do you still have the first spring rains? Tell me if they still mean something special to you or the merciless time has watered down everything. Where I am has only the darkness and the cold.

I thought time would have healed me too, but I was wrong. That is the reason why I am still hanging around here. They told me that this is my last chance to visit your world and then I have to leave my ghostly world and continue my journey into eternity. So goodbye my love, goodbye, if there is anything at all that is comforting to me is that at least I have kept my promise to you, and that is till death do us part.

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