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Age: 16 years old.

Your world is made of two colors.

Behind your closed lids, inside your stricken mind, all you see is painted in black and red, rusted, and ruined by blood and despair.

Under the sky that is pitch black like your deteriorating hope, you stand on this crimson road, feet planted firm on the ground made of your own flesh.

Sparkling in your tired eyes, there is a knife in your hand.

To move forward in this world where all paths are flooded with poisonous tears, falling from those listless eyes of all the ghosts you know too well, you throw a piece of your heart into the water.

Cut it out, watch it bleed, let it drown.

You build your own road like that, with shards of broken past, layered beneath torn skin, and shattered bones of yourself.

You step on them, with your eyes hard, your heart cold. You step forward. Left, and right. Sure, and steady.

A knife in your hand, you cut your chest open, plunge your heart out, throw the throbbing flesh in the water.

Step on it.

Your feet are bare, you can feel the road thumping. You can feel its core throbbing. The slick of blood licks on your skin; warm, and kind, even when the bricks are sharp with all the mistakes you made, frigid with all the regret you feel.

A knife in your chest, you'd still take another step. A knife in your heart, you'd still breathe through all the pain, and terror. You know you would survive.

You know it in the back of your brain. You can hear it in the pit of your mind. You can feel your skin peels off as your heart dies, like a snake, like a butterfly. Your wings spread wide, fangs sharp, ready for a fight, though the only enemy you have wears your face as if it's her own skin. You know it is. You know she is yours, as well as you are hers. The smile on her lips is grim and gray, worn out and frayed with time.

She stays within your heart, whispering sweet nothings into your mind, kissing memory that burns like tears into your eyes.

The hearts that you stepped on are hers—*yours*. It doesn't matter. You know what to do to move forward. It's a muscle memory by now, embedded in your head from years of stumbling with a knife in your hand, a cold grip of the dying ghost firm on your heart.

You cut her out.

You watch her bleed.

You let her drown.

She fights, of course she does. You know her inside out, after all. You know she would fight tooth and nails when you have your fingers in her hair, pushing her head under the water. You know she would scream at the top of her lungs when your knife go through her flesh. The blade's cold enough to burn, but not sharp enough to stop a heart in one strike.

The slowing beat in her chest sings an illustration of a place you can remember like an old favorite song. A place where you hear its sound echoing through your head, but the flash of its picture is as faint as the light flickering in your dreams.

A smile, a laugh, a song. All tainted red, devoured black.

The road continues.

You've been through this. Once, twice, thrice. You have been through this so many times you had stopped counting. You've lost so many time you started winning.

The sky is a little bit brighter ahead. You can see it, though the storm cloud behind you stays pitch black, and its biting rain had filled your void to the brim, had forced tears to overflow from your eyes. Forever hopeless. Forever irredeemable, you know it doesn't matter, now. You don't look back. The clock has already ticked. The road has already drowned, swallowed down the throat of a reaper, named time.

Your cheeks are still wet. Your hands are still cold. You feel as if your insides has been replaced with ice, and your skin has been shedded thinner than the surface of a frozen over lake in summer.

Just like roads, water, and time, you keep marching on in this endless war where every silver lines of scars marks nowhere but your heart. You wear them like jewelry, glimmering green, glinting blue, glittering gold. It's your colors that paint the world you see when you close your eyes. The colors that black cannot devour, and red cannot taint, unlike that pure, white world you can barely remember. The pure, white world that was corrupted before you even stopped being a child. A dead innocence. An imbecile naivety.

White had turned black, and now the black is painted harlequin, like someone had bruised the sky, though the hues are still as gorgeous as ever.

Was it your colors, your experience that painted everything all cruel, and cold?

Is it just your eyes that fool you into thinking those shades in the sky are so hopeful?

You're not sure

Maybe it's either. Maybe it's neither, but you are certain that anything could be better. You could be better.

You are special, after all.

In this world where everything was black, and red. In this world that doesn't exist anywhere, but behind your closed lids. You are immortal.

A broken heart would never stop beating.

A broken man would never stop walking.

As you stood there, crying blood, bleeding tears, you still breathe, and march on.