

If I were able to let you know

Anye

It seems that I've come back to the hectic routine of my life now, but when I am alone, every inadvertent trivia reminds me of your previous presence and makes me lost in thought of you. The one year you spent with me felt like a dream, fantastic and incredible. After I had sorted out all the texts and letters, the "book" of two hundred thousand words was more like a novel than a simple mail-collection, which recorded and witnessed my very transformation in college. If only I could let you know what I am thinking now! If only you could accompany me in my future voyage!

If I were... if I were able to let you know, I wish you could feel how much I miss you.

Like an angel, you stepped into my life, saying that you would like to be my guardian and wished to see me grow into an independent and tough girl, but this did not happen until that day when you took off your wings and disappeared in the throng. It was all of a sudden that I was no longer able to position you in my world again, and neither were you able to locate me in your life. I'm still not sure what happened, but I know only too well that you won't be back. Dusk finds me crying by the window, my mind flooded by waves of

nostalgia, nostalgia for the good old days that I shared with you. I sadly realize that the best memories are those left undisturbed, and I've been wrapped up in my melancholy for such a long time, inconsolably.

I miss the days when we hung out together, eating and talking, or just silently wandering in the breeze; I miss the days when there were earsplitting thunders at night and we teased each other, calling each other cowards, but at the same time reminding each other to "be careful" when going out. I remember your "morning" greetings at dawn and "good night" texts during bedtime. Sometimes, something so small someone says can fill so big an empty space in one's heart. That's who you were. Your endearment made me feel delighted and warm. Your care and concern helped me become stronger and tougher. But perhaps you would never know how important you were to me.

If I were... if I were able to let you know, I wish you could see how much I need you.

I have to admit that you spiced up my life in a profound way. As a companion, noticing I was stuck in life, you shared with me your

life experience; as a fosterer, seeing flickers of potential in me, you pushed me, encouraged me, and emboldened me. You guided me out of confusion. Every time when I locked eyes with you in difficulties and searched for an answer on your face, your knowing grin would be the best inspiration to me. You were not only my constant source of joy and wisdom, but also my tower of strength.

However, while I am gradually getting used to everyday life without you, I am still concerned about you. The above mentioned are no longer the most important reasons why I need you, but it is when I have finally fulfilled your expectations that I crave to share my accomplishments with you. I'm longing for your compliment. For the first time, I realize that happiness without sharing is not true happiness. I've been working so hard to gain your recognition. I long to hear you say once more, "I'm so proud of you, dear!"

If I were... if I were able to let you know, I wish you could understand how much I love you.

To me, love comes from joy. By this I mean you never failed to feel my pain, which I appreciate; but you did fail to understand my delight, especially that coming from you. I couldn't find anything more precise than my favorite quotation from the poem 'Love'

to express myself: "I love you, not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you..." Indeed, I love you not because you were talented, but because of the feeling of comfort when you were with me. You were a living example of an optimist for me to look up to.

As stated in the poem, "I love you, for the part of me that you bring out", during the days I spent with you, believe it or not, you changed me a lot. You were a person whom I admired and loved, and from whom I learned to be passionate and serene, affectionate and proud, subtle and straightforward. And it was you who taught me "to love", and "to be loved". You made me know that there would be less regret and less "if" if we could live our love out loud.

I hope "if I were" is not a kind of regret, but another kind of good wish both for the past and the future. I will still keep writing to you when I have time, as I did before, but what's different is that there will never be a reply. So next time when I sort out those words, they would be a monologue, or "monograph" as you might call it. As your words kindle afresh in my mind - we aren't getting any younger, so we should enjoy everything as we can - I would cherish every coming day of my life, as if I were still inspired by you.