for farewell of nostalgia

a short story by

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CHAPTER I. MOMENTS OF RAIN

Moments Of Anticipation

I had suffered a terrible loss. It seemed pretentious to claim that no one else had yet felt my pain, but it was so real, so intimate, so...

Moments Of Bloom

It took the strength of many months to recover. To forget what she was like. To get used to waking up alone and falling asleep unaccompanied. To remember who I was and where I was.

I never found happiness alone. But at least I could live.

Moments Of Rain

The year wore on. Then it came. My dearest season. As the trees withered, they in beauty, so did my heart. I knew that winter was fast approaching, and I so badly wanted that emotional warmth to keep me alive.

I pretended my time with nature. I walked alone in breezy overcast autumn days, the rain-soaked clouds, my teary friends, fought the wind to soften my path. My emotions swayed in turmoil. Every street corner a different memory. Memories that I did not want. Memories that I wished were still new. These memories were all the same.

CHAPTER II. MOMENTS OF ABSENCE

Moments Of Renewed Absence / Moments Of Endeared Absence

I knew this feeling well. Absence. Renewed and acquainted. The sweet, enjoyable beauty of absence. Its delicate, convalescing caress pressed against my heart. And I embraced it with eagerness. I appreciated it. I depended on it. It was comfort. And it was mine.

Moments Of Utter Absence / Moments Of Forgotten Absence

But when nights began to cool below zero, sweetness turned bitter. Reassuring absence was not enough. I longed for more. I ached for human companionship. I needed someone.

I would find her.

CHAPTER III. MOMENTS OF INTIMACY

Moments Of Pursuance

A brooding fog had ensconced the burg by dusk. And soon... night was upon. I paced the darkness. My shoes echoed as they pounded and scraped wet cobblestones. The damp warmth of haze filled my lungs. Every breath. I would find her.

Moments Of Seduction

There, underneath the archway, her silhouette appeared. Dimly lit by the alley beyond which she stood. Feminine. Elegant. Her face fragile, brimming with lust.

I loomed closer. She smiled. A rare feeling of tenderness filled me inside. I was falling in love. And I convinced myself she felt the same.

Moments Of Intimacy / Moments Of Consummation

The evening wore on. Our lips met, our bodies united. Passion and intimacy entwined our warmth as one. I felt complete.

Moments Of Radiance

I needed her.

We laid in togetherness, bathing in moon's gleam with radiance. This memory would never leave me. I had found her.

CHAPTER IV. MOMENTS OF NOSTALGIA

Moments Of Melancholia

An unbearable brightness woke me at morn. Then I remembered. I had found her.

I turned to caress her. But I was alone. Her side of the bed was empty, the pillows still fluffed. I slowly gazed my surroundings. The bedroom revealed nothing. I hurried the other rooms. No sign of her. Had I dreamt this up?

My heart began to ache. Where had she gone? Had I done wrong?

I ravaged the streets, looking, hoping for a glimpse of familiarity, a faint scent of her perfume... But my footsteps of the night past were untraceable in light of day. I was in a different world. A different place. Lost without the guiding hand of fog.

I knew that I would have to face winter alone. I had lost her.

Moments Of Nostalgia

I pretended my days no longer. I was alone in the white of cold, the snow-covered ground soft under my feet. My emotions familiar once again. Melancholia; desideria.

But I had her memories. Memories that I never wanted to forget. Memories that I wished would stay new. These memories... no longer the same.

Moments Of Desideria

I waited for her, in the farewell of nostalgia. But she never returned.