

CITY LIGHTS

Dalicia Corley

Setting: A hotel somewhere in the city.

She said she liked art, so I let her paint every part of me. Every groove, every imperfection. It's perfect to her. She traced me with love and passion. And she touched my soul. And when she was done admiring me or so I thought she was, she started drawing the lines again until she remembered it. The parts I loved, the parts I hated, and the ones I said one day I'll learn to accept. Except, she knew all of that before I told her by the way I would stare at her intensely. Other times, I looked away into the walls. Hoping for them to give me the answer of why I was involved. I knew she loved me, but why me? Why a coward? Why this person who can't even embrace themselves, why are they now being embraced by the waist? What a waste it felt like at first. But her! She's everything I wanted and more. She locked eyes with me once more, outlining my beauty and setting me free. She stares at me deep in thought and kisses me. What's going on in the monologue in her head? I'm fed up with the unknown, though, going into any depths with her is an unlocked fear. It's scary, but something that I enjoy. She's joy itself,

and as I lay in this bed, I hope for at least another night here in the city with her.

Location: Art gallery

But she changed this when the lines began to change. She redrew a whole new me and shaped it into something I didn't even recognize. But her eyes—oh, how they hypnotize. Her eyes softened at this image. It made me feel safe. It made me feel. Feel something I never felt before. Validation in a new nation of my mind. I loved it, I changed it, I altered it. And soon after her, I couldn't recognize myself. The artist abandoning art is a treasure no one seeks, but someone on the street might take it. Take the chance. Take one on me, I beg. No one cries out to respond. She left me here to rot in false hopes and criticized the art that she had made. Why did you make me this way just to leave? Was it me? Or was the image you made too unreal, too softened to hold the single flaw that you loved. The tracings were too defined now. They weren't the same. The soul you touched was full of your self-love and less self-hate. But when I needed you more you left me here with something I can't recognize. Realize that this is something I can't take. But please, if you ever stop in this city again... meet me here, don't you wait.