

For a Brief Moment

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For a brief moment, I observe the mood in his eyes. They say your eyes can tell many stories. He's got a lot to tell. They were green like the leaves once before. Now left is a dull, decaying hue. So frail, so lifeless. They were filled with potential to start over. I could fix this...but what if...what if he's comfortable in this state? What if he didn't want help? I mean...I get him. I get this. I got it. But what if...

I do this a couple more times. Wilting away this possibility one thought at a time. But this urge sticks with me. Would he even reciprocate? I waited for a few weeks. I couldn't muster up the courage to ask him for his thoughts. I stayed occupied by the what-ifs until they were all answered with a slight shift.

Everything turned over, guess it'll be starting soon.

The seasons changed as we grew older. He really began to bloom. Life sprung into those lifeless eyes. Details about him began to arise. There was no surprise there. All that was once covered, unfrozen from all the warmth and care.

With him resting in my arms, I waited and waited. We healed together. I began to see him blossom. I became his light. We watched each other grow as the topics became more serious. He became a part

of my photo. It all began to synthesize.

Then I realized...

We grew cold again... this might be where it all dies. And for a brief moment, I watched his eyes—expressionless, gloomy, sad—an expression I saw a while ago but never thought would be because of me. I couldn't muster the courage to ask. I didn't need clarity—it was quite clear—enough for my head to start again: “what if...what if...what if...