

He doesn't even know

I first met him when i was barely in my teens; my blue haired, total black wearing, swimmer body days (Yes, I was that guy everyone thought spent too much time watching late-night 90's Mtv goth specials, and yes, it's the moment in time my body was at the perfect hight and the perfect definition that I'm yet to achieve). But he saw me, he walked straight upto me with a big grin, 7 stitches across his forehead and gave me a big 'hi!' that was a little too enthusiastic for a guy who fell off his roof just 2 days ago. Oh yeah, and he gave me a glass of fanta.

He was a little shorter than me but i don't mind, his jokes really need a bit of thought though. He was a few years older, I was somewhat wiser, it was an instant click, it was like I knew him for years. We covered music, movies (my two great loves), we spoke about the common enemy(sisters) and common friends and well, the shared love for Bockwurst Sausages (Give me a break, it was a BBQ!). There was something soo.....nice about him. Something soo.....comfortable about him. Something soo.....perfect?

Over the next few years and months we'd become on and off friends, chatted a bit here and there when we ran into each other occasionally and then regularly; Colombo is a small place really. These little instances helped me form a perfect picture about him, something that went beyond the boy with the banged face I met all those years ago, something beyond the permanant scar he had on his forehead now. Something soo..... attractive? Yes, I'd just discovered what fancying boys was called, and that it was all right, just as long as no one knows. Then we became more closer friends...

Suddenly seeing him take his shirt off in public or when it was just the two of us made me want to turn away, and look at the same time. Suddenly, the close proximity while playing video games became uncomfortable, and comfortable. Suddenly the rough rolling and tumbling just felt so wrong, so right so fast. Suddenly lying in the same bed side by side made me wish there was a rift in space that would separate us and also a time paradox that would allow this moment to be on repeat. Suddenly feeding him ice cream made me cringe, and cry. Suddenly when he falls asleep and slides across the sofa onto my shoulder it makes me want to run away and leave him there, and take his glasses off, put his head on my lap and never get up, how could I, I wouldn't want to disturb that peaceful face while I memorize each tiny detail into my never forgetting memory. Suddenly other things we did together were taking on a new meaning. Suddenly, I was in love.

A love that made me very jealous that he had pretty girls always surrounding him, and other guys. A love that made me very annoyed that he didn't spend enough time with me, a love that made me question and secretly wish he chose differently when it came to decisions about his future, because I'd be more of part of it. But alas, life had other plans, a blessing in disguise, life – she really is. Life brought her mother reality, reality brought her friend responsibility and her annoying snotty son education and I was to get acquainted well, just like he did. Days, Months and Years passed and those strong ties we developed were undone one by one almost unknowingly. Well, all except for maybe two; the memories that he was ever-present in and probably those silly daydreams one never really forgets when they make plans for there future. How easy it is to dream, an entire reality can exist in it and reality itself can not. I treasured these day dreams, drawing on them when cruel life thought to remind me of the past, and the present was taunting my existence. Always looking to what could be seemed almost as good as a tub of the purest vanilla Ice cream...

Colombo really is a small place really. Like sparks of light in the night, I'd see him in a sea of faces, a body of bodies. That barely there mustache had expanded to a shadow across his face, the hair always seemed different, the weight and body shape too, but the scar on his forehead always a constant, together with his big grin and metal melting gaze. He could be near death, hairless, toothless and blind, I'd still see him for that boy a bit shorter than me, a bit amusing, scar on forehead, big smile, and the boy I loved first.

So yeah, Colombo really is a small place really. He smiled and waved at me at a mall once and, I was mad with glee. A few months ago he saw me outside a restaurant and offered to give me a lift even though i live miles away from him; i almost died of an aneurysm. And he just wrote on my wall, I felt butterflies while waiting for the fucking page to load. But then I pause on his picture for far too long and that sickly sweet blood rush feeling gets replaced with a cold that makes you look away. ... because, he doesn't even know. He doesn't even know that I think of him as more than the friends we were, that I had more than the friends we were in mind. And part of me wishes he never does, because I rather adore from afar than confess my true feelings and shatter the small dregs of interaction that makes my heart leap every time.

And then I found out, he's getting married.

Now can you hear the glass window, both ornate and beautiful, that were my dreams, shatter. Now you need to hear me walk over the pieces and beyond the window, out into the world.

By Jude Gatantha Perera