

**2021 KR YOUNG  
WRITERS WORKSHOP  
ONLINE**

Words and Wonders:  
June 13-18

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Photography by Elanna Mak

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**love is not always about romance**

It's summer. The birds are circling. The sun is dying. I think I could hold it's sunlight in my hand if I reached out and touched it. It would slide off that ball of fire like the sweat off my face and light me up until there was nothing left. But to feel the warmth of the sun in my hand like an embrace after isolation would be nice. I think. But the sun is dying. There won't be any sunlight left to do that with. My mother did it once. I saw her. She always looked at the world as if it held some great mystery to happiness that it was keeping from her. She thought sunlight was the answer. That it would kiss her cheek, smell like roses, taste like a beautiful spring day and make everything better for her. But instead it felt like death. It was cold, exacting and now it is dying itself. My mom's funeral is next week. I think she was the last one to try and touch sunlight. I don't know why we were never warned that sunlight could kill. What I mean to say is that it looked so beautiful from afar. Demanding to be touched. When it hung in the sky, in it's yellows, oranges and reds; I thought this, this feeling is the epitome of life. This is what it feels like to love wholeheartedly. But it burns, it kills and it dies. It's leaving me. It's a shade of purple and blue now. Sputtering out its life every hour, every minute, every second. But I will remain at the end. The sun will die but I will remain like a statue that never falls. Like an immortal god. It will seem as if I'm living forever, feel like I'm walking through water, like I'm walking through snow with heavy clothes on trying to get to an end I'm not sure exists. But you, sun, you will meet that end. You've been here since the beginning of time but it seems I'll be the one to make it to the end. Mourning the loss of the only one I ever loved. I didn't love my mom. I hate my dad. Maybe you, sun, are my other half. Are you the one who gives me a complete life? Can I return some to you so that you may live on? I'm going to reach out towards you. From this balcony I'm going to search for the one I love like Juliet did Romeo. You are the only one who brings me joy. I can feel the power burning from you now. Seeking out for me. I'm reaching out a little bit more and now I'm doing exactly as my mother did. My arm outstretched, feet barely touching the ground, and head hung back looking at you. I am now what people paint. An image one could only wish to create. I touch your purple and blue and sunlight explodes. My soul is pierced and body split open with the rays of sun falling out of every part of me like the petals off of a flower. My perspective of the world is reversed. I am the sun. Burning and bright, steady as a heartbeat that will never stop. You are me. Beautiful, beautiful, beautiful. I think I understand love now.