

Promise

By Malvika Malhotra

I promised myself I'll never think of you again.
I won't remember what it was like to sit next to you,
or to feel the weight of your eyes on me.
I won't think about all our laughs and our dreams,
or what it meant to have someone always there for me.
I will certainly not remember what it felt like,
when I first realised I like you.
Or the pang of jealousy when I thought you'd moved on.
I won't think about how much we went through together,
or about the words left unspoken between us.
I will not remember a time when I knew you better than
myself,
or the butterflies in my stomach whenever I saw you.

But when I met you the other day,
all I was reminded of was how much time had passed,
and how after all these years,
I still felt connected to you as soon as our eyes met.
And just like that we were two little kids again,
no longer facing a world of responsibilities and commitments;
young and naïve and only sure about one thing:
that we wanted to do this together.

So when we laughed together that day,
and I looked into your eyes
and you looked into mine,
and time seemed to have stopped and rewind.
I only wished that it would stay like that forever,
but when reality called us back,
and we said goodbye yet again,

my promise to myself forgotten,
I couldn't help but go back to the comfort of
old photos and familiar words in my diary,
reminding me that once upon a time,
we had a happily ever after too.