

Butterflies that scream

## Chapter 1 - The Fallen Stars (Pearls that cry for you)

The salty water pulsed towards me, it brought the glittering stars as a gift. The dissipating shore was lined with twinkling pearls- scarring its traces into my eyes. The sea blended seamlessly into the sky, with no end in sight of its boundless love, bearing azure blue claws. My shorts barred my clothes from being doused, but not my bare legs. The winds were tinged with salt, tantalising my eyes, which sought to remain open. As I slowly inched towards the fallen stars, the waves were pugnacious- inundating my staggering legs, caressing their scars.

As I wished the rumours to pertain to the dreams they offered, the temptations they offered, I extended my hands towards the floating pearls in the vast ocean, hoping to grasp onto one, to hold it in my warm embrace. At long last, a rosy pearl seemed to invite me to pick it up, alluring me with its indescribable shine. With the pearl in my hand, I encased it in my cold palms, the warmth absconding. The water dripped onto the crevices of my palm as time took the backseat, paving the way for the beauty to seep into my head.

With the pearl in my hand- I made my wish. For the lost one to return so we could seek butterflies in the foliage, for the cold winds couldn't restrain us. I wished desperately for the one that fell to float up against all will, for us to pluck flower petals whilst potting new flowers into the soil bed, yearning for beauty to reign. My wounds would heal with their arrival, for he would surely bandage my scary knees, he would surely tend to my sinking heart, and make a boat for me to run away in. A whole of one breaks off into two. Two peas in a pod. Two birds estranged forevermore. The sky morphed its hues- the blue fading into an orange, the bonds it treasured with the ocean dying. I remained unwilling to move- the pearl must overflow with my desires before being thrown back into the loveless blue. The star must weigh in my palms as much as my qualms weigh my shoulders down. He would return with the fall of the pearl, the veranda's frigid air would flee as the hearth would light up again. With my hopes attached to the heavy star, I threw it back into the waves under the gaze of the moon. The ripples proliferated the ocean's calm flow, spreading chaos and havoc, my wish audible in the distorted face of the moon.

All would be fine; all would heal the next day. When will I be fine? Thoughts weighed my sinking heart as I made my way back to the house, sitting by the ocean. My slippers were sullied with sand, my hands doused with the tears of the pearl as it cried for the one stolen from my fleeting life. Before leaving, I turned my gaze back to the ocean, which screamed for affection. The fallen star was nowhere to be found, yet new ones found their place, lining the sand with glitter. Soon, mine would find its place as well, for the dead would regain life, and my weary soul would be lively soon. The fallen star will become a shooting one, as the pearl would seek solace in the sand, with my wishes, it will be burrowed. With a heavy heart, I left.

## Chapter 2 - A Sleepless Night (dreams of butterflies)

"Dorothea, hurry up!" A sweet voice called to me, my name never sounded so melodic that it filled the air with light. The light shone upon me; I was the hero of a play I longed to be a part of. The boy's honey hair, chocolate brown skin and eyes that opened into a dark cave filled my body with nostalgia, cutting through the impermeable cage that encased my heart. James. Towards the butterflies, we ran. Our hands intertwined while the other reached for the palpable beauty of the butterfly- an honest and free soul in the depths of foliage so twisted. The palms of his hands were warm - a contrast to mine, smooth - not yet marked by timeless decay. His nature was as bright as his smile- akin to the sun itself, paving the way for kindness to ensue in my now-forgotten memories. When he lost his life, I lost mine a million times- slowly cracking and creating traces of hurt. The cold wind writhing around our cheeks, daunting us with its gaze.

The beautiful creature stopped abruptly midflight and fell. "That's odd," I remarked. I inched closer, leaving behind solace, towards the fallen creature, sitting close to inspect the cause of its death. The wings seemed torn, yet they flapped individually. The decaying creature was not so, for its soul fluttered. The dead eyes of the butterfly fixated on me, goggling onto the brown hair I called hair. I turned to face James, my butterfly. But only broken wings remained on the grassy field. Broken wings wreathed my once warm palms. Two pieces of one. Four of two. Souls broken. Ties cut. Wings torn. Leaving me demented and broken.

I woke up with a jolt, the warmth which curtailed the cold fled. The cage around my soul tightened. The hair on my skin rose as if called upon, the life of one creaked in my veins. All is not fine, but it will be, for he will return. He would build me a boat, and we would bury the butterfly together. I made sure of that. The moon peeked through the clouds to comfort the hopeful me. Yet it waned to warn the comforted. As the stars twinkled in the sky, so did my teary eyes - it sang an ode to all those who couldn't leap across the planets to dwindle with their loved ones but were left to submit to senile decay all alone. Clutching onto the unpalpable, I returned to bed. Clutching onto the impermeable, I could not sleep.

## Chapter 3- Deaf Flowers (Butterflies that scream)

I opened my eyes, still groggy and dreary. My eyelids weighed on my eyes as I struggled to move the muscles on my face. Carefully, I paved my way towards the bathroom, avoiding the cluttered clothes and trinkets on the floor. In the mirror what I saw was my torn, tired self, not my lively self, bursting with desire. Eye-bags hung on my face like a fingernail, reciting a sleepless night. In the cup where two toothbrushes remained, I used only one as I stared at the other with my eyes. If only, the other could be of use. But, its fate, akin to mine, is to decay in dread, unable to be of help to its love. I pulled the invisible weights on my legs, as I walked towards the porch outside the small apartment.

The sun grazed over my skin, cold from the air conditioning, leaving marks and traces of messages never decoded. The sea breezes gushed onto my face, copying the sun in its pursuit - unable to fully be free. The butterflies, the salty air, the glittering foliage, the plucked flowers - in the garden all glowed. Yet not me. Not yet. Soon I would too. With him.

Something creaked in the woods nearby, bringing destruction to the harmonious squeaks of the cicadas clinging onto trees - their lover. The smell of roses lit into the sky, muting the disrupting aroma of the rusting plants.

It's him. It has to be. My wish came true. A sound unfamiliar yet felt before, entered my ears. Drums, wait no - that is my heartbeat. With great anticipation, under the guise of my ecstatic smile and cheeks so hot they could burn off, I ran. My dry eyes couldn't care less for the wind adorning them nor for the sun gaping at them, all they could do was well up with tears. It came true. It came true. It came true. My wish came true. James is back. Finally. The wish was not a hoax, for the hoax was my distrustful, dreary self all along. With each breathe, my eyes pulsed with salty tears, my veins pulsed with the forthcoming new beginning which was trailed with history beyond words. What was to come was eternal bliss, not the scornful gazes of others nor their sympathising remarks. 'Poor thing' some said, 'What a witch, why can't she get over him?' others whispered. Little did they know, the whispers which echoed in the chambers of my heart were untrue, because I was righteous in my pursuits.

I do not mind the cracks in my heart, if the plaster could fill them up.

"James" I called out to him, as adrenaline craved its path into my blood. My voice, which was not used to speaking, was dry. Something tore under my foot. Crack. My eyes twinkling like the starry skies that I used to scour in search of him, gaped down only to view the dull, gruesome scene of a butterfly's torn wings. As I peered ahead another 'crack' followed. Another step towards warmth, another butterfly which tears.

It would all be worth it. We would bury them together, build a home for their children.

His honey hair peeked out of the bushes, his warm hands - smooth not cracked, which could slow down the pulsing waves of my heart, gather my tears and disintegrate it into the dancing rain. I stepped out from the darkness in my heart, climbed away from the burrowed guilt lingering under my skin, onto the pedestal where we could see the sunrise - I reached the bushes where he stood, extended my hand towards the touch which would rectify the broken.

As I held his hand, I clung to the air. Where was he? 'James?' I scoured for him, screaming for him.

Something cracked under my foot, as I stepped ahead. A torn butterfly. He left me. With nothing, not even the slightest ounce of memories. Only the cracks, for the plaster never came. Robbed of my love, I sobbed as I held the dead creature. He couldn't be here. The dead couldn't be alive. Millions of tears wept could not rectify the lingering accumulation of cracks. My wish was not for him to return - but for all to heal. A message in a bottle crawled towards my head, a message from the roars of the ocean to give up.

Something cracked inside my heart, louder than any sound. The dead butterflies called onto me, the promised burial was left unfulfilled. The promise of James never came. He died twice, not once did I help. Palpable love trickles down to become not. My bones help up by longing gave up. The invisible weights on my legs tied me down to the earth, as I fell. I fell on the soft grass, rooted in the dirt where death preceded birth.

What was the point of yearning for what could not be? Who would bandage my scarred knees? Who would gather my ocean of tears? No-one.

The wings which couldn't be caged, but were torn, cracked under my own foot- that was me. A torn creature which screamed into the vast sky, building up a proliferating hole inside my cracked heart. I am a butterfly whose screams were not heard, for whom the pearls could not do anything but weep. A butterfly that screamed. Only the flower could not hear.