

The rock finally eroded to dust.

It's not even a pebble in my filthy hands. There's still some room left on these walls to write on, not much. My nails splinter and break apart when I try to scratch it in.

My teeth will start falling out soon. Grim. Although, they might make a deeper and longer-lasting etch than what are now bloody stumps at the ends of my hands.

I miss you, can you tell? I love you and I hate you and I miss you. Those words, repeatedly engraved upon these concrete walls, like graffiti, like pattern on some child's wallpaper. You could probably guess how I feel, but you can't see. Know that I have created a museum, rather a shrine to sanctify you. Not because I am worried of forgetting you, but to honour you. I love you and I miss you and I hate you.

I am alone. My voice returns to me a moment after screaming. I don't scream anymore. I don't even talk. I can barely breath.

Your name is repeated twice as much in my head as it is scribed into these walls. I wonder what you're doing, who you're with, where you have gone and where you are going. I'm a slave to my past while you control your own destiny. Will your path lead you here? Ever?

The walls worm closer, I can hear them, with your name, closing in, touching my nose. My hate and my love, buttressing my skull on both sides. It holds me up before my knees buckle and my legs give away. The chance to see you again, to tell you how much I've hated you, and loved you, and missed you, are the pillars that support the will of my existence.

When the sun hides and the bats circle, it's your name on these walls, like cavern lanterns, they extinguish the abyss and its hideous darkness. I don't fear the dark, what I fear is the unknown. The unknowing reality of when, not if, but when, I will see you again.

Why do I love you? Because I hate being away from you. Why do I hate you? Because love is too powerful an emotion to live without fulfillment, without expression, without contact.

For a moment I become embarrassed. Have I reconstructed Babel? Is it only I who speaks this hateful and loving and wistful tongue? Would you shake your head at the exotic sounds that explode from my jaw?

I pray no. Even though I am not a religious man. But, if I was, I would pray that my love, and my hate, is the wordless language that our souls would use to communicate.

Your name is now carved into my arm and I am drowning in the ink. A foolish premise: to immortalize the thief that stole my heart. Yet, if you ask, I would gladly give it to you. It's more yours than mine. I didn't know it was there until you found it.