

## The Other Side By Jasmine Singh

I took my last breath. A wave of light washed over me, my eyes began to close, my body surrendered, but I could hear her. I'd give anything to kiss her again, to feel her heartbeat against my chest. What happens to love when we die? She was laughing at me, her laugh was beautiful. I haven't heard it in years, where is it coming from? I didn't know where I was, I felt everything and nothing at the same time. Is this what it feels like to die? I tried to open my eyes but there was nothing to see, where am I? I was as thin as smoke, as soft as a cloud. She was laughing again, I need to find her. I tried pushing and pulling but there was nowhere to go, and so I did what any man in love would do, I jumped. It felt as if my soul was dancing with the universe and a warm sensation flourished within my being — I was reborn, covered in flesh and awakened by blood. I didn't know where I was or who I was supposed to talk to, everything was empty. I occupied a shapeless cavity, a place where the voiceless are heard.

I could hear her, “find... me...”, but everything was an illusion, morphed and twisted and tangled. There was nowhere to be, nowhere to go. When I was alive there was always somewhere to go. I dipped in and out of her when I was alive. I couldn't stand the way she'd look at me with those sad brown eyes. I had no other choice. Even though my heart was empty, I made sure to keep my pockets full, I made sure to keep my glass full. I was always thirsty, drowning myself farther and farther away from her. I closed my eyes and began to walk. Everything began to feel heavy, each step became more painful. I couldn't breathe, a weight dipped into my lungs. I opened my eyes, my ankles were tied to a heart still beating and pumping blood. I tried pulling my legs away but the more I struggled, the heavier the heart became. I looked down, everything was dark and silent — I was sinking. I could hear her, “I... see you”.

## The Other Side By Jasmine Singh

I closed my eyes again, afraid of what I would see if I kept them open. I shouldn't have walked out on her. All she ever did was love me, and all I ever did was hurt her. It should have been me, not her. I felt something cold beneath me, I opened my eyes and all of a sudden I was sitting in a chair. I was still tied to the heart, the rope scratching my ankles. I leaned over and tried to untie the knot, but a deep pain cut into my chest. I looked up, the heart was turning black. I got up from the chair, and the heart started to turn black again. I put my hand to my chest, it was empty. No heartbeat, no breath, nothing. I pulled the rope and carried the heart in my hands.

"It's beautiful isn't it?", a voice echoed. This was my heart. I was holding my heart in my hands.

"It's yours, dreadful isn't it? I suppose this is what happens when you don't follow it", he continued.

I bit my cheek trying to hold back the tears. "What do you know, you don't know me, you don't know what I've been through", I yelled.

I pulled off the rope and tossed my heart. A sharp pain impaled my chest, it cut into me like a knife. I clenched my fists in pain. "I don't need it", I yelled.

The pain started to consume me, it moved from my chest into my legs. I dropped to the floor and hunched myself into a cocoon. I couldn't feel my legs, my face started to feel numb.

"You do", someone said.

A bright silhouette pierced through the darkness, it grew closer and closer towards me. It was her holding my heart. She crouched down and placed it in my hands. The pain softened, I could finally breathe, "I found you."

I got up and tried to kiss her but she pulled away.

## The Other Side By Jasmine Singh

“I’ve been looking for you”, she says.

“Why? I’m empty, there’s nothing to see”, I said.

“I can’t manifest without you”

“What does that even mean?”

“It means I can’t reincarnate... without you”

“I don’t want to go back there”

“You won’t be going back alone, I’m here”, she says folding her hands into mine.

I pulled away from her, “I can’t go back there again, I can’t hurt you again.”

I remember it, the day I left her. I wanted to see the world, to taste happiness in other women’s lips. I couldn’t stand to see the look on her face, I packed my bags and left while she was asleep. I turned around to look at the house one last time, and there she was staring back at me through the window. I didn’t know she was pregnant, I didn’t know how to be a father. I lost her and the baby. I should’ve been there, the only time I’d given her flowers was when she died. I couldn’t stop drinking, anything to get away from the pain.

She sighed, “I wanted to go back without you, I really did, and I tried but something was missing. I didn’t want it to be you...”

“Then why is it me huh?”

“You’re my other side”, she says softly.

“We hurt each other when we were alive, you left and I never told you...”

I walked toward her and pulled her face close to mine. We were enveloped in silence.

“I’m never going to find you”, I whispered.

## The Other Side By Jasmine Singh

Our eyes melted into each other, I was supposed to be here with her. I could feel it in my soul.

“Do you see that over there?”, she points.

A light sparkles in the distance.

“That’s us, that’s our second chance... I can’t go back without you.”

I don’t know what to say, but she pulls the words out of me.

“I loved you, I love you and I’m going to love you”, she says.

She pulls out her hand. Just as I was about to tell her that I love her, my eyes open.

I took my first breath.