

## Sweet child

*Laura Lukasova*

You know the time when everything seems not-real? You can watch the clock ticking, *tick tock tick tock*. With every clicking sound your life is nearing its end. And yet you can't feel yourself. The sunlight glows at the dust particles in the air. As the Nature throws confetti. You hear a bird outside. His song about a predator disrupting his territory - probably another representative of homo sapiens sapiens - brings you joy. The cherry blossoms cover the black of the streets. It's Spring, the light travels on the wall and you wonder how it feels. The nature is waking up.

Where is your mind, my dear? Where are your thoughts? Whose name you whisper when the darkness covers you as the softest satin blanket. Who are you afraid of?

Sweet child, tell me something I don't know. Tell me, where is your heart?

The Summer heat holds the life down. You are no longer worried about tomorrow. The life always finds its way. Who are they...? Sharp light in your eyes, intoxicating sparkles on your tongue. Your head is light, your body can levitate. New places, new voices to fill the hole inside your chest. Old friends. Old habits to break, maybe. To let you forget for a second or two. Nothing more. You see your window, thinking about Mr. R and his serenade. But you don't have a balcony...

Why is your heart scared of the future when nothing is sure yet. Where do your thoughts travel? Is his skin hot? His lips loving? Sweet child, tell me something I don't know. Tell me, where is your soul?

Rain washes away the dust and bright colors. Nothing seems to be real, nothing makes sense anymore. Sitting in your room, wondering, why it doesn't feel good. Looking for happiness within yourself while being prisoner of your own head. Aren't we all at the end of the day? Some enjoyed festive feast, some hid. Nobody knows. Nothing makes you happy anymore, even your thoughts are heavy. The world tries to be loud, tries to hide the fear of cold. Enjoying the last warm day, the last minute, oh please, let me sit one more minute here. Let me... but don't leave me. *Tick tock tick tock*. You hear it again. In your sleep, in your dreams. Everywhere.

Where does the broken soul go? Why are you still waiting? It has been a year, your tears dry, your lips aren't soft anymore.

Sweet child, tell me something I don't know. Tell me, what's the price you're willing to pay for your freedom? How much do you value it? The sharpness tastes bittersweet, you know that. Are you afraid? Think...

Sweet child, you don't remember the Winter. One day is on your mind, the blue eyes, the soft voice. How the look touches your heart. Tastes so sweet, was it real? Or did you just see two ghosts...?

Sweet child, now you're free. You belong to yourself. Your heart is afraid even more. Nothing is how it used to be. Not you, not...

Do you feel your heartbeat? Can you feel your blood rush through your veins? Can you?

Sweet child, tell me something I don't know. Your lips don't whisper the name anymore. You're finally free.

Find yourself, don't forget it. Breathe. There is a new hope. You can walk freely, you don't have to be afraid. The end is near. The life is slowly returning and you can see the world as you always dream.

Sweet child, tell me everything.

**Laura Lukasova** is a Ph.D. student and teacher. She always dreamed about writing and tried since childhood to learn as much as possible. During the school years she found out how much she actually likes literature and she decided to change her study field from Genetic to German studies. University years haven't been the best time for writing something different than academic work but she managed her internship in an amateur magazine and after the internship ended, she stayed there for three years and wrote about literature itself but also came with short stories and poetry. She's a great lover of canine, good food, and long walks. Photography, drawing, over drinking with coffee and so many other activities fill her life day by day.