

Song for someone

Von Lightsinthewoods

I heard the rain, silently crackling against my window.
It was april, the winter was over, but the sun didn't want to come out.
The sky was grey, everyday.
My eyes were closed, I didn't want to open them yet. It was not necessary for me, because I had time. Today was everyday live. Nothing special will happen, nothing special needs to be done.

I heard footsteps on the wooden floor getting louder, someone was coming.
„Delilah?“
Unwillingly I opened my eyes, and turned my head to the door of my room.
„What is it?“ I was mumbling.
The sound of the footsteps stopped, and the door was opened slowly.
The person was Yoshua, my big brother. He hesitated. „Can I come in?“
„Of course you can!“ I said with a hint of anger. He was always so nice, too nice.
As Yoshua came in, he had to put his head down, so he didn't run against the door frame.
„De-li-lah, I-I have to talk to you.“ he stuttered. „You have changed since our parents died. It terrifies me to see you that...“ he shortly hesitated, trying to find the right words. „...that kinda lifeless.“

It was the first time he mentioned the death of our parents. We didn't talk about it, we just cried sometimes. But just for ourselves. We didn't want to inform each other about our pain.
On the first side as self-protection, and on the other to protect your beloved one.

„Don't gimme that shit Yoshi!“ I screeched. „Aren't you the one who has changed? Being so nicely that it pains me to see you like that? I scream at you, I don't help you at home, I'm coming back drunken, sometimes I' am gone for days...and you're not even angry.
And I should have changed? I am just ME, ME , ME!“

No reaction.

I rolled my eyes, pulled away my blanked and stood up rapidly.
„You're a fucking moron! I will go to the shore...see ya someday.“
I went out of the room, slipped in my jacket, put on my headphones and left the

house.

Yoshuas and my house. Our house.

I didn't like it. It was old and smelled like dead people. The only good thing about it was the fact, that it was directly at the ocean.

When I was sad or couldn't stand hanging around in this big, empty house, I went to the secluded shore, full of expectations that I will probably find something new, or something strange will happen. A stranded whale or something.

It was very windy today. I shiverd.

Stumbling thru the dirty sand, I noticed a dead seagull, halfway hidden behind a beachgrass.

It's body was sadly crooked, the wings were broken and the eyes wide open. It was a young bird, there where some downs left. The seagull only has seen a small fragment of its life. How sad.

„Why are you starring at this fucking dead bird?“ I suddenly heard someone saying directly behind me.

I turned around rapidly.

In front of me stood a boy, grinning at me. He was at my age, maybe a bit older. About 20 or something. His dark hair danced messy in the wind.

„Who do you think you are, frightening the life out of me?“ I snapped at him.

He laughed. He was beautiful when he laughed, it was like warm light came out of him.

I bit my lips. Dumb me having those cheesy thoughts.

„What the..“ I began.

„My name is Tsubasa. And yours?“ He offered me his hand.

I was confused and ignored his gesture.

„I am Delilah. You don't look very japanese..“

„Oh...“ he really seemed to be surprised for a moment, than he smiled again.

„Well, I had enough of my boring birth name...so someday, I started to call myself Tsubasa.“

„Has it any meaning“? I asked.

„Yes.“ he replied shortly. Well than don't tell me, I thought.

A silence emerged. Maybe I should have looked away, should have looked at my feets or something, but I couldn't. Something of him seemed to be interesting, different. Something made him unique – and this attracted me.

„Let's go to the cliffs!“ he suddenly said and grabbed my hand. Normally, I would have kicked him in his balls. I was surprised by my own reaction.

Silently, I followed him. I never was on the cliffs, Mum and Dad always warned us to go there.

The way up was very difficult. I stumbled several times, but Tsubasa never laughed at me.

The cliffs were very steeply. Dangerous for humans, but not for the many birds who were nesting here. I saw seagulls, pelicans and even some ravens.

As we reached the highest point, I was very exhausted. Fortunately Tsubasa as well. He was still holding my hand. My heart was beating fast.

„Look.“ he said, pointing straight ahead.

I lifted my head. The view was amazing. The whole ocean was extended right before our eyes. The sky was tinted in a warm orange. When I turned my head to the right, I could saw my house. It was tiny, just one small point on an enormous area.

I smiled.

„Whooo you can smile?“ he said amused.

I slapped him on his head. „Idiot!“ I said still smiling and looked at him.

I was shocked. His always happy looking face had suddenly changed. Now he looked kinda sad.

„W-Whats wrong?“ I stuttered.

His hand lost mine and he rubbed his eyes. He didn't look at me, he looked somewhere in the distance.

After a long time of silence he said: „You know, I often go to this place. Here, the reality seems to be so far away, so tiny. But I can't stay here always. Soon, I have to go down again, back to the reality, back to my life. I wish I would be like those birds. They live, raise their offsprings and die here.“

I wasn't able to say anything. He wasn't so happy as I thought before.

Suddenly, he began to laugh again. „Well, what a weird dream, huh?“

„Hm...“

„Well come on Delilah, let's go, it's getting dark!“

On the way down, he didn't hold my hand. Something has changed.

The next days, nothing special happened, everything went back normal.

Today, I was in my bed, couldn't pick myself up again.

Footsteps again, Yoshua was coming.

„Stand up, you lazy child! I've made you some pancakes.“

This I didn't want to miss, since I was not able to cook at all.

I jumped off the bed and went to the kitchen, where Yoshua already was sitting, reading the newspaper.

I put a huge amount of pancakes on my dish, filled orange-juice in my glass and started to drink.

„Wow,“ Yoshua said surprised. „Something happened in our small town!“

„Oh yeah what?“ I mumbled. I was not really interested.

„Well, yesterday, a young man jumped off the cliffs and died. Due to the article, it was very bloody. He didn't fall into the water, his body smashed onto the stones.“

My glass crushed with a loud sound on the ground. The orange-juice slowly spreaded out on the old floor and filled the rills.

„W-what's wrong?“ asked Yoshua confused.

„What was the name of him???“ I screamed. „What was the name???“

„Barker, Steve Barker. There's also a photo...“

I grabbed the newspapers.

It was Tsubasa.

Weeks later, I searched on the internet for the word „Tsubasa“.

„Tsubasa“ is Japanese, translated it means „Wings“.