

If I can't *have* you, no one will

The tension increases, the volume deafening and the bass vibrating the eardrums of the audience. The strings of the violins, cellos and basses are all taut and ready to break. In the amphitheater, the orchestra creates resonance for my thoughts as dark as the *cavea*. *Would the poison work?* The percussion resonates and the lights switch to the cymbals' rhythm. *Do, Re, Mi*, an octave higher. *Fa, Sol, La*, inspiration. *Ti, Do*. Blood spurts out. The audience gasps. Little stains on the music stand. Red oozes out of his mouth. A trumpet collapsed, dead.

I couldn't bear him kissing anything but me.

There is no word

I remember seeing the video of you crying at my plane passing over your head in the sunset sky. Same time, same moment, the plastic bag you wrapped my gift in collected my tears as we were about to tear apart. Long-distance relationship as a promise. Yet, silence weighed as months went by, the sky turning grey. Calls weren't the same, texts weren't the same, your chocolate eyes weren't the same. I clinged to your image in my memory, but with so much tension, the colorful *Carrefour* plastic bag eventually broke down to leave space for *Walmart's* gray one collecting my last tears for us.

Jacket

The familiar scent of lavender filled the store as his rough hands wandered over the many frayed, unbuttoned sweaters on display. Out of the corner of his eye, one of those blue-aproned employees was waiting to advise him, though all he needed was a white sweater, nothing more. Yet, such was the case until he saw his red varsity jacket: *Number 29, Steve Perry, retired number of the NFL, tragically killed in a car accident.*

The cash register loudly opened and he held out the bills.

"A very rare piece, you know? Great player."

"Yes, I know, it was my brother's."