

L'Amor Che Move Il Sole E L'Altre Stelle

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“Goodnight”

“Goodnight!” I smiled, waving as he strode off in the other direction, “Don’t let the bed bugs bite!” He chuckled and disappeared into the shadows. A rush of embarrassment smacked me across the face. *Why did I say something so dumb?* My cheeks burned, despite the coolness of the night. I rushed home. I figured if I walked fast enough, I could escape the awkwardness that plagued me deep within every cell of my body.

When I arrived, I pulled the door behind me, placing my back against the wood. A strange feeling of warmth hurried through my bloodstream. I could hardly catch my breath. A big, ridiculous grin stretched across my lips. I bit my lip to try and stifle it, but I felt giddy inside. I replayed the night over in my head. His smile went around and around in my mind like a carousel, images of his face colliding and splintering into a kaleidoscope behind my eyelids. I clutched my hands to my heart, sliding down the door. Closing my eyes, I replayed our kiss over and over.

Drip. Drop.

I swiped at my nose, noticing the small pink spot that appeared on my knees. Sure enough, the same pinkish liquid coated my fingertip. I rushed to the bathroom. Looking at myself in the mirror, I first noticed my blushing cheeks and flustered face. My hair was a mockery of the intricate style I had

prepared earlier in the night, my lips puffy, and my makeup smeared around the edges. I dabbed at my nose, noticing the slow drip. Unlike blood, it wasn’t red, but rather a cotton-candy pink, and thick like molasses.

A slow stream started from my ears. The same pink substance. I shoved cotton balls in them. Ripping a tampon in half, I put them up my nose. Smiling weakly at myself in the mirror, I recalled earlier tonight. I wondered what he was doing right now, if he got home safe. I grabbed my phone, ready to send some corny text with probably way too many emojis, when I tasted something in my mouth. It was sweet, *too* sweet, like a spoon of sugar dissolved into syrup. I spat into the sink. Soft, baby pink coated the porcelain. I was *leaking*.

Bzzz. Bzzz. Bzzz.

I slid into the living room, desperately grabbing my phone. He was calling. My hands shook. My breath caught in my throat. I sighed and answered the phone. “H-hello?”

“Hey, I think I forgot my jacket at your place. Mind if I swing by and come get it?”

“No!” I coughed, choking up on the gushy substance flowing from my lips, “I-I mean come on over!”

“Cool, I was craving a goodnight kiss anyway,” he chuckled, his voice deep and calm like the echoes of the sea within a shell, “see you in 10?”

“Yes, yes, sure.” I hung up, panicked. I could feel

a swelling in my chest that rose and rose. My cheeks blushed once again as I pictured his perfect face staring at the mess I was becoming.

Back in the bathroom, I pulled my pink-stained clothes off over my head, slamming my mouth shut. As I stripped, I noticed what appeared to be a wet spot forming in the middle of my chest. Like a soggy clump of old ceiling, my skin cracked open and pink leaked from my chest. The more I felt the warm, fuzziness spreading out from my heart down to every length of my fingers and toes, the more pink gushed out of me.

Cracks broke all over my body. I was panicking, but the feeling was also oddly nice. I was giggling like a child...I felt warm. Safe.

Knock, knock.

“Fuck!” I desperately tried to pile the mushy, gushy stuff back into my body, but it was far too late. The more I tried to stop it, to control it, the more it rushed its way to the surface. My whole body was blushing.

Knock, knock, knock.

Haphazardly, I stuffed the holes with towels, wrapped my chest up with T-shirts, and threw on

four different coats. I stumbled to the door, slowly pulling it open. He greeted me with a bright smile, his caring eyes softening as he gazed upon me. His eyebrows stitched together in worry. “Are you alright? You don’t look so good. Well, not as good as you usually do.”

I chuckled and my cheeks went aflame again. As I stared into his eyes, that familiar, funny little feeling possessed me, begging me to step into his arms. I went to speak, but everything rushed out. The cotton balls, the tampon, the towels, the coats—all of it.

“I-I’m so sorry,” I mumbled, my body deflated as I stared at the pink that coated his sneakers.

He just laughed, pulling me into a tight squeeze. “That’s why I really needed that jacket,” he said, stepping back and unzipping his pink-stained hoodie. A steady stream of pink leaked from his chest.

I smiled like an idiot, looking up to drown into those beautiful, kind eyes once again. He kissed my forehead tenderly and smiled back. “Glad it’s not just me.”