

A ninja-princess

Remember when you were young? We had the time of our lives. You introduced me to all your friends, none of them understanding me quite as you did. We could sit alone too. Just you and I, and we would explore every corner of the world without ever leaving the safety and comfort of home. Time is the most cruel of beasts. Eventually you came to decide that there were other things more important than I was. Our time together became tainted with distractions. We saw each other more and more seldom. Sometimes I would not hear from you for weeks and weeks. I would bang on the walls, rattle at the bars and try to shove myself between them. It only worked when I caught them by surprise, and even then, you might be too far away for you to hear me yell your name. For my own sake, I decided you were simply lost, perhaps trying to find me. The alternative, that you would ignore me, was too painful a thought. "You need me," I would whisper then. "Please come back."

You will never find anyone as faceted as me. I can be anyone, anything. I can dress your soul in the colours of dusk in winter. Soft baby blue with bold swaths of the prettiest pink. Orange and golden flames illuminating the peacefully floating white tufts of cloud. As night eventually draws closer I let the shadows elongate. They join hands with each other. Feel a breath tingle their neck and lean into the others touch. Defying the last rays of sunlight desperately clinging to the world. And as everything is plunged into the impenetrable dark, I can light a lantern. Or hundreds, thousands of them. In every colour. Flickering flames and shadows twirl around in an intimate dance to the melody I sing them. I am your best friend and your worst enemy. In painting your soul, I hold the power to mold you and your life with my invisible hands. With those, I shall hold yours for forever. Maybe longer.

I am no longer as naïve as I once was. I know you push me away when you think me unimportant, too shallow or too flamboyant. Our lives rarely intertwine anymore. So I let you walk your own way, behind iron bars you never notice. It is painful to see you there. In that place so hard for me to reach. That is why you cannot always find me when you come looking, and why I sometimes catch you by utter surprise, last time it was while you were waiting at the bus stop. You embraced me then, and for a while, it was almost like old times. It is those moments I sing of when you hear me humming at night. They are the moments I crave when I shout your name and try to reach you. You should know, that although we have become estranged over time, I shall always be here, at the back of your mind. I do not know if you will ever be truly free, but I will wait nonetheless. Even when you cannot find me, I am ready, paintbrush in hand, to paint a crisp winter sunset for us to walk into together. Your imagination will always be here for you.