

## LOST LOVE. FORCED ROAD.

“Nicolette, darling you are so beautiful. Just... look at those shining blue bold eyes, those sweet cherry gentle lips, that small round cotton nose. I am the luckiest man because I have you as my woman.”

I stare at her, as she straightens herself on the couch and then slowly glances up from the computer screen. She says:

“I care for you John! I have spent twenty seven years with you, which is half of my life on this earth.” (pause) “How can you look at me, after twenty seven years, and still see those things you say?” “I have changed... my eyes are not as bold, my lips have more of a dry strawberry color, and my nose has developed wrinkles all around.”

I continue staring at her, wondering why these words seem so distant. Why is it that she speaks of her time with me as if it were too much. Does she not know that she is everything to me: my woman, my best friend, my family, my love.

“My love, you are a never aging rose. You are strong like the stem, but the most delicate, beautiful, eye catching gentlewoman. That will never change for me.”

I watch her typing. What is so important that she can't stop for a moment and just talk to me? I feel this distance, this space... that I am probably just making up. Johnny you have to stop being so overly obsessed because you will push her away, and this distance will be real. She stops typing and looks at me for a second, then shifts her stare quickly to the floor. She shuts her laptop close, stands up and says:

“Night Johnny, it's been a long day, I am going to go rest. Remember to shut the lights before coming to bed.”

I watch her walk away and right as she's turning left she looks back and mumbles:

“I.. umm... love you.”

“I love you too, Nicolette. Don't ever forget that, good night.”

I stay still for a good ten minutes, daydreaming, or at least that is what it felt like. I guess I am ready to go to bed too. I look at the clock, one hour had passed by since Nicolette

had gone to bed. I lift myself up, turn the lights off and head to bed. The room is cold and she is sound asleep. I lay down next to her, admiring her beauty until my eyelids slowly close.

Birds are twittering and the sun is peaking through the blinds. I am ready to start my day. Nicolette is already off to work, she is a teacher at the University of Pennsylvania. I on the other hand retired from being a composer, 2 years ago.

I rise up, open the blinds, and head to the kitchen to make myself a cup of coffee. I grab my guitar and sit in the small terrace right next to the dining table. It is chilly but sunny, the perfect weather to compose outside. Since the moment I started playing I have always composed my own music, because if I am going to spend time playing the guitar I am not going to waste my time doing covers. I will make my own songs. I play my soul, I sing my feelings.

I look at the buildings for a moment, but that never inspires me. Nicolette, my sweetheart, this one is for you. I close my eyes, and picture my darling and so I begin:

“Sitting here in the sunlight, wondering what i’ve done with my life.  
All I know is I call you my baby, and if I would have never met you I would be insane.”

After a couple of hours of playing, I realize it is almost six o’clock. I can’t wait to sing to Nicolette her new song. I place my guitar back in its case and start making dinner for us. I set the table and leave the chicken to rest in the oven while I take a shower and prep up. I cannot wait to see Nicolette come in through the front door and laugh at my fancy suit with her bright smile.

I sit down in the sofa, to wait for her but it is a quarter to seven and Nicolette has not come home. I try calling her cellphone, but it goes straight to voicemail. I am getting nervous, worried, and impatient. What could have happened? I walked around the house nervously feeling something strange, it was too soon to call the cops.

I decide to check the room to see if she had left a note, anything saying she would be coming back late. Instead I found a note not telling me she was coming late, but telling me she wasn’t coming back.

The note read: “John, I have spent twenty seven years with you, and unfortunately I don’t feel the same way I did back then. I will need to move on with my life, move

forward on my own because living with you is not the right thing for me. It is not the right thing for us. I wish you the best, please don't come looking for me. -Nicolette”

I could hear myself breathing, I could feel my heart palpitating, I could feel my body shaking... Nicolette was gone there was nothing left of her, everything was gone. Her clothes, toothbrush, cosmetics, and so on...

My thoughts, were beating my head. Confusion and anxiety consumed me. My world was spinning around making me desperate.

I was walking back and forth in the living room until I noticed the computer was on, which is weird because Nicolette always remembers to turn it off for the sake of saving electricity. I moved the mouse from side to side to turn the screen on.

“Facebook? I don't have a Facebook account... What is this?” “I look at the top right, Nicolette Parker, is the name of the account. I didn't now Nicolette had a Facebook!”

I have never been on this network, neither do I know how to use it. But it only took a matter of about two minutes for me to find a tab on the bottom of the page with the name of Paul Owen.

“WHO IS THIS PAUL OWEN?!”

I clicked on the tab, a conversation came up. I had read too much.. I had seen way too much. Nicolette had left me for this Paul Owen guy.

I froze. My life had just flipped upside down.

I feel my head tangle; there are dizzy spots in front of my eyes. I sit on the sofa, my ears are sealed, my hands are frozen. I do not know how many times the short hand has met the long hand of the clock.

I wait there until the next morning. I have no returned calls, nor texts. She' gone. My Nicolette is gone.

How can I express anger, sadness, a sense of betrayal? The emotion that I felt at last was nothing: my life just became blank.

I became a robot: eating, sleeping, eating, sleeping was my life now.

- 3 years later -

I am sitting in my couch thinking: her voice is still in my mind, I still love her, I still can't get over the fact she left. I pick up my guitar which I haven't touched since that night. The night I made her song. I know it has been hard but now I need to start again, start fresh. I want to write songs, my own songs, my story. I try to not be overcome by grief, I write and play from day to night.

My devotion distracted me from daily routines:

I wiped the floor because I didn't notice I had left the sink on.

I almost burned my hand because I didn't notice I was boiling the kettle.

I went to the bathroom and was surprised by my face. My eyes were red from the lack of rest and my face, well you could barely find my face due to the ungroomed facial hair.

What month was I in? Is it Monday or Friday?

I wasn't up to date with anything, until Garry and Brian came by the house. They have been my friends since childhood. They were in town to visit their families and decided to stop by. I hadn't contacted them for three years now. I updated them, informing them of my new life, my new beginning. As the great friends they have always been, they fully supported me. They suggested a grandiose idea, an idea which would truly help me. I was offered to play the upcoming weekend with them in New York. If I then was satisfied I could consider leaving my life in Pennsylvania and move to New York. This would help me move on quicker from this pain and loss by spending time with my friends and playing music.

Garry plays the drums and Brian the electric keyboard. The week passed by and it was time to go with them to New York, I loved it. I decided to stay and abandon my life in Pennsylvania, I had nothing left there for me. We settled together in a small apartment which is not ideal but gives us a place to sleep. We started playing and composing together like a band.

We headed to Washington Square park to play and enjoy the nature around us. My friends and I are surrounded by people. We play our hearts out and people pass by admiring the music we make, some give us cents and others spare cash. We don't really care how much we make, we just want to place a smile on the face of others. We

just want to make someone's day. We make the music with our hands but what we actually do is share our soul and passion with all those around us.

I was able to come to terms with my life. Yes, after being married for twenty seven years my wife left me. Yes, she left me for a guy on facebook. Yes, I loved her. But I realized Nicolette stayed too long in my heart. I have been able to move forward with my life, I am now free. Free of being tied up to no one because Nicolette let me go a very long time ago, she let me go before I had realized her distance. Now I want to enjoy the music, feel the music, and be free!