

Goodbye, my Love

Von Noiyama

Kapitel 5: Love Goodbye

- Flashback -

The ringing doorbell woke him from his long, deep slumber.
With an unwilling growl he lifted himself out of his bed and padded to the door, half naked as he was.
He opened the door a crack to see Taiji standing in front of the door, nervously toying with his long fingers, head bowed.
He opened the door a bit wider.
"Taiji-san... what brings you here?"
Taiji lifted his head, obviously taken aback by this response.
"Today is the funeral... didn't you know that?"
Heath just stood there, blinking.
"Darn...", Taiji muttered and pushed him back into the apartment, following suit.
Heath was dragged into the bathroom and given a towel.
"Take a shower, I'll look for clothing and coffee. Hurry up, or we'll be late", Taiji ordered in his authoritative voice.
Heath nodded and closed the bathroom door.
Taiji went back to the kitchen, searching for coffee.
While the water was being heated, he went to the bedroom, searching for clothing, that'd fit the occasion.
Soon, he found a black suit, picked out a white shirt and everything else needed.
The water boiler was whistling.
He hurried back to the kitchen, dropping the cloths in front of the bathroom door.
Meanwhile Heath stood under the flow of the shower, trying to let the water wash away the emptiness inside him.
He stepped out and stared into the mirror.
A young man was facing him.
Effeteness, a hint of confusion drawn in a handsome face and big, dark eyes mirroring sadness.
For a view moments he just stared at the reflection, trying to relate himself to it.
Then he sighed and started getting ready.
A couple of minutes later he stepped into the kitchen, where Taiji was already waiting for him.
They sipped their coffee in silence.

He felt Taiji observe him, and looked up.
"Shall we go?", Taiji asked quietly.
Heath nodded slightly and followed Taiji to the car.

The funeral went on and on, but Heath's tearless emptiness still remained within his heart.

He couldn't pay attention, neither to all the speeches, nor to the acts, until he suddenly found himself on the stage, together with the other ex-X Japan members. Yoshiki sat in front of the piano and Toshi was singing, his voice quivering and throaty from repressed tears.

Pata's long hair concealing his face, as he hung his head, fingers tenderly stroking the strings of his guitar.

He spotted Taiji leaning against a column, staring at the picture of mine hanging above the huge guitar collection.

~ "Ah subete ga owareba ii
owari no nai kono yoru ni
Ah ushinau mono nante
nanimonai anata dake" ~

Toshi's raspy voice threatened to break, Heath was tightly gripping onto his bass, Pata was fighting to keep his hands still, Yoshiki played the piano like a doll pulled by invisible strings, and Taiji, who'd calmly been leaning against the column up until now, suddenly slid down a few centimeters, hanging his head, as the last notes of "Forever love" began to fade into sorrowful silence.

After Yoshiki's tearful speech, Heath took the first opportunity to run out, without drawing too much attention.

All the people crying their eyes out about someone they barely knew, without wasting a single thought on the person's loved ones, all this must have brought him to the edge of breaking.

I wished I could just have walked up to him, telling him that I was there, that everything's alright and that I'll never leave him, but it was too late.

Too late to change anything anymore.

If just the time could be turned back....

- Back to presence -

One year has passed since then, a year in which my feelings haven't changed, a year of always being with him, though not physically, a year in which I could feel all his pain and grief, a year in which I've always wished to show myself to him, even if it was just once, a year in which I wished to be able to touch him once again, talk to him, explain everything, ease his pain.

Now I finally hold him in my arms, stroking away his tears, this once, and in my heart I feel his latent strength, all the emotions flowing through him.

I hold him to my chest, tightly, stroking his back.

"Cry... cry it all out... I'm here... I'm here, love..."

I wish I could hold him like this forever, but in my heart I feel the heavens calling for me again.

As his sobs have calmed down, looks deep into my eyes.

"Thank you... for everything you did for me...", whispered.

Tears burn in my eyes, as I lean in for our last kiss.

As we part again, he smiles softly, reaching for my hand.

"I know an angel can't stay here for eternity, but even though I don't want to, I have to let you go. I've learned, that truly loving someone means to set him free. I'm glad you've found your wings and the freedom you've always wished for. I know, that you're always with me, even though I might not see you. Fate might be able to take away the one I love, but it won't ever be able to take away my memories. And within them, you'll always be here, deep inside my heart. I know the heavens are calling for you, my little bird, so fly, fly to the sun, but never forget, that I love you."

His words moved me deeply.

So brave, still smiling under pain that others wouldn't bear, that's the Heath I know and love.

With tears in my eyes, I hug him the last time.

"Thank you so much, beloved. May you live your life better than me, and don't ever forget, that I'm always there."

I release him, take a few steps backwards and I smile at him, slowly vanishing, like I've appeared before.

He remains sitting on the grass for some time, looking to where I've vanished from, reaching out to the sky.

When he finally stands up, he smiles and gently traces a finger over the cold gravestone before he turns around and walking away. Into a new life.

~ "kono mune wa itsumo ame furi de
kimi wa yure nagara kasunderu
itsumademo kitto furueteru hateru hi made" ~