Creative Writing | Diana Song



While you were out

I am in this somber and freezing room, the frightening shadow of furnitures stretches on the floor torturing my lonely soul.

No brightness and coziness of your image reflect on my eyes.

But when you are here, my world is enlightened by your every single action. What imprisons me isn't this cage, it's you.

Unfortunately,

You don't know who I am,

But I just want to say,

I love observing you through the wall,

While you weren't out.

