



# Bittersweet Memories

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My memories of you are forever.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/flash-fiction/bittersweet-memories.aspx>

I look at you sitting in the bay window, overlooking the setting sun, as twilight slowly approaches the Pacific Ocean. My heart feels warm and my soul is full of love. You sit there with your knees up, arms wrapping around them with your head resting there, tilting watching smiling at me. The sun's rays come through the glass wrapping your head in a golden halo, my sweet angel. You smile and mouth to me, "I Love You, My Darling." I smile at you as I walk toward you. The closer I get your image fades and soon it disappears. You are no longer with me. Our love no longer fills this place. Our desire for each other fades more each day. Our love spills out and flows into the air dissipating as the fog does at sunrise. I reach out longing to hold and keep you close. I yearn for the days to return. My love still fills my heart for you. My eyes still see and look for you. I hear your voice as you sing and read poetry to me. I stand in that window now, looking out at the ocean. I watch, as the tide goes out and with it the memory of you. I feel the memory of you leave my mind, but not my heart. Tears slowly cloud what I see out the window and in my mind. Tears roll slowly from the corner of my eye down over my cheek and weave their way through my beard. They curve around each piece of hair, as if each hair is a tree in a forest. The tears flow around each strand, as if I weave my way through the forest chasing you, my love. I see two young lovers frolicking in the surf. They chase each other hugging, kissing, running. The young woman stops, turns seductively and as her man approaches, splashes the incoming wave at him. She stands there, hands over her face laughing. He runs at her pulling her down into the waves. They surface quickly sputtering, holding each other laughing. The young woman escapes the grasp of the man. She runs to the shore and falls on the blanket waiting for her man to join her. He walks to her, lies next to her, embraces her tightly and kisses her for a long time. My heart aches, as I watch with thoughts of our days like that. I want so much for you to return, to be with me, to walk along the shore. I cry now, tears flowing like small rivers down my face. They cascade through my beard off my chin and pool on the window seat. Small moans of loss and sadness come from deep within my soul. My chest aches with the sorrow I feel. My shoulders shudder and shake. My body aches with my feeling of loss. My hands clench in fists, knuckles white. I stand in the window bathed in the golden glow, but it means nothing without you here. The warmth, which is here, feels like ice as it spreads in my soul. I feel empty and a void fills me now. I recover my control and turn back to the chair next to the bed. I dry my tears and gaze wistfully around the room. My heart still aches, but the feeling grows less. The sun goes over the horizon and as darkness spreads and night looms, I realize it is over. I stand straight, lift my sagging head up high and stifle the sniffles. I open my hands and feel the blood return to warm them. My body relaxes and I feel

better. The aching in my heart softens, but my soul still yearns for you. I hear the soft knock of a small hand on the door. It flies open and a small voice lovingly says, "Daddy, it's time to go."