



Electric Blue

An essay

Electric Blue – an essay
La Shawn Pagán
www.lashawnpagan.com

Suddenly I saw your face, ridden with pain.
I could feel it...I could feel you, the air, the love...
It didn't matter how far you were, how far we were
I still saw you...I felt you
The old brown dresser in your bedroom; the gaudy dark blue wall...
The anger in your heart, the pain in your body...
All I could do was pray that you would get better...

This is about and for the artist of flesh;
The one who stole my heart and never fully returned it...

It was winter night when I heard his voice for the first time. Until that day I had never felt the immediate bliss one feels when hearing the voice of a loved one on the other line. I couldn't stop smiling. I couldn't stop thinking how I wanted to be face to face with him already. I could hear the kindness, the softness and the passion hidden inside him, through nervous giggles, through stuttered words I knew I wasn't the only one that was feeling that way. Completely unaware of how dangerous he was – ignorant to my naiveté and falling so quickly, so fully, so absolutely...



Like everyone in this world I've gone through heart break. I've seen my life be shattered by the man who I thought was 'the one' while simultaneously realizing that I was capable of surviving a long term relationship with an abuser. After five and a half years of tolerating abuse, I realized that I was stronger than what I believed myself to be...stronger than anyone believed me to be. However, with the realization of strength, came the anger that led me to spiral out of control down a path of further self destruction. I excused my actions as 'trying to protect myself' from further heart break, abuse, pain...but what I was really doing was holding on to a sack of hot coals and expecting others to get hurt. I occasionally hurt others whenever I threw a flaming coal at them, but I didn't care. Not then...now I've seen the errors of my ways and have apologized profusely to those who I've hurt during my dark days. I've been lucky to have people that understand the pain, the darkness...otherwise it would absolutely suck to be me.

To give you a glimpse into the darkness I'll admit to one of the struggles I've had my entire life, and that is my body. Since I've had a sense of reason I've struggled with everything that physically made me as a person. Since I was a child I was mocked for being overweight and dark. While many might think I'm not that dark, some people don't care and still decided to tell me that I was "too dark to love" and that I was "covered in shit" and needed to take extensive baths in order to be able to eat at the table for them. Supervising my showers and ensuring I scrubbed myself hard enough to make my skin turn a bright red. This abuse started when I was about four years old. Needless to say it led to a lifetime of hating who I was and what I looked like, hatred towards my skin color, my weight, my hair...everything. It wasn't until after converting into Buddhism I realized that one of the main keys to achieving a good life is to not only practice meditation but to love who you are outside and within.

Not sure if I was capable of loving myself, I hesitantly let go of that bag of hot coals and opened my heart to the world for healing. It was a fight, I'll be the first to admit that change from a life of hatred and pain to a life of love and peace does not come easy. After a lifetime of white noise polluting my thoughts I found that it so incredibly hard to meditate, to sit there for any amount of time and try to quiet my mind was proving to be impossible. I didn't know how to do that. I didn't know how I could sit there quietly and try and get in touch with myself, much less a higher being. Frustrated by my slow progress I began by reading books on the matter¹ and practicing throughout the day quieting my mind. It was really hard to control all the thoughts that went through my brain, it was even harder to imagine myself not thinking at all, since I'm notoriously known for "over thinking" any situation I find myself in. Then I realized that I didn't have to control anything – I just had to let it flow.

¹ Turning your mind into an Ally by Sakyong Rimpoche

It was only then that I realized that I was healing that I had begun to love my body, my heart, my soul. It was when I looked in the mirror and saw a beautiful woman and not a person who had been damaged by abuse, by rape, by pain. I saw a powerful woman who was capable of smiling after being hurt so badly. It was then that I also realized that I was capable of loving again, truly loving another person.

For years I had deprived myself of something I wasn't even sure if I wanted: a family. I often found myself thinking about the "societal needs for me to procreate cause me to want to have children" as well as using the excuse of "I don't want to be in a relationship for (insert any sort and ridiculous excuse here)" I've even gone as far to say I didn't like any other children than other people's children, because "I can give them back" going on to further explain that I'd give the child back to its parent when it starts behaving badly - but the truth is I was lying to myself. I did, in fact, want a family, a partner, a child (or two) I just didn't want to desire a child with someone who didn't want to have children with me. I didn't want to be with someone who didn't want to be with me. An incredible fear of rejection overpowered my rational mind, leading me to come up with all sorts of ridiculous excuses as to why I "[didn't] want a boyfriend, get married or have children".

I even went as far to convince myself of wanting to be a single mother, so I wouldn't be rejected by a man. Abandonment issues are crippling my decisions in so many ways. It was until I met him. Before him, I pushed people away. Thought of any excuse to not like or have anyone near me. It wasn't until I realized that I was in love with him, that I wanted to be with him, that he was the person I desired the most out of all the people I've known in my life. It wasn't until when I realized the depth of my love for him that I reassessed my desires for a family - discovering my true wants about life and how I want to spend the rest of it.

I met him January 25th 2009, and although we only shared two weeks and three days together, those were the best days of my life to this date.

A mutual friend of ours set it up after I told him that I wasn't going to fall in love ever again. I had just gone through a horrible break up and decided that I was done. I was tired, that it was just too much for me to deal with every time a relationship ended. Our friend didn't think it was an acceptable thing to do and decided it was pertinent to introduce me to him. I remember seeing his face in photos sent to me by our friend. During those days I had to hang up the call and download the attachment and call back and resume the conversation, so it was all very comical. With each photo sent came a hang up with a call back. With each photo viewed I kept on thinking "wow, this guy looks so cute". A few days later, we met.

I was nervous that day. I didn't know what to expect other than I was going to get to hear and see the man who made me feel all sorts of crazy things inside at the same time. No more hanging up and downloading a photo. No, he was going to be right in front of me talking. When I finally saw him emerge from the double doors of his building my nervousness turned from jabbering off like a monkey in a tree and his into complete silence and constant giggle. When we first saw each other, it was the most awkward moment in history of people meeting each other; our friend who had forced me to sit in the back seat of his car so he could serve as our "chauffeur" for the night made a comment I cannot remember now, and we all broke into this weird nervous laughter...but I'm getting ahead of myself here.

Before we approached his building my friend picked me up from my house and opened the back seat of the car for me to get in. I looked at him and laughed as he said "my lady" and did one of those

weird posh bows that perhaps the high society drivers make. As he drove down the highway, I sat there quietly looking out the window seeing the cars pass by. I remember having thoughts of insecurity and feeling this knot in my stomach like I'd never felt before. My friend tried to make small talk but I answered sharply to all his questions without trailing into any conversation. Realizing that I was nervous he finally asks me:

"So, what type of girl are you, do you like lighting candles and all that stuff like your friend used to when we were together or you're more about the getting to business type"

I wondered what to tell him since I didn't want to give away my secrets of seduction to my male friend I decided to say something so ridiculous it caused us both to burst out laughing so hard we were tearing for the rest of the drive.

"I'm pretty much a girl that gets down to the point, so much so I actually scream out DROP TROU AND FUCK ME!!!"

His response was a shocked "Oh my God!!!!" and a light press on the brakes in an effort to avoid hitting a car that was passing us.

Our laughter spilled onto the streets as we drove past people who wondered what was happening in the car. We couldn't stop laughing, so he drove around the block a second time before we could calm down and pick up our second passenger. It only took him about two minutes to emerge. The two longest minutes of my life, and as he hopped in the car, I'm tried my best to remain serious and say "nice to finally meet you" instead I took one look at him and burst into laughter at what I had just said to our friend. He felt so uncomfortable that our friend explained that we had just exchanged a joke few moments before we pulled up. He hesitantly smiled and it was then that I calmed from my laughing and finally was able to politely say 'nice to meet you' and shook his hand. He smiled tenderly and did the same. His hand wrapping around mine, completely...making me feel safe instantly.

We made small talk on our way to an undisclosed location, and as we exchanged quips, questions, answers and quick stares I sat across from him in the car and thinking "I want to touch him" as he smiled nervously, looking at me only when I looked away from him. For a moment I closed my eyes and took in his scent; a mixture of natural man musk and cologne. A scent that has haunted me ever since. Before we knew it our gracious chauffeur was parking along a quiet street in Brooklyn and we were out of the car in two seconds after that. I quickly jumped out of the car and adjusted my dress and coat. I looked towards him and saw him standing lean and tall. He was wearing a pair of dark jeans, a navy blue button down shirt and a pair of boots. His hooded pea coat matched his jeans and although his hair was super short I could tell it was blond. He had a short beard and the first strings to my heart.

All three of us, me in the middle, walked around the corner to this Italian restaurant where we would further laugh and make small talk. Through the night I found myself stealing looks from him while trying not to stare. I'd turn to him and ask about his work, how he got into it and where did he want to take it. I was amazed at the ease of his answers. People found it a bit uneasy to answer questions about life goals and how to achieve their dreams, but not him. His responses flowed smooth and light, like Agave nectar.

"I want to open up my own tattoo shop," he said with all the confidence of the world. His hands

partially covered with his own pieces, the name of his daughter permanently etched into his neck. His eyes sparkling as he went on to tell me about how he started and where he'd been thus far in his career. I smiled and knew he was going to do it at some point of his life. His determination was palpable.

As the night was coming to an end we found ourselves sitting closer to each other in the back seat of the car. Our friend driving around aimlessly, wasting time in hopes that we would work up the courage to kiss – neither one of us in the back seat knew what was going on until I pointed out that it was taking much longer to get back home.

“Dude, why is it taking so long to get home?”

“You’re supposed to be talking to him not me”

“We *were* talking...we’re just wondering where you are taking us?”

We both laughed as we looked at one another.

“What’s with the music?” I heard him ask. Our friend was playing a medley of romantic songs as he wasted time and gas driving.

“I’M WAITING FOR YOU GUYS TO KISS!” our friend embarrassed us as he revealed his plan and we sunk into a silence that was thick enough to cut with a butter knife. We chatted nervously and sat closer slowly but surely, it wasn’t until my friend gave up on his poor attempt at DJ’ing love that he pulled up in front of my house and parked the car. We kept on talking and laughing and while doing so, I never wanted someone to kiss me so badly before in my life. I could feel the anxiety building in me as I became more vulnerable for him to lead. I sank in the car seat and as Katy Perry sang about kissing a girl and liking it, this man kissed me and I felt my body light up with the most intense jolt of electricity. Fireworks went off in my chest and my face warmed instantly. As his lips touched mine I felt the world disappear and it was just us. His hands cradling my face, his breath on my breath...

We emerged from the kiss with smiles, our foreheads and noses touching, his hands traveling from my neck to my face.

“REALLY!? THAT’S WHAT YOU GUYS KISS TO? KATY PERRY!???”

Our pull to reality was strongly comical.

He kissed me lightly one more time and we both laughed again. We continued kissing and fogging the windows of the car, forgetting there was someone else with us there. As I felt his hands pull me closer to him, his heavy grip caressing my calves. I could feel his desire for me oozing out of his pores. It didn’t feel heavy or dangerous – it was more like heaven opened up a gate and let me in for that moment...fireworks in my chest kept on going off every time he kissed me.

“I should go...” I whispered, after realizing how strange it was to be kissing this man while our friend was in the driver’s seat.

I looked at him and saw his expression devolve from bliss to sadness. He nodded and sat back on

his side of the back seat and cleared his throat. I felt my lips dry from kissing him so much and the skin on my face begin to itch from his facial hair rubbing against me. Still, I'd never felt more alive. I said good bye to our friend and stepped out of the car as he bopped his head to the music he was playing. As I closed the door I saw him step out onto the street and walk around toward me and wrap his arm around me. I took a deep breath trying to inhale his scent completely. I smiled and as the crisp air caressed my cheeks.

"Which one is you?" he asked searching for my door.

"This one," I replied as I walked up the steps of the three family house turned-tenement building. He walked up behind me not letting go of my hand.

We hugged, long and tenderly. As his arms wrapped around me strongly I sank my head into his chest before I felt his hand touch my face and gently guide it towards his before he kissed me again. I didn't want the night to end. I didn't want him to leave, but it had to, he had to. We kissed one more time before walking backwards down the steps, his eyes never leaving mine – smiling widely, I turned to open the door before I felt him coming down the street again to steal another kiss and rushing off towards our friends car. It was magic.

The subsequent days were filled with phone calls, emails, text messages and the type of giddiness that leads to a 'no you hang up' after hours on the phone.

"I'm still wondering what you guys were laughing at that night..."

"Oh yeah!..."

I proceeded to tell him about the joke, the almost accident and how less than a minute later from all that happening he was in the car with us. He laughed just as hard as we did that night.

Then our second date arrived, to me it wasn't soon enough. I prepared a special dinner for him, since I was just too nervous to eat. My body was buzzing with anticipation to see him and when he knocked on my door I rushed down the hallway and let him in. His face lit up when he saw me and we immediately hugged. Leading him in I passed the kitchen and took him towards my bedroom where there would be complete privacy from my roommates. Looking around as I took his coat to hang it up in the closet, he saw the candles, the oil lamp and heard the soft music playing from my alarm clock/radio.

"Liar," he said softly as he pulled me closer to him and kissed me passionately, his fingers firmly pressing into my back setting off my inner fireworks once more.

I watched as he ate the dinner I prepared and made conversation. When he finished I took his plate and washed the dishes before leading him back to the bedroom where we'd continue talking and have a beer. I sat down lotus style on my bed facing him and he sat down one leg bent beneath him. He looked at me intensely and smiled before he kissed me again. As he pushed his body on top of mine I felt myself melt beneath him. With every touch, every kiss, every breath we shared I felt myself taking him in as much as he was taking me in...

The simplicity in his eyes, his strawberry blond hair, his fair skin, his crooked smile, his rugged good looks combined with the way he looked at me, the way he spoke about the things he loved,

and what he didn't love so much. Just blew me away. He shared deeply personal things with me, and I with him. Unbeknownst to me, every hour, every minute, every second we spent together was easily leading to years of my being lost in him. As if I slowly parachuted into a field that turned into a maze...a complex maze that comprised him.

I've never fell asleep so soundly next to another human.

"You shouldn't be so wonderful if you don't want guys obsessing over you", he said with a shy smile the next morning. He was referring to a fall out I recently had with a guy, information our friend shared with him. How the guy wouldn't leave me alone and kept calling me and sending me all these weird text messages, until I told him to stop contacting me before I called the cops.

I smiled and got up from the bed and slipped on some sweat pants and a hoodie before heading out the door to get some breakfast.

"You look super cute," he said as I slipped on my tennis shoes and smiled before leaving him under my covers.

We spent so much time together that I found myself wondering how long it usually takes for a person to fall entirely in love with another. Love, real, raw love, not smitten, not like, not attracted to, but IN LOVE.

One day after work, I called my best friend and asked her how long did it take her to fall in love with her then-boyfriend and she told me "the second time we saw each other, it took me about a day" and there it was, one can fall in love quickly and fully with a person in such a short period of time. There was a reality to those sappy movies I'd seen while thinking "that never happens." I had fallen in love with this man the second I laid eyes on him. I further loved him when we kissed, and deeply loved him when we made love.

One of the days I remember clearly was the morning he came to my house, sporting his trendy coat and a grin from wonderful ear to ear, I opened the door in my pj's, because I wanted him to see me in all ways, so he could take all of me in, and he did. He lit up like a sky when the sun comes out, and I hugged him so tightly, my failed attempt at making him a permanent part of my physical self. As we stood on my porch we kissed and hugged it was amazing, it was passionate...I felt free. I led him inside and once we were in the warmth of my apartment, I hugged him once more, resting my head on his chest, feeling his breath, listening to the strong heart beat that pounded at me from his chest. His hands held me so closely, so gently yet so tightly, filled with so much passion, so much of him, I wanted that moment to last forever, and in some way it has. Because it's a moment I've never forgotten.

I'm under the impression that he doesn't know the impression he's left in me. I've never written about him before, and I rarely mention him to anyone. I'm zealous about my memories of him, because that was a moment of my life that I knew real love...love that was strong, deep and pure. This man had me going to places I was afraid to venture to mentally. I found myself thinking "having children would be amazing if they were with him" I had closed myself off for so long that I was shocked to have "baby thoughts". For so long I had convinced myself that I would be better off by placing my order at the nearest sperm bank and suddenly was thinking about how wonderful it would be to have this man kiss my pregnant belly, and see him come home and greet me with a "hello gorgeous".

While he slept next to me I studied his face, the curve of his chin, the shape of his lips, the roundness of his eyes. I thought that this man would be able to make me a happy woman. The man that I was looking at, not an imaginary man, but the one laying next to me sleeping, the man who I could see, touch and hear breathe. I did, this unmentionable thing, of thinking about having children, imagining my life as a pregnant woman waiting for him, to come home....this has never happened before or since – I’ve only wanted a full life with *him*.

We made plans for Valentine’s Day – he was scheduled to come to my house and I would prepare another meal and have a surprise gift for him. As we communicated through the day I couldn’t wait for him to see the plush monkey toy I had gotten his daughter. I couldn’t wait to tell him that I was in love with him and he made me incredibly happy. I wanted him to be there with me in the morning, and in the night, that I wanted to hear his heartbeat while I fell asleep...that was the night I was going to tell him that I couldn’t and didn’t want to hear any other man’s voice other than his.

The night that I was going to tell him I was his from the moment he touched me. That was going to be the night that was going to start the rest of my life...that night...he never showed.

I called him, emailed him, text him, no answer. I didn’t hear from him that night, or for the following two days. The fourth day of vanishing, he called me and said coldly “there are a lot of things going on, it has nothing to do with you, and I’ll call you later to explain,” he never did.

I looked at the Valentine’s gift for him, for his daughter and the box of chocolates I had gotten for both of us and sunk to the floor and cried as I squeezed the plush monkey.

The days and weeks after were blur filled with wine, vegetarian food dinners with friends, more wine, a trip upstate NY, meeting someone who looked just like him and wanting to keep that one for myself too. Coming back to New York City, more wine, long runs through the snow, trying to convince myself there was nothing wrong with me, chanting “I’m lovable, I’m wonderful” forcing myself to quickly get over him – but nothing worked. I made the mistake of looking for external reassurance of my worth. I tried replacing him with anyone I could think of, I considered a few people until I found another “white boy with talent” who led to another disappointment. Something that wasn’t entirely his fault since I was making him – a square peg – fit into a round hole.

He obviously wasn’t the same, the voice wasn’t the same, the touch wasn’t the same, the look wasn’t the same, and the smell wasn’t the same. It would never be, ever. I foolishly led myself to believe it could work if I put some extra effort into it would come close to it. I even penned one of the most amazing love letters I’ve ever written; to a person who I didn’t and could never love....

My heart was broken, shattered, I arrived at work sadly and removed the photos I had pinned up on my cubicle wall of him and his daughter. Photos that one day would include me and a sibling that came from my womb. I sank in my seat and stared blankly at my computer screen and forced myself to work. Everything after that was a blur.



Years passed and while I hadn’t heard from him I always wondered how he was doing. My mind would wander into thoughts about him and hoped he found happiness, even if it wasn’t with me – I wished him nothing but happiness, nothing but health, wealth and all the amazing things life can bring. I wanted him to be happy...because I still loved him.

Although everything, including me, had turned crazy after he left I still felt deep love for him. I struggled with all the left over feelings, all the love that grew so quickly. The love that was burning inside me, the love that was meant for him – I was forced to push it down, bottle it up...but it was too big. Again I found myself spiraling out of control.

After I unleashed my emotional wrath on unsuspecting and innocent bystanders, I decided it was time for change, of pace, of scenario, a change of everything. I began by changing the supermarket I shopped at, since I used to talk to him on the phone while walking down the aisles. Several months had passed and I could still hear his voice as I tried to pick groceries for the next two weeks. Hearing his laugh when I looked at the cereal boxes in “isle 2” was torture. I could still hear him say to me “hold on a second my daughter just climbed on my head” while laughing and I could still hear the giggle of this little girl giving her Daddy hell when he was talking to me...so amusing, cute and heartbreaking.

I decided that I should take a bus to the next supermarket and get a wider selection of groceries while I was at it. Leaving the voices that haunted the isles behind. I wanted to move away so I wouldn't risk seeing him, then I quickly remembered he didn't take public transportation, nor did he live close to me. So living where I was wasn't a problem for me to run into him. Still the city seemed to be so crowded and stuffy knowing he was there, knowing he had left and I didn't have a way to find him. Knowing he was out there was plenty hurtful.

So, after a summer Upstate New York I decided that on my journey to reach my dreams and truly discover who I really was, to be self aware, to be complete I was going to return home to my island. I left New York City behind, along with friends and family that I loved dearly, I left the memory of him behind, hoping that one day I'd come back to New York, visit our mutual friend and he would, somehow run into us as we spoke. Of course, as we all imagine when we run into an ex-lover, in my mind I was looking more than fantastic and he was regretting the decision he made, in my mental scenario he looked like crap. Then, after all sorts of scenarios played out in my mind, I'd re-consider my hopes and although I still wanted to see him, I wanted for us to bump into each other alone. Where I could look into his eyes and see the goodness that was there. Of course I'd still be looking fabulous, but he would as well.

It took me a year, a move away from the city...a trip down the path that would lead to finally finding my way in life and discovering balance in my heart and tame the beast within to be able to stop thinking about him as often as I used to. Once I found myself incredibly happy with the person I became, happy in my own skin, with my own voice, with my dreams, with my writing, with my jogging, with the sky and everything around me. Happy to be me, and not just “think” I was happy, to actually be happy, sound happy to people when I spoke to them on the phone, look happy in photos, be honestly, truly and amazingly happy....he found me.



It was the evening of August 16, 2010, I received a notification on a popular networking site; he wanted to be 'friends'. I was chatting up a storm with some friends on another site when I saw the notification pop up through my email notifications box. I sat there shocked, I didn't think twice before responding with a 'confirm'. Thus began our corresponding for hours which led to me abandoning my friends and diving head first into a conversation that was quite overdue. It began simple, by posting on each other's 'walls' then he sent me a private message, I responded, and so it

began: our first conversation in a little over a year and a half. The conversation went from a little past midnight until the wee hours of the morning the next day.

During those hours we caught each other up about our lives we spoke on and off about our time together. We spoke about his daughter, about her mother and how after 5 years of absence, was trying to make it back into the life of the little girl she abandoned to go party. We spoke about me finding happiness after being so broken...and then we finally circled back to us, taking the time to really speak in detail about the situation – more specifically about this disappearance.

“I was so crazy about you! I wanted to keep you, why did you leave?...”

“You know what?...Do you want to know the real reason I left?”

“Yes”

He paused, taking a deep breath as if trying to work himself up to it

“I love you, I have all this time, I’ve loved you since then, and I love you now...and your awkward silence isn’t making me feel any better for sharing this with you...”

I burst into an equally awkward laugh as I tried to hide my tears.

“I’m sorry, I was covering my mouth because I’m crying and I didn’t want you to hear me...”

“Really?”

“Yes”

“Mo told me that I shouldn’t get attached to you because you were leaving to the Marines, that I couldn’t held you back from doing that, but I was so in love with you that I didn’t see myself letting you go...should we continue the way we were going...but I was already in love with you, I STILL love you...”

Silence

“Hello?”

I hadn’t realized that I was covering my mouth again as the outside scenery blurred behind the tears.

“Please say something...”

“You’re such an idiot you know that...you’re dummy...”

“Did you just call me a ‘dummy’?”

“Yes!”

We both laughed and I was overwhelmed with the need to see him so I could look into his eyes

while he spoke, touch his hands, his face, to kiss his eyes like I did when we were together. I was in tears head in hand. Then he said it again.

“I love you.”

We continued to speak; I continued to cry, until he asked me to stop crying, so he could stop crying as well. I dried off tears of sorrow and joy and we kept on with our conversation for what he'd like to call “just one more moment.” Right before we hung up I said

“Do me a favor, can you please say it again...”

“I love you; I was going to say it again without you asking...”

I could hear him smiling on the other end of the line.

“This is going to sound weird, but I can smell your cologne right now...”

“Really!?”

“Yeah, it's so strange, I'm sitting here looking out the window and I can smell your cologne, it's like you're right next to me...it's so strange...”

There was another awkward silence before we kept on talking. It was getting really late but I obliged to his requests for 'one more moment' that turned into another hour. Although we both kept saying how we each had to get some rest neither one of us wanted the conversation to end. I didn't want to stop hearing his voice, I didn't want to stop hearing him say he loved me.

Once we became too tired to continue talking it was a little after six in the morning and between goodbye's he said it to me again “I love you” once again making me that happiest woman alive.

The next morning I woke up feeling as if the world had shifted, yet again, to accommodate me and my happiness. I saw the sky a more wonderfully bright blue, the sun was shining brighter than usual, yet it wasn't hot, all I wanted to do was sing and dance. It was the perfect day. That morning I realized, I still loved him. I remembered those nights at my place and the wonderful times we spent together during the short time we knew each other. I remembered his face as if I had seen it the night before, just as I smelled his cologne when we were speaking. It was more of an uncanny thing, as we were talking the night before, I was looking out the window at the quiet night, and after he said he loved me I could smell him, just as if he were next to me, the scent was so strong, I could taste it. The image of his face was as strong as that scent. I could even feel his hands touching me, as they once did a year, six months and three days ago.

My heart began beating strongly, not just for me, but for him too. I was happy not because someone loved me, not because I had just heard someone say they loved me, no, I was happy because I heard HIM say he loved me. I was happy because he was back in my life. I wanted to scream it to the world: HE LOVES ME, HE LOVES ME!!!! I tried my best to keep it quiet, but I shared it with a few friends, I was bursting at the seams and although I could feel they were a bit cautious about this situation, they stood by and told me how happy they were that I was happy.

Still, I was more aware than ever about life's curve balls. In my drunken state of bliss I worked up

the courage and clarity to ask him if he wanted to be with me like we once were. He didn't answer me and instant fear of him leaving my life again set in immediately. For a brief moment I had forgotten that my life had been a series of damaging breakups. His being the worse...but somehow I always managed to get back up from the ground where I had been left alone to heal my wounds.

The year that we'd been apart, I had dealt with many things; my father was sick and even though I hadn't been able to find a job, I managed to not lose faith and get to know myself. I was able to develop a deep, personal relationship with my inner self as well as have a personal relationship with God or what I began to call the energy that guides me. While my father's health improved and I started a business selling handmade jewelry that took off rather nicely I decided that I was going to fully pursue my passion and was able to publish several articles on different sites and I was truly happy with my accomplishments thus far.

I had come from a place of darkness to a place where I was genuinely happy and getting so many things done. I forgot that it was me the one who learned how to meditate, learned to balance myself, to determine and to fill myself with positive, protective energy, making whoever came next to me to feel safe. For a moment I had forgotten about how far I had come and was thrust into what I now know was a test – a test to see how dedicated I was to my truth, self worth.

Between every other declaration of love, he mentioned how he was happy with who he had become and how happy he was with his career. As the unanswered question lingered in my mind, he confessed that there was a high possibility that he was sick. Having been to doctors, one telling him he had some sort of cancerous tumor in his stomach and the other saying he didn't have anything in his blood stream. All the while, he continued to have problems with his stomach. I asked myself, why the universe would do this to me, why would they wait until I'm extremely happy with myself to put this man back in my life and then make him be sick and take him away again. Then I realized how selfish a thought that was and put myself in the right frame of thought, this was about him not about me.

The day after he told me about his feelings, about his unfair decision to leave before it was too late – as he was telling me something I interrupted him with my own confession

“You know what? I love you too” it was the happiest declaration of love I've said in my life. I've only said it once after and it wasn't a full confession, it was an “I'm falling in love with you” knowing that I was going to be heartbroken soon thereafter. But with him, I didn't hold back, I couldn't I didn't want to. I felt amazing once I said it and I could hear his happiness. His voice softened as we continued talking about our respective days and plans for the next year or so. He told me how he was considering moving to either Alaska or Ireland, just like I was at the time. I wanted to go vacation in Ireland and always mentioned Alaska as a possible place to live since there's snow there, and I am not really fond of extreme heat – even though I am a true island girl. Along with escaping high temperatures our desire to move to Alaska was the possibility to camp out and see the aurora borealis. We closed our conversations with mutual “I love you”.

The week went by so quickly, yet it was quite amazing. I found myself smiling as I woke up and saw text messages from him or hearing his voice on the other end of the line. It was as if we never had any time apart. Laughing and saying we loved each other, it was the most incredible experience. Hearing his voice, the same voice I heard those days during his departure, the voice that haunted me, the laugh that haunted me in New York, I heard it again and it was delightful. All my pain was washed away with every day we spoke. I found myself back in the place where there was nothing I

wanted to do more than start the day hearing his voice or reading his words, I guess what I wanted more was to end the day wrapped up in his arms like I once did. To feel his dedication to me, his whispers, his breath, his heart beating in his chest, I never wanted anyone more than I wanted him. However, since new found dedication to my own mental, emotional and physical wellbeing I wanted to remain in a place where I continued to be proactive, creative progressing towards my goals. I was faced with the difficult decision of running to be next to him or I continuing to go on with my own life and let fate determine if we were to be together again. Or if this, this long distance thing was it.

Confused as to where I should go, fearing that my plan to moving to a different state wouldn't be a good one. I sat down and meditated, I asked God to guide me to where I should go, to guide me to where I would finally get the external success to match my internal success. On a quiet day I walked into my room and prepared my meditation space and began to breathe and chant; requesting for guidance.

As I slipped into a deep realm of trance I came from out of the darkness of my closed eyes into a world full of neon lights. An electric pink garden and an electric blue man welcoming me back – I had seen him in other sessions and knew he was there to answer my questions and lead me into enlightenment. I saw him walk towards me and put his hands on my shoulders and I felt him lift me from my physical body through my heart and it take me to a street in New York where I was sitting on a side walk selling all my simple jewelry designs that were placed on top of a burgundy blanket on the floor. After I sold all of the items I put on that blanket and after I got up and walked over to an office building, I handed them my portfolio to someone there and was hired me as a writer.

It was all in a sort of dusty Technicolor movie from the 1930's scene. Electric Blue tapped me on the top of the head and said

“There, that's where you should go,” his voice was decisive.

I opened my eyes and I thought to myself “what?! Selling stuff in the street?! Are you kidding me?! NYC sidewalks are disgusting!” however, a feeling of great happiness filled me.

As the day progressed I asked once more “Are you sure?” And was left a clear on what I should do when I heard a “How dare you question me?!”

Quickly apologizing for being so silly and questioning the revelation that I was given – yet confused because my desires mostly were somewhere else for my future.

A few mornings after, I got a clearer explanation as to how was I supposed to do this whole thing in New York City. It made all the sense in the world. I started working on my journey, without further questioning, without fear. I hadn't spoken to him for two days, and on the third day I sent him an email checking in on him.

From me:

“Hey, sorry I hadn't emailed you these past couple of days, my life has been a bit cathartic, how are you doing? How are you feeling? What did the doctor tell you?”

From him:

“Well my health isn't good, which has fucked up my mentality at the momentI'm gonna take

some time out for me, I hope you can understand that.”

There it was...my fear of him leaving being revealed. Yet again, he made me feel like a queen before he ran away in the middle of the night like a thief, with what was left of my heart. You might be thinking that I'm selfish for reacting this way, but I beg you to continue reading so you can see where he went and how sick he really was.

I agreed on leaving him alone.

From Me:

“I'll give you all the time and space you need”

Although since I wasn't in the country, I wasn't too sure how much more space he possibly needed.

I continued to make arrangements to go back to New York while giving him space. I contacted a few friends and told them I was headed back up north and found a place to stay for the while it was going to take me to find a job and an apartment. I became a positive ball of energy that was glued to my laptop and the dining room table. I started seeing visions of my life in New York once I returned and I saw the positive things that I knew were going to take place this time around. I was determined to make this trip to NYC one that would be so much better for me by having more faith, opening to love and merging unto the lane of my life, from the shoulder where I had stopped and clicked on the hazard lights.

I began to weigh heavy with a sense of guilt feel bad that my happiness while he was not in a good place. During those moments I was reminded by the incredible amount of effort it took me to get to that peaceful place whenever I spoke to a friend and honestly answered with a “my life is good!”

Then I made the mistake in thinking that I could perhaps help him do the same – thinking you can save another person who has just pushed you away.

Still, I sat down once again and asked once again for guidance, but specifically I asked that he be taken care of, healed, and led into the light away from his current darkness. I also asked if it was okay if I could see if he was ok...and I'm going to stop at this very moment to let you know how crazy this may sound to you, but this actually happened. As I closed my eyes and chanted for guidance, health, strength and protection I opened my eyes to see him lying in his bed.

I saw him sleeping on his side he had a white t-shirt on and checkered blue pajama pants on with a thick blanket over him. He was alone and looked so uneasy, not a look that should be on a face of a person who is sleeping, more like a person who was in pain. I lay facing him and kissed his eyes, and touched his face. I felt his anger through my finger tips, a burning anger that was poisoning his blood. I whispered I love you and stood up from the bed and watched as Electric Blue float above him and touch his head and Blue became different colors: pink, red, different shades of blue and in the end white as he floated directly over his body. His facial expression changed from a frown to a peaceful one and looked around and saw a brown dresser and white walls and I felt him near me again, as if I were touching him with my own hands once more.

I opened my eyes and found myself back in my bedroom thousands of miles and a half an ocean away where I continued to work on my upcoming trip.



It was the day after his birthday when I arrived in the City, I called him and left him a voice mail singing happy birthday and got a text message back thanking me for such a cute message. A few days later he called me and I could hear he was different. I told him I was in New York and he didn't sound as happy as I expected him to be. I week later I was accepted for an internship with a newspaper in Queens, I was thrilled, nervous, scared out of my fucking mind, but mostly thrilled. I still thought about him every day. Wondered when I was going to see him, when I was going to kiss him again. Few months passed by and nothing, then the opportunity came.

December was closing in and I had asked him to retouch my tattoos. He told me to swing on by and gave me his home address because that's where he was working from. A strange apartment in East New York Brooklyn, an area I knew very well since I had lived there. I arrived about an hour early and stood in the entrance to the small house turned-tenement building waiting for him. I was scared that he was going to leave me waiting and I could feel the knot build in my stomach when I saw him walk hurriedly across the street towards the store on the corner. He looked towards me and then straight ahead and towards me again. I smiled and I saw him smile but kept walking towards the store.

My nerves kicked into high gear when a few minutes later he was right in front of me, a friend not far behind. We paused as we stood before one another and embraced. His cologne invading my soul, his arms firmly around me, his body warm.

"This way," he said guiding me in the building.

Stairs creaking with every step with took. I walked into the apartment and was smacked with strong feline scent. He saw me crinkle my nose and apologized for the smell and opened a window in his efforts to prevent me from being allergic. I sat on a huge recliner as he disappeared through a door at the end of the living room and looked around at the lack of furniture. His friend was loud and began rolling up marijuana while I waited.

"I have a touch up to do that should be showing up within the next few minutes, do you mind waiting?"

"No, it's okay, I'm early"

He smiled and disappeared through the door at the end of the living room again. It wasn't long before someone knocked on the door and said hello and went in through the door as well. Soon after I heard the tattoo gun buzzing and people laughing and talking about something I couldn't quite make out. He came out to check in on me several times, each time he looked different. He wasn't the same man I fell in love with, not entirely.

"You know I'm sick right?" he said as he plopped himself next to me

"Yes, you told me," I responded. He nodded and stood up and went into the room again.

Shortly after, the girl who was getting the touch up emerged, laughed said a few jokes, he walked her out and came back and told me to follow him into the room. Once inside he sent his friend to get something and closed the door behind him.

“I want some privacy” he said with a smile leading me to sit down on the chair.

I extended my hands out exposing my tattooed wrists. He outlined the tattoos, matched the color and asked me about certain aspects of one of them because it was too faded. For the first fifteen minutes that was the only exchange we had. As he focused on my wrists, the crown of his head was exposed to me and I watched it intently, trying to count the white hairs that began to overtake his once strawberry blond hair.

“You have lots of grays”

“Yeah, I have about two more years before my hair is completely white” he responded lifting his head halfway up. Not looking at me.

I could feel him slipping away from me, slowly but surely. We made small talk for the rest of the session and when he was done he wiped my wrists off with a solution, wrapped it up with clear wrapping and I asked him how much I owed him.

“Nothing, you know that...”

“No, I don’t know...”

“I promised I was going to retouch them for you...”

“Yes you did...”

I stood there looking at him and I he moved closer and kissed me. Not like before, but I could feel what was left of the man that I fell in love with still there. The tenderness, the kindness...He hugged me tightly and I whispered that I had to go to work before we broke the embrace that felt more like a forever goodbye. As I somberly walked towards the couch where I had left my belongings I saw his friend rolling a blunt another one up. He stood behind me and helped me put my coat on and walked me towards the door, where he kissed me once more.

“Please don’t do this to me” he begged.

I ignored with another kiss until I heard the main door open and quickly walked down the stairs and outside into the street.

As I breathed the cold winter air I felt my love for him burrowing into my heart. I felt me leaving him behind, I didn’t want to, but it was something I felt strongly that had to be done. I took one step and another, then another and got on the train and went to work.

← →

A few weeks later on my social media feed I saw that he was listed as in a relationship with another girl. She was tattooed clad, of short stature; olive skinned and resembled more the life he had chosen to live – a life very different than my own. My heart broke a bit more because the feeling I had with that first kiss in two years was confirmed; he was slipping. He wasn’t mine anymore – the

man that I had fallen in love with wasn't there.

Soon after I began seeing another person casually – I didn't want anything serious because I knew I couldn't fall in love with another person until I released the love I had for him. However, when I saw he married his new girl, I asked my casual guy where we were going with all that – to which he answered the only way he was supposed to answer; the same way I would have answered: nowhere. He was much more polite about it though.

Months passed by and I tried to heal my broken heart. I fell into my past mistakes without realizing it and suddenly found myself back in my island without my dream job and a heart full of hate. All the while he had another child with his wife, broke up and gotten married to someone else.

As the years have gone by I still think of him. I wondered why I was given such an amazing love for such a short period of time...or if it was wonderful at all...I wondered why and how his heart became filled with so much hate...

Since then, I have felt myself falling in love with someone who declared admiration, desire to share a life with me, but that love was not as deep – it was a cautious feeling that I knew was going to leave me with nothing. As I said the words I felt this new person gearing up to disappear as well, and my feelings were not mistaken. While he said he wanted to 'explore his feelings' for me he left my life in such a speed that it would rival The Flash.

Still, until this day I haven't felt the same way I felt those two weeks I spent with him. For years I hadn't felt electric nor had I seen blue, I haven't fully recovered...but I have discovered that it is when I'm in the ocean that I feel free.

It is when I look at the Ocean that I see Electric Blue.

Electric Blue

Story by:
La Shawn Pagán
All rights reserved©

Cover Art obtained under a
Creative Commons License

Colors, title and edit by
La Shawn Pagán