

# Dependence

Von Chieri

Crystal tears are gracing the bloodred petals, glittering in the artificial light. They're pure and fragile like raindrops on a beautiful summerday. Indicating that something sentimental is located behind the facade of happiness. A masquerade for the world, one you chose to wear as well. You don't allow yourself to show deep emotions, not even for the smallest second. Only because of your reputation. It could be destroyed once you lose control over yourself. A wrong word, a wrong move and you will regret it badly. That's the price one has to pay in order to be famous. A shining star on earth, an idol for many. You have a certain responsibility towards those who love you and for them you try to be strong. When in public, you shove your emotions away and what remains is a perfect young woman. Talented and beautiful. You seem so happy with your life, enjoying it in its full length. But in truth you aren't happy, not for a single moment. Something is missing, something you've been longing for since years. Of all the things you can afford, there's something you can never buy. Love.

Love is the reason why you're crying now. The salty drops contain all of your sorrow and agony. All you wish for is someone to love you as the person you are. To hold you when you feel sad, to kiss your pain away. But you know that with all the people around you true love can never blossom. And so you cry, silently. With me as the only person to see your tears. For some reason your mask always splits whenever the two of us are alone. I've been able to see more of your real self than anyone else, why I don't know. But whatever your reasons may be, I'm glad that you trust me that much. It makes me feel special, I have to admit. No one else seems to recognize you as the girl you truly are with all your faults and desires. They expect you to be perfect, flawless. It's your duty as an idol and you live up to it, making yourself a doll one can style and form until it fulfills all expectations. And with the time you lost any sign of human imperfection. They may see you as a goddess on earth, the rolemodel of anyone, but all you want is to turn back time. To be the girl you used to be. Happy and content. But the power of the spotlight is too strong to resist. Whatever you do, sooner or later you come running back to it. Your fearful heart isn't strong enough to make the final step. And in the end tears are sliding down your face again.

Hearing your desperate sobs, I silently ask myself why I'm still here. I never find the right words to cheer you up. I don't dare to touch your creamy skin to wipe your tears away. And above all I cannot find the courage to take you into my arms. Even in a moment like this, you're unreachable for me. So near but yet so far away. Your

masquerade may disappear before my eyes but your fame doesn't. Compared to you I'm nothing but a normal human, regardless my own success in the music area. My image isn't as perfect as yours, it's filled with the faults of a young man searching for his independence. Once they see me by your side, you might lose a part of your innocence and that's something I don't want to risk. I couldn't stand it if I was the reason for new tears of yours. And that's why I keep a certain distance between the two of us. Because I don't deserve to be with a girl like you, no matter how normal you actually are. A single rose petal falls onto the ground as you rise from your chair, drying rivers gracing your face. The bouquet is pressed against your chest by the might of your small hands, your eyes are still swimming in the salty substance. The wanting to ease your pain raises inside of me but I cannot give in to it. Whatever I may feel for you, we aren't meant to be. We never were.

Deep down inside my heart I can hear a faint voice encouraging me to forget about all these thoughts of fame and reputation. Ever since I met you I've been fighting for the privilege to discover the true girl within you and now that I have, I only want to run away. And the reason is so clear as the blue summer sky. I had never thought that, one day, my fascination for you would shift into something more powerful. Love. The thing you're searching for since an endless time. The reason for your countless tears. It all could be so easy if we were two normal people. I just had to tell you how I truly feel and we would be able to begin a relationship. Simple as it is. But in our current positions it isn't even half as easy. If I told you how I feel I might cause you even more pain if you don't feel for me the same way. And even if you did, true love isn't destined to blossom in the center of attention. The fame would be blocking our paths again. Even so, don't we have the right to be happy, only for a little time? My heart and mind are fighting against each other, emotions against senses. One tells me to finally give in to my feelings and ease both of our pain, the other reminds me of the consequences if I did. Your voice breaks through my racing thoughts, turning my attention back to reality.

"Ryuichi, why am I so weak?"

"Weak? Rika, you aren't..."

"Of course, I am weak! I don't even have the courage to tell all of these people to stop using me like a toy. They keep deciding over my head and I always give in to their wishes. Why can't I... be strong enough to... stop it all?"

"Rika... you can stop it when you wish to."

"You think?"

Our eyes meet and I feel a lightning shooting through my veins. There you are, waiting for me to encourage you, to soothe you. A picture of imperfect perfection, a portrait of desire and longing. For the first time I can see it within your eyes, the feelings which are an exact reflection to mine. How come that I have never noticed it before?

"We all have the power to make our dreams come true. The wishes of our hearts."

"You mean, I can fulfil my wish if I only try?"

"Without question."

"What about you?"

"Me?"

"Yes. Do you have the power to make your wish come true?"

My answer isn't given by words but by actions. Throwing all rational thoughts away, I cross the space between the two of us and draw her into a tight embrace. A small yell of surprise escapes her throat when she's crushed against my chest, the rose bouquet flying towards the ground. Its petals are dancing around us as I cup her chin gently, searching her eyes for permission before touching her lips. Their sweet taste with its sign of salty tears fills my

senses and all tension inside of me disappears along with the facade I had used to cover my emotions. All it took was a simple, innocent butterfly kiss. And my wish of heart became reality. Her hands reach up to touch the back of my head, drawing me closer to her, begging for more. In response I have to smile, tearing myself from her for a short time to look into her eyes. The orbs are shining like stars in the night, filled with anything she has been searching for. And they ask me to go on, to give more of that one emotion. I don't hesitate to show her what she has been missing all the years. Sealing her lips with a passionate kiss, I decide to forget about fame and reputation for once and all. If you want to be happy, to love, you have to risk something in return. And if it's just a crack in a perfect facade, why should you throw your luck away?