

Why am I back here again? Just the idea of being here makes me want to violently throw up. Why do I keep doing this to myself? Looking out into the elucidating, glacial rink, it all comes back to me. Oh, how this place has a chokehold on me. It's almost as if it's one of my coping mechanisms, to just release my thoughts. As my skates hit the frozen lake, the automatic sensation flows through me. Though it occurs every time I come back here, I am still not used to the feeling. A heavenly, celestial feeling that I never want to let go of. The ice acts as ketamine, numbing away my pain and anxiety whilst I'm able to express myself through the use of simple movements.

One of the reasons I love this place is the peace and isolation. It simply does not get used often enough, which is clearly a mistake considering the beauty of a background it holds. The recurring, fluorescent sun setting, complimenting the icy glow of the frozen lake, highlights all of its beauty. Although I did say this paradise was isolated, it wasn't at the moment. A black figure, glissading across the ice as if it were water, unknowing of their surroundings. I knew, from one figure skater to another, they were enjoying the peaceful, tranquil songs of nature whilst dancing to the rhythm of it. Entranced in their own world of picturesqueness, I could tell the figure belonged to a muscular male. Could that be him? Surely not, it had been 6 months since I saw him. Him.

I could recall that moment, 6 months ago, vividly. That moment I had first found this place. The lustrous lake. The beguiling background. I knew at that moment this was my place. The strong infatuation and fixation I had on this place was unhealthy. Though it did not matter, because that was the most therapeutic, hypnotic ambience I had felt in a while and I did not want to let that go. Until I saw him. For both the first and last time. My eyes were captivated by his ethereal movements. Seeing him was like a shot of espresso, a breath of fresh air, an incandescent light shining in a dark room. There was a euphoric feeling about it that not a single soul could possibly comprehend.