

Loves of my Life

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Do you think there are phones in heaven?

A line of communication for the people we used to have.

Do you think they'd be able to call down to us?

Remind us of who they were.

Do you think if I used the eleven digits I have seared into my memory, you'd pick up if they had iPhones in heaven.

Maybe even androids

Or perhaps we could text again. Send each other angel numbers every so often

Just so we know that somewhere out there, someone will always be wishing us good luck

At 11:11 you'd know i was wishing for your peace of mind

If I sent you 777 I'd be sending forever luck down your phone

And if I sent 143 you would know that when i say 'I love you' it transcends the confines of morality and numbers.

That in this life, the next life or the afterlife 1,4 and 3 will always be the numbers I assign to your name.

Do you think there are phones in heaven?

I hope so. Because how else would you know that I would lay down my life for you.

It's true I would lay down my life for you, because if it wasn't for you my life would have been laid down already.

I would give you my everything.

My soul My love My time. I'd lend you everything I own.

The parts of me that are not even ready to be given.

In exchange for your smile, I'd hold your happiness within my fingertips like the very oxygen I need to breathe.

Like I possess the very elements needed to make the universe go round.

You deserved the world.

Deserved to be bolstered into the universe. Around the stars where they belonged.

To sit amongst galaxies. Being able to pick and choose which universes to enter.

You made me feel like the luckiest girl in the world.

And I can't wait to teach my kids about the love found right here.

You were part of my favourite timeline You belong to a memory of myself that I doubt I will ever let go.

A section of my life you filled with promise.

And indefinite possibilities.

And promiscuous nights.

Patient laughter found in a heady mix of poignant nostalgia. An entire history of picturesque reminiscence and angelic purity.

Destined to remain a pristine souvenir in the history of me.

Of us

Of you.

The day our friendship drifts off in the wind.

As we go our separate ways.

As time dismantles our universe and our galaxy of stars float away.

My heart will break Into a thousand tiny pieces only angels will be privy to.

But those pieces will be sprinkled with happiness. Like fairy dust.

Floating to the sky.

Painting the world with ones and fours and threes

Because, I know, wherever you both may be,

Even if we never speak again for the rest of our lives

Even if you are across galaxies, giving your smiles and angel numbers to everyone else.

I know I will always, always, lay down my life for you.