

Lost in Love

by Tatev Petrosyan

Pain. I feel it and my whole body is covered in cold sweat of pain. Pain comes from past, rules your present and determines your future. And what's "funny?" You can't get rid of it. It's like a hazy room with four walls from which there is no way out. And you ask yourself "How to get out of this room?" And get the answer "No way". You walk in that room searching for the end, to get out, to see the light, but haze, that beautiful haze, that charming lavender haze which beauty covers you and you wanna stay in that room but then again it leaves you, becomes gray and uncheerful, disturbs you and doesn't let you find the end of the room. The same is with pain. And it's not important if it is physical or emotional, it's destroying you. And the same way I feel now, now and everyday. I'm breaking down day by day and I just can't stop it. I need someone to talk to, but even the walls of my flat turned their faces on me. And the only thing that could help me now are drugs. Drugs... my old friend. Drugs are what will help me right now. With these thoughts I stood up and went to the other room. When I opened the door I saw my reflection in the nearest mirror: my bony, lean body, my long, thin arms and legs, my long, greasy curls that fell over my forehead and reached my nose, my small, brown eyes, in which their former vivacity and fire had died out, and the strange expression etched on my face, which by no means resembled a smile, more oblivion and emptiness. Only this body reminds me that I am Mambre, I still do exist, I still do live. But sometimes even this silhouette becomes disgusting for me, it reminds me that I am still alive and ignored by everyone. I turned away, just didn't want to see my face again. I opened the shelf and again saw something that stopped me for a moment. It was just a photo. My old, dusty and yellowed picture, of those bright days when I was still 3. The picture was simple, but it made me think

bizarrely. There weren't many details, my mom, my dad and I were near the big tree, which looked like a string compared to today. In my opinion it's interesting to watch how nature changes, because even its disadvantages are an advantage, we can't say the same about the person. If a person has felt the pain once, it is inevitable for the second, the third time and so on endlessly until you enter the hazy room.

I looked deeper into the picture and remembered my past, it was all about my parents and especially my mom.

My mom was a peasant girl, born and raised in the mountains. Her features were as soft and charming as those of a mountain deer's, her tall and thin frame marked with the beautiful and delicate folds characteristic of females of their family, her long black braids swaying in the wind, her freckled face beautiful and slightly sunburned, and deep, green eyes with a whole lot of beauty and charm in them. The mountains took their toll on my mom's character, despite her soft and gentle features, she was brave and proud, nothing ever broke her resilience and stubbornness, but at the same time she was very intelligent and caring. She liked to talk a lot and was never discouraged, she was very lively. My father was the complete opposite of her, a rich boy who lived in the center of the city, lived his whole life in the dust and smoke of it and never saw a face of fresh air. He was a thin and tall man, his hair was black, always well groomed, with a small nose and very small brown eyes in which was a sign of life, but I never saw him smile or cry, he seemed to have no emotions at all. He was always silent and calm, and was broken by everything, although he did not show it.

Always wondered how these two incompatible souls came together, but I know that I'm the result of their connection and that I lived my life's first and beautiful 4 years with them.

And again pain. Now it's burning, it's not cold. The picture of my mom stood in front of my eyes

again and made me remember something that I promised myself not to. I remembered how I got in this miserable condition, and why I am now standing in front of the shelf looking at the photo without moving, all in tears, trying to comfort myself. Always tried to forget that terrible case but I can't... just can't, and now this photo shook my memory, and now I can't make myself forget what happened to me in my 4 years, when I first felt pain.

In fact, I loved my parents very much, especially my mom, she used to call me "Mambre dear, Mambre sweetie" and I liked it very much but I didn't understand why Mambre? What is Mambre? but I still liked it.

But one day everything changed. I was only 4 when I woke up from my dad's scream. Scream that changed my whole life.

