

The Milky Boy

Dedicated to 이준호

Written by Yami, April 2013

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내 우주엔 너만한 별은 없었어 내 모든 걸 끌어당겼지
난 아무런 생각 없이 자연스레 네게 안겼지
그날을 기억해? 어 오 내겐 아직 어제 같아

(In my universe, there was no other star like you, pulling all of me to you
Without much thought, I naturally went into your embrace
Do you remember that day? It still feels like yesterday to me.)
[Going Down (없어), CHOIZA (최자)]

As I laid on the crest of the moon, I gazed at the world down below.

My eyes crawled up the slopes, slipped over the hillsides and went through the thick wood, rolling under the brushes. My sight ran across the fields, sank into the rifts, sneaked in deep holes, until it finally plunged into the ocean.

The breath of the night caressed the earth. The small bushes, shaking as if by a shiver, waved their elegant crowns almost imperceptibly. Well beneath that dusty skin, the feeble throb of the earth's heart could be barely heard.

There seemed to be nothing to alter the natural flow of the time.

Suddenly, something entered my field of view: I followed its race to the beach.

Just after it had stopped on the shore, I could finally realize “it” was actually a child. I saw him contemplating the sea silently for a few moments, then he stretched his arms wide open and welcomed its salty smell deep into his lungs. He had smiling eyes and his skin, in great contrast with the brown sand, seemed to be immaculate white.

«A milky boy» I whispered absentmindedly. I thought it sounded like a nickname a little, I really liked it.

Fascinated by that small lively creature, I peeked into his chest and found out it was overflowing with dreams. His honest and peaceful spirit was brimming with life, eager to discover the outer world and to show it his innocence.

I had never thought such an interesting being could be found living in a pebble floating in the wide space. I wanted to keep on watching over him, but because it was almost the dawn, the moon was about to disappear sinking into the horizon. Even if reluctantly, I still had to retreat.

* * *

When I came back, looking down at what was happening on the world, I knew a lot of time must have passed from that night. Nonetheless, my eyes couldn't help but rushing over that beach once again, wondering about the destiny of the human whose image had been impressed there during his previous stay.

He was there. Surprisingly, he was back at the same place, just as if he was well aware that someone was out there waiting, someone who would come and look for him again.

The child was now a boy and his soul, also, had changed.

Once again, I looked into his heart and I discovered it had clashed with the rest of the world. In the impact his dreams had cracked, some of them had even shattered and from those crystal splinters new dreams had been born. Others, engulfed with both envy and jealousy, had tried to get a hold of his original dreams and to cancel the smile from his eyes. He had become shy and hesitant due to the wounds he had received in battle. He wasn't able to show his emotions openly, even though they were still there, as pure and spontaneous as ever. They had just taken shelter in a secret room of his soul, a place where only who had gained the right key could enter. However, despite all the sacrifices, the delusions, the difficulties and the efforts he had had to cope with to bring forth his wishes, his nature had not been tainted yet. The milky boy still emanated a limpid and reassuring light, even if he didn't seem to realize it at all. He looked more like he was completely unaware of the positive effects that his sole presence had on everything which came in contact with him, that very energy that flowed out of his limbs and spread into the air like a melody. His fragile and minute figure had more strength than he could imagine and it was just this unawareness that made him look all the more fascinating.

I had a look at what was over his shoulders, towards the people's cities. There I could see chaos, envy, wars, violence, ignorance, prejudice and terror merging together in a rage.

There were nice things also, but they were few in number and only visible in a few, neutral or partially clean oasis, scattered here and there.

I counted the boy's scars and asked myself how longer he would have managed to survive in a wrecked place like that. Would he have turned into an impersonal wrap filled with grudges and regrets or would he have been capable of remaining himself? He had all the right qualities needed in order to accomplish the greatest things, but his sensibility suffered the blows of the wide spreading evil.

It was the first time for me to show such an interest in a human being, such a strong feeling that it managed to throw my whole self off balance and made me want to protect him from anything that might cause him sorrow, through that innate instinct that emerges due to the existence of something rare and beautiful. Although I wanted to, I couldn't interfere with the dimension he belonged to. I told myself that I should have let his life follow its natural course and let him gather both good and bad experiences, even those which would have been really unfair or frustrating for him.

For better or for worse, everything kept on going and the time for my melancholic return had arrived once again.

* * *

He was lying on the brown sand with his arms wide open, his eyes were lost in the sky. The waves were pushing him softly, as if they wished to awake him from a

sleep he just couldn't manage to wake up from on his own, because of something terrible happened while I was absent. Someone had dug a hole in his chest and had torn his dreams apart. His heart couldn't go on beating without them. The light was gone. His smile had melted into tears. Life was no more pulsating.

It was the most painful event I had ever seen: only one who has nothing to lose, and everything to gain, would commit such a crime, as in killing a pure and defenseless¹ creature just to satisfy your own ego is the most dishonorable and miserable thing only a foul soul would do.

I wasn't able to understand how the world could go on even being face to face with such evil anymore. It was too great a sin, too cruel the fate of that innocent for me to just turn my head the other way.

Unconcerned about the prohibition imposed on my race, ready to face any consequence deriving from my own actions, I stretched my arm and ripped the boundary that divided our dimensions apart. My fingers closed around a star, the only one in the whole sky that had a light equal to the one owned by that creature before. I compressed it and let it slip right into his chest. His body jumped like a machine trying to move again. Slowly, his skin regained its natural colour and his gaze came to life.

The boy stood up. A new energy ran through him and his heart had started to pulsate dreams stronger and more confident than ever.

I knew he couldn't see me and yet, when he lifted his head up and smiled, radiating his light all around him, I had a feeling he could perceive me in a way and he was thanking me indeed.

I stayed, looking at him as he went down the road leading back to his people. This time I was sure that nothing else would have ever managed to overshadow his spirit.

From then on, I was forbidden to look at the world down below again. Even if I was far away, I could still hear the gentle music played by the milky boy.

[Written by Yami (yami.immagina@gmail.com), April 2013]
[English adaptation by Oriana Agnellino, November 2013]

¹ *"Only one who has nothing to lose, and everything to gain, would commit such a crime [...] pure and defenseless": here is intentionally mentioned a passage from the novel "Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone" of J.K.Rowling, with a little modification.*