

I Miss the Old Old Lantern

By Kelven Ka-shing LIT

I miss the old old lantern.
When I was young and innocent,
It was you who brought me downstairs;
Carrying this little old old lantern,
On the day when the moon was full.

I was afraid,
Afraid that the lantern would be burnt,
Afraid that the candle would be hot,
Afraid that you would leave.

Your caring hands,
However just comforted me,
In that frightening moment,
You just held me,
Across the festive path downstairs,
Carrying the old old lantern.

It was my happiest time,
When warmness is no longer in scarcity
When family is no longer in dream.

Today,
I am still afraid,
The lantern would be burnt,
The candle would be hot,
And you would have left.

You really left.

The day when the moon was full could no longer be the same,
I cried,
But please don't worry,
One day,
Under the full moon;
I will hold your hands again,
To show you what I have done,

Writing Raw

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To honor what you have dedicated to me.

We will play the lantern together again, one day.

I miss the old old lantern.

I miss you.

Tell Me That I Am Just Dreaming

By Kelven Ka-shing LIT

Tell me that I am just dreaming.

It was our last night.
When we had hotpot in Sha Kok Estate.
I, playfully, put sauced Chicken Wings into the pot,
The soup then became red in color.
You argued with me,
Saying that sauced Chicken Wings shall never be put inside.
You said that I will be heavily criticized if I am having this with others.
And you kept silent.
After 5 minutes, we talked again, we laughed again, we smiled again.

This is our last night,
An ordinary night,
That we have been coming through for so many times;
That I am eager to have it, for one more time.

Tell me that you are just playing.

We were in a department store,
Window-shopping around.
You told me, a modern flat shall look like this and that;
Or otherwise my future wife will be disappointed due to my bad taste.
I argued with you - I am just a beginner.
Telling you that I need to learn, and please keep teaching me.
And you kept silent.
After 5 minutes, I realized my mistake, I apologized, and you kept on sharing
with me again.

This is our last walk,
An ordinary walk,
That we have been going through for so many times;
That I am eager to have it, for only one more time.

Tell me that I am just dreaming.

Writing Raw

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I stared at the screen,
Asking you how to write a good message.
I drafted, and you said,
'You are so silly how come you do things in this way'.
You revised, screen kept showing 'Amy Chan is now typing'.
I then read.
After 5 minutes, I was touched, and you, like my late grandma,
Reminded me for not committing this kind of mistake anymore,
As you cannot be here with me for the rest of my life.

This is our last Whatsapp.
An ordinary Whatsapp message,
That we have been going through for so many times;
That I am eager to have it, for just one more time.

Tell me that you are just playing.

After the death of my grandma,
You replace her roles,
Teaching me how to take care of myself and my family.
You replace her roles,
Teaching me how to cook well for my future wife.
You replace her roles,
Caring me in every aspect for my future.
You replace her roles,
Accompanying me, walking around the city, driving along different highways,
enjoying some of my happiest moments so far in my life.

I am Nobita, and you are my Doraemon.

Without you, I can never be recovered from the death of my grandma.
Without you, I can never realize my problems.
Without you, I can never know so many things.

And,
Without you,
Kelven, who was buried with his late grandma,
Can never be reborn.

Writing Raw

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This time, I still hope for a reborn.

But the reality keeps telling me that,
This time,
A reborn is impossible.

This is the first time that I hate reality so much.

Sadly I need to say,
Don't worry, I shall live well,
I shall be independent.
I shall follow your advice,
I shall be serious and constant towards relationship,
I shall never forget what you have taught me.
No longer I shall be a playful guy,
As I am now a Mature Man.

You are always my good sister,
Even though we are far apart now.

But still,
Can you please tell me,
I am just dreaming.
You are just playing
Only.

I cannot pretend as usual,
As usual.

Kelven Ka-shing LIT bio: As a Director of an app development company in Science Park Hong Kong, he believed Science is Magic but with time goes by, Science is just too weak to be with our Life. He fills this gap with Literature, and finally a way out comes by.