“Have you ever thought about death?” Jin asked, fingers playing with the weak flower in his hands, small and fragile. What if they could speak, he wondered, would they scream in fear? Shouting out the ache they felt with every cut, the dread of dirty hands snapping them into half, ripping out their colourful petals just for the useless pleasure humans felt?

The thorns however bit into his hand, slowly parting the flesh as he ran over it and making him feel the stinging pain. A faint red colour started appearing from underneath the broken skin, almost as red as the petals in front of his eyes, colouring his vision.

“I wouldn’t know why. Have you?” The other studied the sight of the man sat at the table. He could see the blood slowly pulsating from his thumb, trailing down his palm and threatening to drop onto the floor. Did it hurt?

“Of course Jungkook. Humans do that. It means the end of their memories, the end of their feelings they had felt, the end of living. But like you said, you wouldn’t know.” He carefully placed the flower onto the table, his eyes darting over to the young man stood in the shadows of the room.

“Why are you here?”

“I wanted to see you.” The younger took one step towards Jin, the light of the lamp above the table...
starting to shine onto his face. It was as perfect and smooth as it had always been, the never changing facade of his having always intrigued the older. “And I wanted to ask you again.” Jin let out a laugh, soft and full of adoration for the other’s stubbornness.

“I’ve told you before and I’ll tell you the same again. You’re just wasting your time.” He started fidgeting with the collar of his suit, the blood from his thumb strolling down to paint the white.

“You know I have enough to waste.” The younger countered, standing still with a smirk emerging on his face. He truly had the endless hours laid in front of him, always accessible as time didn’t grace him one bit.

“I’ve become part of this, Jungkook. I have to go through life and death to become one with everything and nothing.” Jin sighed, wondering how an illusion can be so persistent when normally they’re so breakable.

“You’re not real. I mean you are for me, but you’re not real for this.” He ceased speaking, letting his words float in the air around them, the words that existed.

The silence was soon broken by Jungkook’s sweet voice. “If I’m real for you and you’re part of this, then I, too, am real.” Jin only laughed again, sorrow decorating the crinkles next to his eyes whenever he put on such smiles. He really wished it would be like that.

“But I cannot touch you. I cannot feel you. All you are to me is a blurry vision, a distant voice.” His eyes found themselves looking at the floor, avoiding the sharp dark of Jungkook’s eyes. “You cannot touch me or feel me. Or anyone. You’re not real in the sense of this world.” His curved up mouth faded while saying these words, the strong emotions that life provided manifesting themselves in his chest. It was hard to breathe, almost as if he was gonna drown in them, air leaving him with every following second.

“How long has it been?” Jin looked up again, eyes locking with Jungkook’s but all he saw was the memory of a person that stung through his beating heart.

“5 years.” He breathed in, steadily finding the energy to continue their conversation. Being human was full of obstacles that made it so hard to live. “He’s been dead for 5 years.” Jin closed his eyes to get rid of the image before his eyes, but scenes of the past started playing in his mind, the memory of his deep voice resonating in his ears as the feeling of his soft lips ghosted over Jin’s.

“Namjoon’s one with the universe now.” Jungkook spoke up, a gentle tone that soothed the pain in Jin’s chest. “He’s one with life and death.” The younger slowly traced towards the seated man whose eyes were forcefully shut, the grief visible on his scrunched up face. Reaching out to the older, his hand faded into smoke as it collided with him, reminding him that he wasn’t part of what Jin belonged to now.

“I know. But the thing is, we all know when life ends, but when does death do? Is the end of death the beginning of life? And how do you start existing and not existing at the same time, being two ultimates that contradict each other so much, you start to become your own everything and nothing, your own universe like you Jungkook. How?” His voice was filled with frantic misery, the uncertainty of their own complexity ringing into the cold air.

“I chose this though. I chose this because I fell in love. I shouldn’t have but I did and now I’m left with the consequence. With the cycle of life and death.” He took in a big breath before continuing. “I gave up what we were in order to be like him.” A tear formed in the corner of his eyes as the words left his mouth, threatening to trail down his cheek any moment. Jungkook stood there in silence, observing the grieving man as he tried to understand, eyes big and innocent and numb to the situation.

The tear eventually strolled down, leaving a trail of saltiness on Jin’s cheek. Jungkook could see the light reflecting in it. “I can’t be like you anymore. When I die, I live. When I live, I die. The only thing I can do is follow him into death just like I followed him into life.”
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