

SKETCHES OF  
LONGING AND LOSS

*closer*

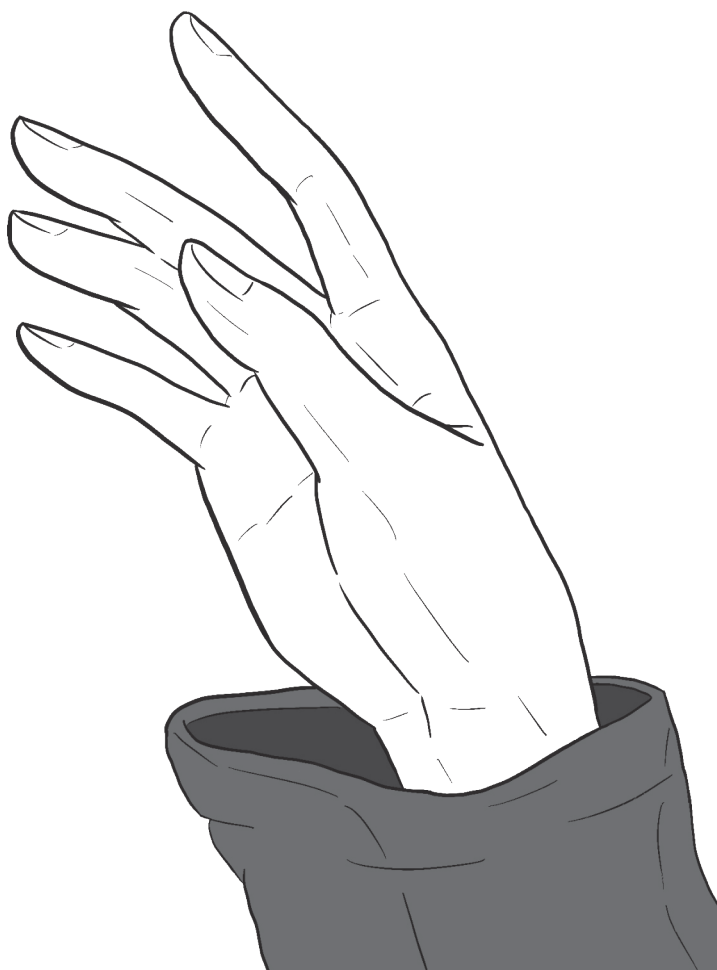
CHAERIN JUNG

**CHAERIN JUNG**  
**CLOSER**



*to the ones we burn for.*

here's how  
to love him:



I had that dream again, the one where we were running.

He was peeling away, hurtling down the streets ahead of me and zig-zagging through the crowd, blonde hair glowing technicolour under the neon of Shibuya's lights. I tried to keep up, gasping harsh lungfuls of the winter air, my ratty Converse shoes pounding the pavement so hard it hurt.

The jingles blaring from every store melded into a mishmash of jarring, discordant tunes. It was difficult to tell how many people were in pursuit, and gaining on us. Three sets of rapid footfalls — no, maybe four. He turned to gauge the distance, those odd grey-blue eyes blazing, lips curling at the corners, pulled back in that manic grin. Then he sped up, surging down the metro station's stairs, cocksure as ever, like he knew exactly what he was doing. I lagged behind, wishing he'd paused for a second and helped pull me forward, put that vice-grip around my wrist and tethered me to him like his touch was a handcuff, a lifeline.

We always start at that point, *in medias res*, breakneck and breathless. When I wake, I never know who we're running from, or where we're running to. All I know is this — even in my dreams, to this day, all he has to do is tug on the leash, and I'd follow.

He never stops. Not for the world, not for me.

I never think to question him, or ask why.