

notes made in seaside

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Summary

this is just a poem i wrote about them when i was missing x1 and their interaction so badly. And i have posted this somewhere else before and i figure why not post it here too. Enjoy a little bit of longing and denial of feelings.

Notes

i miss them so bad :(also e is for evan (seungyoun) and m is for michael (hangyul) as you know.

#E

my yearning is encapsulated into your bunny teeth and booming laughter
there is a fire inside those angelic soul of yours
i want to be the oxygen
feeding it more alive and brighter than it was during the beginning
we are both fated to be fiery beings, twin flames keeping each other alive and well
and sometimes i wonder if we are too much
are we going to destroy each other
until we are left into nothing but embers
floating in the air
looking for each other
in the stillness of a pause
we are at a pause, right?
we are both fiery beings
falling in love with the sound of crashing waves
everything feels out of place
like going to the beach during winter
and looking at your tired eyes through the phone screen
looking for something we are both not familiar with
i am older than you
but you are wiser and more tender
when you hold me close and sing to me
brushing my hair
strand by strand
this is what god do when he try to piece together a universe
centered around heat
and again
we are both fiery beings
stood on opposite ends
dancing by each lick of swirling reds and oranges
my favourite colours
are the colours that made up a fire
oranges
and blues
why aren't you here
i am no longer familiar
with parts that used to
shared intimate space with you
i am whispering to this new roll of waves
are you there?
and the grains of sand i touch with my fingertips
are you there, my love?
i let my whisper carry itself to the sea
this is the piercing together of a prayer
i am resting
believe me

let me be, my love
just please
god, keep him well and warm
forever angelic, forever mine
i will split this jagged piece of desire
that lives inside me unwarranted
and let it cut me
i will let everything go
just please
let things go right again
let us go to the beach when its warm
just like its supposed to be,
like always

#M

kiss me, you said
and you were this web of contradiction
what are you trying to do?
the park bench is cold and so were your hands
i learn what it means when i saw you smiling
and laughing, bright and unattended
i am going up this hill with everything i cherish inside this gym bag
and all i can think of is the music you put before we sleep
continue until dawn comes
but why it is always quiet
just when the sun is a little brighter
i want to remind you next time to put the sleep timer on
then i wonder
do you even sleep at all?
im walking up this hill
my steps are
tracing the memory of your cold hands and the cold beer you threw at my lap and told me to
enjoy it while you sing
and you said to me
does it sound good?
does it?
i want to hate you and the world
and im only twenty years old and all i know is hating the world doesnt make it love you
and so is hating you

you were shoving past people on the crowded sidewalk
we were walking and these two girls in front of us were too slow
and there were a pause in my mind
all i hear through the noise is you calling my name
trying to tell me to slow down
and im strangely afraid that if i slow down and let you walk side by side with me
i would run away all the way to my hometown and give everything up to forget about us
but i had my moments

of anger
of this strange animal living inside me
craving for intimacy beyond what is defined between us
when we were walking together and our fingers brushed
and i want to turn my palm over
and protect your delicate fingers from the wind
you are delicate and dainty and small
then you stood up to your full height
and i realized
this is the kind of person who look at death in the eye and make a friend out of him
i want to wake up next to you
next time, i will teach you how
to put meaning behind the empty promises
and words that supposed to deviate you
i want to taste how your laughter sound straight from the source
and i want to wake up before the music stop
and the sun rising
and tell you,
lets be here together again

#E

you can tell he did not do it often
falling in love, being in love, and stopping himself
he, true to his character, did not refrain
he opens up wide, cutting open his chest
he is used to with things bloody
and trails that went and lead nowhere
he now know that nowhere and everywhere are the same thing when you are living to light a
blaze upon them
he always had been attentive and observant
but this is more, this is staying up until 3 am wondering why the same melody sounded
different when he listened to it alone
the echo does not reverberate
bouncing off the person that had claimed his spot on the ratty leather couch
with his hands safely tucked inside the borrowed hoodie
and how he also tucked this person's heart in the grasp of his smile
when he answer, good, i like your voice

this is stirring the pot on the stove, making ramen when he was not even hungry, just to
inhale the smell and feel the warmth of the bowl
he did not even like green onions that much and his hands already on the cutting board
cutting the next ones when it is already too much
this is, longing
and this is the worst kind
because he could always call him up
asking him to come to his place right now
or driven up to his dorm
asking for coffee together

and yet he
put the green onion right into the pot
and wonder
what kind of love, that makes a bowl of ramen at 3 am to be the best and worst decision he
ever made.

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