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The Bear In My Camera

by Melody Bertucci

I take in all the details of your room, as I sit at your desk on your stool. Your colourful and unique artwork is displayed throughout. Your walls are adorned with skateboard decks, canvases and T-shirts with your captivating artwork on them. Designs of aliens watching over a human, capturing a fish in a jar. The canvas of the monster bug you painted, when you in fact had an illness bug. The painting of a man on a boat fishing in the middle of a lake, who's unknowingly about to be abducted by aliens. All fun pieces of work created by your glorious hands. Each one of them an insight into your talented and artistic mind

My eyes then fall on the large oak coffee table, that's standing between where I am sat and where you are sat upright on your bed. I skip through all the different film names of the numerous stacks of DVD's that live on your coffee table. The shark themed stocking fillers your loving Mumma has given you now also reside there. I see the beautiful and vibrantly coloured orange and yellow tulips you surprised me with and then I'm momentarily lost in the sweet, chocolate orange scent from the candles, that you so lovingly and precisely laid out on the table for me. The sound of a sweet and dreamy tune softly begins to be played by you on your acoustic guitar and adds to this picture-perfect moment, which creates a euphoric happiness inside me.

I reach for my newly purchased camera and move on the bed for a close-up. I look through the view finder and perfection is what I am seeing on the other side. I'm transfixed. There is my six-foot three muse, my best friend, my love and my perfectly sculpted human. Your short brown hair is looking amazing in it's boy band hairstyle, with your fringe draping perfectly across your forehead. Your hazel green eyes in the

dim light of your room appear brown and exquisite. Your thick groomed beard make's you look more and more like a bear and your plump lips so perfectly shaped, are humming along to what I am assuming will become a new song.

I've been snap, snap, snapping away at you the whole day and it's made me realise that, I am a camera, with it's shutter open and just like you with a pencil, paint brush, a guitar or drumsticks, my camera seems to have become an extension of me, but then your alarmed voice snaps me away from this reverie.

"Jesus Baby, your hair!" You yell out, as you worryingly look above my head, where my hair is tied up in a bun. You quickly pat the top of my head and before I realise what's happening, the smell says it all.

"Fuuuuuccckkkk! My hair!" I laugh out loud.

"Yeah you dipped it in the candle on the table behind you!" You reply, not knowing whether it's ok to laugh just yet at the situation that unfolded in front of us.

"The sweet-smelling candles burned my freaking hurr!" I joke and then we both burst into laughter. And just like that I am again lost in you, lost in us and not even the candles that were meant to set the mood and ironically almost ended up setting my whole hair on fire could spoil our evening.