

# Dear Emilia



## Emma Machle

Emma Machle is a junior computer science major who just transferred to ECU from a technical school up in New York this fall semester. She plans to attend medical school after graduation, where she hopes to pursue a career in neurosurgery. In her free time, she enjoys studying abstract mathematics, reading English and French classic literature, singing along to German musicals, taking long walks, working on her novel, and playing with her dachshund Daisy.



I believe it has been, now, twenty years since I made your acquaintance  
Your eyes met mine that night  
When I had neither the ability to recognize you  
Nor the forethought to prophecy what an instrumental figure you would become in my life.

You were nothing more than a whisper, at first  
I did not know your name  
Yet I heard you, when I was left alone to my thoughts  
*One day*, you would tell me  
Though I didn't know what you meant.

Seven years later  
I believe Kelly was her name  
I would sit in the back and watch as the afternoon light reflected off her golden hair  
Envisioning it doing the same off of my own  
Yet no matter how hard I tried, no matter which way I turned my head  
Mine remained dull.

That night was the night  
That I first saw your face.  
My room was dark  
Lit only by a single dim lamp  
Yet even in the darkness  
Your red hair shone bright  
Like a phoenix; bursting into flames.

It began with just your face  
Then, as I grew in age, and in feminine form  
I saw your body too  
Its soft skin and hourglass figure  
Standing in stark, regal contrast  
To my own gangly one.  
*Soon*, you whispered to me then with your flushed, full lips  
Though I still did not know what you meant.

You introduced yourself to me soon after that

*Emilia*, your name was

How could I forget it?

You were a writer, when I could barely pen a coherent sentence

An artist, when I could do no better than a stick figure

A mathematician, when I failed to solve simple equations correctly

A seductress, when I could not even turn the head of the loneliest man

I envied you bitterly

Yet you silenced it with one bat of those long lashes.

More years passed

And that envy turned to an inspiration

Words began to flow from my pen with vigor

Just as colors did from my brush

And proofs and solutions from my pencil.

I sit now in front of my mirror

Its glass freshly clean

You typically approach me from behind

Resting your delicate hands on my shoulders

Yet this time you do not.

You typically move independently of me

Yet now, I cock my head to the side

And yours follows.

I pucker my lips

And yours follow.

I blink

You do as well.

A laugh escapes my mouth

As it does from yours

So many of my years passed

In envy of you

Believing that I could never compare to your radiance and talent

Yet here I sit

And I finally realize

That you, my dear Emilia, were me all along.