

She means the world to me

Imagine my bracelet is the earth.

She is round.

She is gold.

But most importantly, she holds happy memories.

Every charm holds memories, just like countries do.

Like my 10th birthday or the time I went to the zoo.

But now my happy memories are gradually fading away.

My very own world is becoming tarnished in its timeworn box.

I ask my dear little bracelet if she is unhappy with the way I treat her.

She never replies.

So as I grow older, her memories grow weaker and by now I will have new pleasing memories.

I am the world. I hold her memories.

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