

You ignored me, I guess? Silence— four days worth of silence. Walking through the garden of my mind; Parting the heavy, stained blackout curtains to let a little sun in, allowing the petunias and tulips to grow a little bit taller. Before they died again. Before you left again. Because a memory is nothing more than remembrance and reflection on the past: To know someone is to remember some small curvatures of their body in a particularly fond way, for no particular reason. Perhaps, also, the distinct pauses they took between their words, how clear it was that they chose to think before they spoke, unlike you. Because they are not others and others are not them; Instead, they are a reflection on your hippocampus (such a strange word for that which bears the past, present, and future), some lateral extension of the need to be loved— but not by someone who refuses to love you. Hold on to that personality you sustained, unsustainably, for a month or two. Hold on to it, because you'll need it again.

You'll need it to fall apart again.

Pick up the simple pieces and puzzle them back together. A broken bulb will always be sharded and useless, even when glued anew. The light that used to shine from every porous side of the element: Consistent. Natural. Right. It's so different now, existing only in separation and only by way of very careful, very delicate bondage that could be steamed and seared at the slightest word. Phrase. Dialogue. Language. You may speak to me, desire consuming the bridge of your nose and the heel of your palm, but nowadays— I can hear nothing. Because I walk around with my head down and my heart broken. A visitor in my own space. A gardener with a dead garden. So this bed of flowers dies and rots and withers and becomes overgrown and produces nothing. But someone tells me to hold on to it, little girl who knows not of this world, because you'll need it again.

Because you're not loveless.

Grief is gray and incoherent and comes at inconvenient times and in convoluted ways. You wonder when grief will be convenient. You wonder when it will be simple. It never will be, because the piece-apart puzzle grows new arms and new legs everyday. It is relentless, and unkind, and endless. Consuming and raw and tragic. There are so many ways to describe grief— and every one of them is derogatory and futile.

But your mother says that you are strong and brave. And your father says that you are beautiful, funny, and kind. And your little sisters need someone to look up to.

So you burn that bridge and build a new one— Like it's light work.