



Every Way to Say Goodbye
Giovanni Victorio, Lamar High School

We gazed into the soft, silver sky above as it seldom seemed so straightforward to snatch.

Its ethereal elegance, a chaotic culmination of lacquered layers of accumulating cumulus clouds.

The Earth's canvas revealed its translucent brushstrokes, leaking lightly upon the two of us.

Despite how serene the scene, the nebulous storm seemed to mirror my restricted yearning.

If only I were a raindrop, evacuating the grasp of gravity, returning to my ocean of origin.

If only it was then that I chose to say goodbye.

In the comfort of your warmly lit bedroom, decorated with your lifetime of memorabilia.

As if it were a streetlight, shimmering into the gloomy void of such a stormy evening.

Shelves haunted by photos of the characters of your past, the person you once were.

A collection of books with one entry missing, ever since your old friend borrowed it eternally.

Us, wound together within your gray, gentle blanket.

I lift your head from my bony shoulder to gather the courage to whisper; nothing but silence.

If only it was then that I told you the truth.

I envisioned waving my hand, giving the universal signal for "follow me."

You never seemed to understand what I was communicating without explicit explanation.



We shook beneath the harshest of rains, and only after walking not more than mere meters did your face paint that pitiful expression which I can't stand witnessing for more than an instant.

We were only a few feet away from one another, yet the distance had never felt bigger than then.

If only it was then that I had the courage to admit everything.

I can't keep pretending like this anymore.

I can't keep reciprocating the love you surrender so sacrificially.

I can't keep exhausting my emotional reservoirs exclusively for you.

I can't keep throwing myself into your battles to give you a fighting chance.

I can't depend on you in the recurrent regard which you require my repeated ratification.

I can only keep hoping that you'll bloom through your layers of soil, like the sunflower you are.

I can only continue to support you from a distance, a distance we will never walk together again.

I can only promise you one thing from here on out.

I promise to never harm you in the future, past this removal of our bonded bandage.

I'm sorry for faking our friendly facade.