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Goodbye Letter

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Goodbye Letter

Hello.
It's been 6 months.
The tracks your fingertips had left
up and down my arms,
the stains left from your hands on my cheeks,
the smell of your house, of cleaning products
and maple syrup
that cloaked me in memories when i fell
asleep,
a quilt made from parts of you,
well,
they've finally left.
I am finally apart from you,
because as I wake at 3 in the morning
I don't await your messages to brighten up
my cell phone's screen.
The butterflies have left me along with you
because with no hand to squeeze
during the sad parts of movies,
or no lips to kiss
when the slow dance is over,
they've found me to be useless.
And sometimes when I lie in bed,
if i stroke the wrinkles in my bedsheets

it should have reminded me of your veins
that lie within your strong hands
and if I snuggle my teddy just right,
it should have reminded me
of your black bear-like hair that I
often laid my face in.
With your absence has come
the erasing of my senses
and every bit of you is
fading
into the tragedy of the past.
Time has left me no scraps from your
existence,
no crumbs to carry your name.
I refuse to need pictures
to etch out your face in my brain.
I am fighting to keep you,
though I've already lost you and
I don't care to hear what they all say.
Those blank stone eyes are not the same.

Kiara Alfonseca