

Midway Perched

Life feels on pause as though midway perched on a rollercoaster
Stationary, numb, the feeling of being on the brink of the tipping point
My radiant sunny morning walks to the school bus are now pacing the bleak hallways of
my house
I miss our conversations where a friend's warm laugh wasn't projected by the blue light
glow of the screen
Because I breathe better when I hear your breath next to me
Work better when I'm next to your audible pen clicking and clacking across your math
paper
Smiling occasionally and then you nudge me to tell a funny joke
Laughing so hard our stomachs hurt and the teacher gives us a weary gaze so we
mumble an apology
We hold in our giggles, but your laugh still lingers in my ear like a ringing church bell
Because your laugh is handed to me like a rope that pulls me to happiness
The morning excitement of meeting your friends prior to school starting are now
dreaded morning face time calls
Facetime calls filled with silence
Where silence means it's time to hang up
But if you were here, accompanying me, we'd have the kind of silence one would never
want to leave.
Where all I want to do is hug you, touch you, something I have been deprived of for
almost a year
But you are on your own seat of the roller coaster, a few rows behind me
6 feet away.

- Ruby D