

What's so Good about Bye

We are all born similar.
No clothes and ripped from our parent's arms.
What changes?
We all had no riches
yet no rags.
when does this change?
When placed back into our mother's arms?
When wrapped in a blanket
When clothed for the first time?

Why is it that family means much more than the word?

Economics,
dreams,
chances,
but most importantly, family.
Family is what I want.
What I can only dream of
with a slim chance of getting.
Opportunity doesn't just fall into my lap,
not like some.
I have to go looking.

in my little black bag,
torn to shreds
my raggedy old lamb
my means to a living,
there isn't much to find.

walk up the steps,
wait at the closed door
reality.
A cold hard slap to the face,
another door shut since my family left.
family is nothing but a trick,
luck even for those who have it.
It's what I don't get.
Except,
I do get something.
I get what I deserve.
A slap to the face.
and I fall.

The door opens.
"I'm fine."

I cross the threshold,
in I go.
Up the stairs.
This is my chance.
Turn a n e w leaf.
Family.
 one step forward.
 two steps forward.

“Let’s play a game,
the g a m e of life.”

three steps backward.

“You have to get away, you have to!
Please hermana!
Do it for me.
Please. Just stay safe for me,”
her pleading words replay in my head.
Her anxious screams create a sharp pang in my heart.
“Take my hand! I’ll pull you!
 q u i c k!
 q u i c k!”

I move five steps forward.

“I love you.”
the last thing that I heard.

The game stops.
Cheers and groans erupt around me. I look around at my friends.

They laugh. “You won!”

I freeze.
I have never won.
I smile, but I know what’s coming next.
10 steps back and never again.

“5 strokes!
Come on!
You can do it!
You can swim, I know you can!
5 strokes and then I can reach you!”
she *told* me 5 strokes was all I needed.
then she would pull *me* to s a f e t y.
My weight offset her.
I couldn’t save her.

It’s all my f a u l t.

I don't deserve a family.

That Hurricane.
s e p a r a t e d families.
t r a s h e d homes.
k i l l e d.

~

I cross the threshold.
This time,
the opposite direction,
an exit this time.

“Do you want to say goodbye?”
walk down the steps
stop in front of the usual gray honda.

I don't say 'bye.'
Bye is for importance.
For people who love me.
For my family.
It's what I never got to say.