

A Letter to Pluto

Every night when the moon shines its rays into my bedroom I think of you because you are so unbelievably bright. You are so unforgettable in the unique quiet. You are iridescent but you could never fully comprehend, because when the sun would rise you would lose your shine. You slowly step away for what seems to be a brighter mass in this universe. A more important mass that endlessly devalued you. You are everything in its most true essence. You possess all the greatest gatherings and melancholy moments in just one of your rays. I wish you knew how much we needed you.

Love, Mama

She delicately folded the letter into a cloth woven envelope and let a tear that was harnessed in her eye slip down her cheek. Eight months had passed along since that dark evening. From that time she would soon learn how to live without light in her life. How to grieve in solitude. How to learn that there will some be a returning bright mass in her life it just won't take the shape of her daughter.

The end was nearing of another month of toxic humidity and repetitive games of checkers. The sun was at its finale for the day leaving a fascinating hue of lilac purple and warm peaches in the sky. Summer rolled by slower than a winter's lullaby simply placid. Amanda had just finished her third round of checkers with her younger sister Emily when she decided it was best that they part their separate ways for the night. It was obvious my Amanda's premature wrinkles that she had been dealing with an immense amount of pain. All the wincing and frowning asserting themselves as lines. The pain was a gift she'd received from the Alps on a family vacation three months prior. Not even an hour and a half on the blanketed slopes and excruciating pain came from her lips. A sudden move that stained the snow that was so pristinely white. First the parents, then other skiers, then the ambulances, followed by four months in a cast watching reruns of Tom and Jerry all day. Patiently waiting for the pain to pass and the ability to be active again. In short, she was never able to meet that day of complete healing. Paralyzation choose her life and there on and after building a concrete exterior against her passions.

That breezy firefly evening when Amanda and Emily parted ways Amanda realized in a deep place in herself that she had to stop reaching into a void that's scooped out to the bottom of the barrel. There was nothing else to seize. She knew she had lived the best of her life in series of sleepovers, card games, and trips to Cape with her grandparents. The belief that time had fleeted her life and a future as satisfying was unpromising was deep slit in her heart.

That night when she went to take her medication one, two, three, four, five, eight, eleven, twenty-two slipped down her throat taking her life with crickets in the background. It was a shock to all and none secretly hoping they would never meet this day. Amanda would never feel so hopeless in her life to want it to cease. Wishing that she'd realize her existence was the very foundation of her households sanity. She was a peacekeeper and was always witty. The end of her life was the beginning of a bleak age within her family.

The months to follow were to the tune of china shattering against the egg shell colored walls and curses where the majority of the words traded between everyone. The atmosphere was still and congested for months as if time no longer had a control on their household. If curse words weren't being thrown then quietness made his interception. A looming creature ready to grasp the lives of those who were tired and distraught to continue theirs.

After a tropical storm had its time picking apart their house in the once picturesque white-picket-fence place they resided Mama discovered a weathered quill. One she used in her youth for calligraphy practice. She placed it on her study desk and began to scan the room for paper which she saw on the edge of a shelf next to a window sill. All at once feelings started bubbling over words scattered took their rightful place on the paper. She took the time to tell her words of regret words of sorrow words of pleading that she'd returned even though she knew the inevitable. From that day on she wrote to her every day and every letter was packaged neatly in an envelope and dropped promptly to her grave from that day on she wrote to her every day and every letter was packaged neatly in an envelope and dropped promptly to her grave.

Several years passed of words to her lost daughter. Hands had grown permanently imprinted by an outline of the quill's daily position. She knew she might never get over this pain, the suffering, the deep holes severed into her family's lives, but she knew how to wade through each wave and keep afloat. She knew that these letters for therapy that she couldn't afford. Their reason for her breath that day.

The morning air had finally it's toll on her lungs. She could just imagine how decayed they were constantly battling the pollution and cigarette puffs. It was lying down to sleep that night she really had come to admire the moon. The way he was always a companion for her when she had none. She was always grateful that the world left a light on for her while others were asleep. The quill was lifted out of her broken dresser drawer, and she began to formulate her last plea to her daughter.