

The hot summer heat pervades the crowded car- every sweat releases a sensation of jubilation
Nothing but smiles suppress the fiery air
His head hangs over the seat, his eyes rich with specks of emerald
Intertwined like pieces of an 1000 word puzzle- so definite yet complex in form
As I look at him, I'm immediately intoxicated by his warm love

As the trunk door rapidly opens, he jumps out. Unafraid.
His beautiful black complexion basks in the sunlight
Every brave stride gracefully tramples over the terrors of his past life
We all watch, entranced by his mystical air
As he lays in the tall grass I waddle over to him, his sheets of thin hair make my fingers tingle
Then, the tingling stops. He pulls me into a vastness of affection
I wrap my arms around his body
Tight.
My small arms think they are strong enough to hold on but I know they are not
I let go of a feeling that will only make me feel worse
When it's devoured by the cruel shouts, when it drowns in a stream of lonely, anxious sobs
He is still next to me; begging me to hold him again

He begs me every day for 11 years.

And when my arms are finally strong enough,
I wrap them around him, sparking a reemergence of a familiar feeling
Yet this time, the tingling shocks my fingers, repelling them into a crestfallen clench,
the strong sheets marred by the bruises of a hard day
and right when my body melts into his
Right when I hear his heart beating to the rhythm of the hummingbird's song
He takes one last breath, exhaling out all the pain of holding onto something
He knows he has the strength to let go of, and, suddenly

He is gone.