

### *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**