

A Rainy Farewell

This day started as a normal day in Michigan. It was rainy as usual, so nothing that surprised me when I opened my curtains. I put my clothes on, went downstairs to the kitchen and started eating. My mom was talking to grandma on the phone and after twenty minutes she hung up. I miss her so much and feel like I haven't seen her for a hundred years but I was happy she was coming for my sister's birthday. I wondered what we were going to do or if all the family were coming or not. Unfortunately, they couldn't be here for my birthday a month ago for some reason which I don't remember, something important I guess as they never missed any.

Now that I finished my breakfast, it was time to go to the cemetery. Yes that's creepy I know but I had to go because my best friend is there. After she died earlier this year I promised myself that I would go everyday. So I went out of my house, saying goodbye to my mom. She didn't reply; I think she didn't hear me because I was already outside and the rain was making so much noise.

I like this sound, the water falling on the ground with nothing stopping it. I feel the same when I'm walking. The rain falls on my shoulders, on my head setting my hair as wet as it is when I come out of the pool during summer. My entire body is soaked with this invincible water, which comes inside of me and gives me power. This thought made me smile. It can cause so many issues in this world but it gives me power, I laugh. Rain destroyed my life. I look at the sky and watch these drops falling on me. They were watering my eyes, making them wet, so wet that I have the impression I see Heather. She's giving me her hand but I can't take it, so I continue walking towards her.

After sitting a long time beside her grave I stood up. My muscles were tight, so tight that it hurt when I tried to stretch my body. Once my muscles were in a better state I started walking

to the exit of the cemetery. I walked by two elderly people, saying “hello”, but they didn’t reply. I think they didn’t hear me, but anyway, as I was going back home, I noticed that the rain stopped. I wish it would come back to give me the power to go home.

Finally, after a long walk, I arrived home. The sun was back in the intense blue sky. I thought at this moment that I would never understand this weather but I like it that way. Then, as I was in the hallway I heard a car coming close to the house. I turned my head and then my entire body to the origin of this familiar sound. The car stopped in the street; it was my grandma’s. My whole body shivered when I saw the big smile on her luminous face. She seemed so happy to be here.

I stopped walking to wait for her and enter the house with her. I was so impatient because my mom said she had a surprise for me. At that moment I saw her walking towards me, her arms wide open for a hug. I opened mine too. She said; “I’m so happy to see you honey ! Happy birthday !”, but my arms fell and my smile faded as she walked through me to hug my sister. Tears started to flood my eyes to finally fall silently on my cheeks, falling like rain, with the same speed, the same violence, the same sadness, in total silence. They couldn’t hear me crying. They couldn’t see me. I continued to watch them though, I couldn’t move.

Then I remembered that I have not been here since Heather and I took the car out on that rainy day. Mom always talked to my sister without thinking about me. Is this what my existence will be from now on? Watching my family be happy? Forgetting me little by little?

I wish I was rain. I wish my tears had turned into rain and me with them. A cold and violent rain, like I love. I wish I could punish them for forgetting me.

My legs were weak. I looked straight ahead of me through my tears. Heather was looking at me, with a kind gaze that said “let go”. I smiled as I fell in the water and disappeared, from this place, this world, from everywhere. I was in peace.