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The Survivors

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The Survivors

(for Aki)

The morning they found you, the sheet you wrapped around
your neck was lined with patterns you once picked; dancing
roses still danced- their pink petals still vibrant with life.

They wondered if it could be easier to accept your head
slumped down, blonde hair covering the dead
smile beneath, if the sheet was a simple, colorless white.

Callous, washed out emotion. Your feet dangled an eternity
from the great heavy chair that lay defeated,
overturned below. How you must have

tried to reach that chair unsuccessfully, kicking through air
when you saw your reflection glare and shriek
back at the sight of yourself. How you must have

cried in despair- unstable- tying, twisting,
wrapping those dancing roses around your
neck while picturing a crowded church; your lover who

would shudder at his mistake, your father finally sober
in shock at the thought of your loss. How selfishly you acted
in a quick scene, not finishing your part. I wish you

could have seen the chapel's stained glass walls—
bright colors against the darkened,
saddened hearts of the audience that loved

your character and the role you played in each of their every
lives. The survivors cry for you still, and for themselves.
Guilty, angry tears they never saw fall from your clear,

blue eyes fall freely from theirs. Tears you choked back
forever that night; strangling yourself with those horrid
dancing roses.

— Kira Pollack '94