

You Can't Erase The Pain Away

What feels like swirls of big and small flames circulate behind the sliver bit of space behind the nerves of my spine. It's never-ending. I flinched at the familiar smell of his cologne reminding me of the hot breath from his exhale softly blowing against my nape. The thoughts in my mind couldn't comprehend the feelings that had not yet faded. I knew that I should take the little steps for myself, but I carelessly chose what felt like the simpler alternative. However, I did not realize that this would lead my inner voice to get quieter and quieter.

It was Wednesday, March 29, 2022, the third trimester of seventh grade. All of the students were walking to their buses after a long day of classes, excited for the 4-day-weekend ahead. Personally, it didn't matter much to me— a weekend is a weekend. What I was excited about was that my boyfriend and I were walking together. Let's call him Jimmy. Jimmy and I have been a couple for 3 months, and walking to our buses together was our nonverbal way of saying goodbye. His company was very special to me. Suddenly, Jimmy stops. He hesitantly speaks in a mumbling voice with a hint of guilt.

“Hey, I've got something important to say... Can we be friends?” I felt a wave of shock reverberate through my chest, and my eyes

widened as the words started to sink in. It felt like my heart got crushed by a slow, hard, and heavy weight of gravity. I thought that we were in a good place with each other, but I suppose he apparently thought otherwise. I felt as though I had to rush in order to answer his prompt, worried that I wouldn't make it to my bus on time, so I quickly agreed without a second to process what just happened.

“Oh, yeah! Sure, we can be friends!” I said, with a smile as if everything was okay. He sighed with relief, and his stiffness melted as he hugged me.

“Thanks for understanding,” he said before walking towards his bus, maintaining his focus ahead. He didn't even look back once.

My feet slowly made their way up the stairs of the bus. When I sat down next to the window, I couldn't suppress my emotions. I quietly sobbed during the bus ride, trying my best to not attract attention. My voice huffed softly, delicate whispers of despair. I bawled my eyes out like raindrops that downpour from the gloomy sky. I realized that I've been left with two options. One option is adjusting to be his friend and the second is to go through an emotional journey of grief, and I didn't know which I'd have to pick.

Throughout time, the pain of heartbreak hasn't left me permanently. Yet, it wasn't as intense as it was two years ago. My mind was in a state where words couldn't capture the depth of my

inner emotions to even speak aloud, and yet I still drew my pencil on my paper in an attempt to write my words. Even a misspelling can't be erased completely. It just exists as an imprint that can't be removed. It stays as a reminder of what could have been.