

Absent Miracles

Rain trickles down the foggy window in synchronization with the tears making their way down your cheeks, the tears that visit you far too often these days. You pull your hand away from the glass, leaving a handprint on the fog, wondering if the raindrops are the tears of unfortunate souls who left the world in an unwilling hurry, much like someone you once knew.

Your mind takes you back to the small, limp body that they carried out of the hospital bed one morning, a body that you had known far too well. How angry you were at how content it looked, when the world had done it so much wrong.

You step outside into the world, with rain slowly falling to Earth, walking to a place you haven't been in months. A place which only two people used to know about, now one. You can feel the rain soaking your worn-out shirt and your fingers going numb, and curse yourself for not putting on a raincoat.

You make your way up a rickety ladder to an old treehouse, which holds memories from not too long ago. Back then, it used to be buzzing with life and creativity, but now any joy that once lived there has been sucked out. It's old, and rain is falling through the never-fixed cracks in the roof, drenching everything in its sight.

You notice a picture pinned to the wall getting soggy by the second, and rush to save it, but it's too late. It falls apart in your hands, beyond repair. You stare at the ruined photograph, the marred picture bringing back memories of when life made sense.

You drop the soggy remains of what was once a beautiful snapshot of you and one other, and now a soaked ruin. It hits the ground with a wet squelch, and even though it's ruined, you can't bring yourself to step on it, so you step over it instead. Your long hair which you didn't bother to comb is sticking to your neck and back with rainwater, and you climb back down the rickety ladder.

As you walk back to your lonely house, which you never call home anymore, you stare up at the falling rain, listening to it pitter-patter against the hard cement, and think of the beautiful child that you had built so many memories with, and the lifeless body you had seen that terrible morning when reality had decided to turn cruel.

Ever since then, you've been wishing for a miracle.

It never comes.