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Anniversary (Your Third)

Melissa Morgan

It's raining.

The rain is cool, not too cold. Rain starts melting the snow.

I'm wearing the director hat. The one you gave me that day. The day you and your tech crew put on your last high school play. You called it your "director hat" and wore it for all the shows.

You gave it to me after that day. It was my 18th birthday.

I'm wearing my only mini skirt, and a pair of black furry boots. You like this outfit.

Outside you can't really see it though. I have the burnt marshmallow looking coat on too. It's not freezing, but I felt like wearing it. I don't mind anymore that it's past my knees.

I walked outside to go to the library. I know the house is warmer, but I started feeling trapped. I went to check my Facebook.

The inbox was empty.

I only have 37 friends now. ~~Seven~~ Eight go to my school. Six used to go to my school. The rest are all lost childhood friends. Out of all those 37 friends, none thought to send me a message. They were too busy. They all have cars, boyfriends, or drugs. Two of those I want, and don't have. The other I technically...

I logged off the computer.

I went back outside, the rain started coming down harder. My hair started to wave. Curl. After the second time we made love, you said you liked these wavy curls. How they were perfect and natural, not like the ones I occasionally made with a curling iron. You named them my "baby kiss curls."

But you remember that.

I walked to the park.

The mini oasis called the Tot Lot. I came here frequently when we talked on the phone. It's the only park with a swing set. On the sign it says "DESIGNATED FOR CHILDREN 2 TO 12" in big bold yellow letters. I swing anyway. I've never taken you here. ~~I should.~~

The sky is so white, while the ground regains color. Another one of your "ironic events" taking place. But I think this one in particular is beautiful.

I left around 2:00, I started getting hungry.

I walked a few blocks to Jack Straw's Restaurant. I used to criticize this place. But I find myself continuously dipping French fries once into honey mustard sauce, then followed by barbeque sauce. A habit you instilled in me. It's hard to reject now. I know you're sitting there, laughing about that.

I sat at the only outside table. The thinning rain added subtle flavor to my food. You'd like it too.

I walked home. The rain had stopped when I walked through my front door.

It was raining the day we told our parents. I showed them the ring. My mom started to cry. Your dad looked distorted. They said we'd never make it. We were too young. But the truth was, they were wrong. The wedding day is still set.

It will never move.

I Love You.

I'm still yours,

Maddie

I leaned back in the chair, slightly blowing on the ink. I used this old-fashioned

feather pen for special occasions. There have been a lot as of late. When I was convinced it was dry, I folded the letter twice, into three even thirds. The envelope already had your address on it, along with a snowman stamp I got from the post office. Actually, I bought a set for \$8.95 just so I could use them for this.

Barefoot through the puddles, I walked to the corner, dropping the letter in the mailbox.

I imagine you'd get it exactly three days later. Your mom would come into the house, sliding the envelope across the coffee table. You'd be sitting there in your professor glasses, a comic book in your hands. You'd know it was from me and smile.

But you'll never get this.

Your mom will see another letter, addressed to you. She'd slide it on the coffee table, but it'd only fall off the other end. A light patter as it hits the ground. She'd immediately call my phone and leave another voicemail: "Please, stop writing my son."

I don't know why I do this.

I guess because I think of how they must feel. Every time your mom or dad see another letter from me, with cheerful seasonal stamps and the name "Kyle" printed on the back, outlined in red pen, I think of the immense pain that strikes their hearts.

It's cruel...

But then I know I'm not the only one who still notices you're gone.