

It is Everything
by Maria Adamitis

What gave me the power, were those right next to me:
Their smiles, their jokes, their laughter.
Through the struggles, the hard times, the nights of no sleep,
They gave me the hope to keep going.

Now, I see their face only through a screen.
I hear their voice only through my best imitation
Of their voices through a typed message.
The love is still there, but the power is not.
It is hard, it is discouraging.
It is something.
But at the same time, it is nothing.

I sit in the same room, for the same hours,
With the same computer, doing the same things.
It is tiring, it is dark; I am dull, I am sad.

What I failed to realize, was the source of light:
The harsh ray flowing in from my bedside window.
This discovery required a journey,
A trip beyond my bedroom door:

A step, I feel the warm touch of the air and a ray of sun-light strike my shoulder.
A step, I smell the spring air of freshly bloomed flowers from my neighbor's garden.
A step, I hear the sharp song of the birds breaking like glass through the afternoon silence.
A step, I taste the leftover dew of this morning's rain still lingering in the air.
A step, I see the contrast of the ever so pale pink flowers immersed in the rich, dark soil.

The outside is not my childhood friends, my high school graduation, my senior year traditions.
But outside is something, because outside is not inside.
It is something.
But at the same time, it is everything.