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## Unity

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## Unity

EVAN HINTON

One  
floating point  
beyond your pupils  
glowing red  
on and off  
flashing memory  
of words  
truncated thoughts  
which cannot be stored  
in available space

The rising edge of sunrise  
gates  
your departure  
The best approximation  
of your contour  
recedes into a series of terminals  
Your smile has taken  
off

I just sat there. Eventually I noticed Alana's tears, and she asked "Does that mean he's in heaven?" Our Mom replied, "Yes honey, he is." Another moment of silence ensued, and then Alana continued,

"Well, when is he coming back?" "He's not," I answered. We rode home with my Mom and her boyfriend in his green pickup truck. Alana, still confused and exhausted, slept beside me in the back seat. The entire drive home I rested my head on the front seat's center console while my mother caressed my hair and I pretended to sleep. I laid there countless hours listening to them whisper.

Less than five weeks later it was Easter. My numbness had carried me through the funeral and I don't remember sleeping, eating, going to kindergarten, or whether or not I ever cried. My Mom and her boyfriend had taken me and Alana out to Sandy Lake for an Easter egg hunt. It was the first beautiful day that I had noticed since I had lost my Dad. We smiled, laughed, and left our worries elsewhere. At the end of the day we reveled in our treasure filled eggs and Easter themed stuffed animals. When the day was over we piled inside my Mom's small car, separately from her boyfriend because we were headed to visit our Granny.

Hot and tired, Alana and I quickly fell asleep. I randomly drifted in and out of slumber during the car ride. In an instance of consciousness I felt the car begin to slow. Then suddenly there was a harsh hit from the rear. Jerk. Drop. Jolt. Roll. Roll. Roll. Roll. Roll. Roll. Over and over our car rolled. I grabbed my stuffed bunny and held it to my face, trying to shield myself from the flying debris of shattered glass. Finally the car halted. I exposed my face to find that I was partially