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## Summer Storm

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**Summer Storm** Isabella O. Garzillo



## Moving On

Alyson Leigh Ray

The chatter of the radio is usually calming at the least, something like a sanctuary at its best, but right now none of that usual magic is present. I stare morosely out of the window of my car, my face

blank but my hands clenching the steering wheel so rigidly the knuckles are flushed white with protest. The usual hum of the night surrounds me; I can just see the ghost of the moon struggling to appear in the dim blue and purple sky. Another version of me would find this scene beautiful, but I can't, not now, maybe not ever again. The natural shifting of the sun has taken on a whole new meaning these last couple of years. It speaks violently of the muffled yelling I can barely hear through the barrier of my closed bedroom door, of clutching my worn notebook and scribbling meaningless circles deep into the yellowing paper until the tip of the pencil gouges a hole straight through it. I'll go to her afterward, surely. Perhaps seeking comfort. Only to find her doped up on whatever new top-of-the-line antidepressant prescribed by psychologist number I-don't-even-remember-anymore.

She won't even acknowledge my presence when I walk in. I'll do it quietly, though there is absolutely no reason to. He will have hidden in his own room and probably won't resurface until morning. He never does. He'll go in a wild symphony of anger and glass breaking. Her eyes will be glassy, her body still, catatonic, almost. A wax doll. Laying on the unmade bed meant for two that nearly swallows her frail body in its vastness. I'll remember a time when those eyes looked at me instead of through me, glowing and full of life and laughter, but still I will go to her. In the end I'll always be the one that goes to her. As I rest my head on her shoulder, noticing the bruise-like fingerprints that mar her otherwise pale perfect skin, I'll hear her breath. That gentle rise and fall will be the only motion from her for a very long time.