

Forces

Volume 2020

Article 50

5-1-2020

Secret

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Recommended Citation

Black, Melody (2020) "Secret," *Forces*: Vol. 2020 , Article 50.

Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2020/iss1/50>

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Secret Melody Black



Last Summer

Phoebe Cave

It was our last summer. Our last days spent fanning off the heat, waiting for the breeze to chill the sweat on our faces. The sum of our afternoons spent at the corner cafe, sitting

at our favorite table, fawning over all gorgeous names and faces and then daring each other to reveal which one we desired most. It was our last chance to perfect our swan dives and cannonballs off the clunky public pool diving board as our lungs were filled with the scent of chlorine and cheap sunblock that was oddly soothing. It was the last of the nights spent sitting on a scratchy blanket atop our special hill where you'd laugh and rattle on about things I couldn't understand your passion for, but I nodded as if I did. It was our final night when the stars struggled to outshine the light of our small town square as we'd go on and on about our plans for the future, now tainted by the sound of weight impacting the ground and of boots running to find its source. Oh, how I long for that summer. How I wish to be standing in the sun beside you. How I want to tell you which name and face my heart really cried out for. How I dream of that moment of peace before our water wrinkled feet hit the cool, chlorinated water. How I'm dying to tell you not to come with us. How much I try to scream your name louder in my dreams, as if that would somehow change anything. How I needed that summer to have lasted forever, but it didn't. The sun still rose later in the morning. Classes still started with a seat now vacant, and hallways echoing with rumors of your disappearance I am to blame for. Leaves of saturated hues still fell on the place we found you, and the place my erupted stomach contents from the sight fertilized new life for the spring. You were still in the spot we hastily picked and dug, wasting away with the worms. I'm still here, without any rest, without any sleep, without any peace from the memory of how you looked in the soil as I took up shovel and started to fix everything. It was our last summer, the last of everything, and ended with the final mound of soil falling from my hand; swallowing you, and the truth, whole.