

Photo By: Marry

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His Words: A Conversation with the Clouds

By: Marry

 Every day during the summertime, I look towards the clear, blue sky, thinking of him. The sun’s heavenly light shines vibrantly, as if the beautiful gates just opened their welcoming doors for others to enter. He is standing by the door, watching me. As I look up to the sky, I imagine the conversation we would have.

 “Hey,” I’d say.

 “Hi,” he’d reply.

 “It’s been almost a year.”

 “Time flies, doesn’t it?”

 We look into each other’s eyes without saying another word. We weren’t very close during the years leading up to his departure, never talking much. The yearlong separation has caused us to become even more distant.

 “So, how are you?”

 “Ok.”

 “Doing good in school?”

 “Yeah, I’m surviving.”

 “That’s good.”

 Once again, silence has caused our conversation to reach a dead end.

 “How’s your mom? Is she handling it alright?”

 “She tries to show us she’s ok, but she still cries every night.”

 “Your mom’s a very strong woman. I can trust her to take good care of you.”

 “We all miss you.”

 “I know. It happened unexpectedly, didn’t it? It was hard on everyone, especially you and Phong.”

 “I didn’t know what was going on. I didn’t know it was that serious. I just went downstairs to call Phong. If I’d known it was that bad, I would’ve dialed 911 immediately when I saw you struggling, but I didn’t.” He couldn’t talk, but I had seen the desperation, the call for help in his sparkling eyes. That was the last time I saw the lively sparkle.

 Tears begin to roll down my cheeks. “I’m so sorry. I really didn’t know. I’m so sorry.”

 He strongly embraces me, wrapping his strong arms around me, comforting me. “It’s ok, it wasn’t your fault. “

 “Yes, it was! All of it was my fault! I assumed the better and the worse happened!”

 I hadn’t realized the severity of the situation. I didn’t know that he was having seizures. I didn’t know that the few seconds I spent running downstairs drew the critical line between his life and death. His heart had stopped while we were on the line with the operator. The paramedics arrived and revived his heart, but by the time that they did, the amount of oxygen lacking from his brain was so severe that he never woke up again.

 “You had no idea what was going on. You did what you thought was best. That’s all that matters. You’re my baby girl and I’ll always love you. What happened . . . happened for a reason, and you had nothing to do with it.”

 I’ve been seeking forgiveness from him ever since it happened. I’ve yearned to hear his voice, to tell him my regrets, and hope that he still loves me. The past year I’ve been living in guilt and shame, haunted by the flashbacks of what had happened that fine summer day. Any remnant of his memory made my eyes flood in sadness. My heart tightened, suffocating me, as though someone had squeezed its life out. Every memory of him was another pin of guilt stabbed mercilessly in my heart.

 I know he is right. I couldn’t stop fate from taking him away. It didn’t matter how much I blamed myself for his departure, for I was not to blame. Nobody was. Yet I couldn’t face this reality until I see the words cross his lips and hear his warm, assuring voice tell me that it was all right. I knew that this was impossible. He was already up in the clouds, watching us from above. All I can do is look up into the clear sky, and imagine.

 I cherish every second of our hypothetical conversation, as it allows me to share my thoughts, and remember him. Eventually, it is time to continue with the routines of my daily life. As I take one last glance into the serene blue sky and see the pure, luscious clouds, as I feel the sun’s warm embrace, I smile, without a bit of guilt. He’s up there, in the clouds, watching over me, protecting me, and loving me.