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Grief

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Grief

Alena Willbur

Textbooks sprawled on the floor and loose-leaf papers painted with scribbles and arrows: failed attempts to make sense of the tremors and aches that coursed through her blood and bones. Nothing in the thin pages of thick textbooks could tell her what poison was in the sharp needle that pierced through her heart, because nothing and no one could ever have predicted such a tragedy. She lay on the cold, wood floor of her bedroom next to that mess and stared at the white clouds on the ceiling. Rain, saturated with salt, fell from the watery clouds of her grey eyes. A picture burned in her sweaty fist. “No no no no no,” escaped in breaths of wind from her lips. *Please bring them back, I’ll be better, I swear, just bring them back*—bargaining prayers choked any other thoughts. On the floor, she lay. On the floor, ocean waves hovered then crashed down her cheeks over and over and over again until a hand reached out—a hand reached out—a hand reached out and said, “Your family’s dead, but you are—”