

English 11

22 April 2016

~~The Things~~ I Carry Him

The stubbornness. The stress. The emotions. I carry them all. I carry the anger he left me. The pain, the absolute hatred for the reasons he did it. I carry the guilt of it being my fault. I carry the memories. Sometimes I see him in my dreams and wonder if he dreams about me too. I carry the feeling of abandonment and loneliness. Wondering if he ever will come back. Like the dreams that come back. I carry his wisdom and his teachings. His laugh and his smile. His thick, coarse, hair. I carry everything that is him because I pretty much am him. The stubbornness I carry usually comes back to haunt me and it might cloud my decision making. Sometimes I wonder if his decisions will reflect on me and if my decisions will ever reflect on him.

I take with me his attitude. His outgoing spirit. His daughters and his family. I carry his funny personality. His jokes and his punchlines. His never ending humor. I take with me his loud voice and his inner thoughts. I take with me his smile and his eyes. Eyes that when angered will stare into your soul and tear it apart limb from limb. I carry with me his ability to know right from wrong and his willingness to learn more about anything and everything. I carry with me his love for sports and all things that have to do with physical activity. I carry his courageous heart and his ongoing love.

The guilt I carry when he left makes me stronger. The stress and depression that come with his leaving, all make my will tougher. I carry with me everything about him. But most of all I carry him, my father with me. I carry our memories. Our moments. Our family. Our smile. Our personality. Our decision making. Our dreams at night. Our love. Sometimes I wonder if I come to his dreams at night, and if he ever wonders the same for me. Because I know him. I am him. I carry him and everything he chooses not to. And I remember him. The day he decided to stop carrying me. And I'll carry it with me. I'll cherish that and him. And I'll thank him for carrying me. But, I can do it on my own now and I can carry my weight. My memories. My decisions. Our love. I just hope someday he can carry our love again.