

6

## The Art of Forgiving

I lost my mind that morning. And the sun had barely risen. The sky was a soft blue blanket that was to be laid on my cold body. His kisses had faded to purple, his touch hadn't warmed my skin. The fear of such events had driven me closer to my demise. For i loved him. I wished his heart would have beaten likewise. Quiet i lay, eyes bloodshot and open. With a grasp so strong on his tan wrist. But i cannot cry, when Ive lost my mind. The tear ducts in my face don't work as well, and my nose doesn't tingle as well.

"Let go," he grunted "I'm done with you." But my cold blue hand kept still. "I love you" i whispered, hoping his face would soften. But it stayed hard and pitiful. My heart began to thump slower than i have ever felt, and my chest felt as though it was caving in.

He grew angry and yanked his arm again as i reverberated from such force.

"No!" he yelled, and my hand broke off with a dull snap as though i were stone. Still attached to his wrist; my severed blue hand wiggled its fingers and fell to the ground. Shattering into a million pieces.

He watched, with a glister in his eyes that i adored...but turned and walked away. "Come back.." i croaked, but he took a thin figures hand and faded into the distance.

7

Judged  
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