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## Requiem

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*NSU University School*

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## Requiem

*Katherine Haynie*

It's strange how concretely your voice echoes through my head at first. It picks me up and wraps me in security and memories. In it I feel you with me once again, and my world begins to change itself. My memories take life and fill my surroundings, pulsing a new life force into my familiar room. Flashes of scenes roll through my mind, and I imagine— and almost sense— you in the room with me. I return to that happy state of delightful comfort I knew when I was with you.

Then you start to say goodbye, and the world starts to flutter. When you quickly end the conversation, my pulsating life shatters and falls back into the crevices of my mind. But like the ocean wave that leaves new shells strewn across the beach, that world leaves my mind coated with the remnants of those few moments. I suddenly want to cry because I was thrust back into the uncomfortable world and that familiar, dull, little room. My heart cries and clutches for the relics of those memories and mourns their absence. And all that night I carry those crystalline fibers of that moment, to feed my thoughts. But once I let you go again, the ever-powerful world of the present pushes its way back into my life, absorbing those little remnants in its path. And now I reach out once again to your voice, to savor that moment and relish that tranquility. But you are a phantom to me and slip through the net of my memory. No matter how closely I hold your voice to my soul, it fades away, until all I have left to hold on to are the vague outlines in my mind.

They tease me— those outlines— and dance in circles around my heart. I find myself in awe of how quickly you faded into my imagination after being so real just the night before. How did you slip so quickly from the grasp of my heart? How do you live in me so much like a dream?