

## Dry tears

Looking at my reflection in the mirror I see her; her face shape, her lips, her hair and even my fingers are hers. She is everywhere with me, I can't escape her voice or her in general. More I grow older more she surrounds me. Trying to remember the good times we had, but all I can remember is streets full of loneliness, hunger and pain. As much as I run from my past, she comes in my dreams and makes me feel guilty for leaving her dying. I am not her; I tell myself that every day when I get angry or mean, her blood in my veins does not define me. The physical and mental abuse from young age has affected my life in the worse. I am scared people arguing, constant fear that people will leave me or abuse me after caring for me. After twenty years I still catching up with my childhood by watching cartoons, staring at the toys wishing I had that once. I cry at night, tears are weakness that I don't trust people to see. When I was toddler I never cried, I run off and spend my days at streets begging random people for money. Often wondering where is she, why does she leave me again, and what can I do better to keep her. Excusing her for all abuse and that hospital where four months I was locked in that place and been putting shots three times a day that made me sleepy. To this day I remember my mature fingers holding with strong pressure my head under the water, trying to take my life away. I left important piece of my heart at the lake with her, the good part of it. Over ten years later I am still looking for that left piece, to finally live. I am trying continuing live and putting my past in the background. Completely getting rid of it is not possible; running from it doesn't work either, because eventually my lungs are out of breath. All I can do at this point is look back at my orphanage days, shelters, abuse, and her... and finally move on with my life, with a learned lesson. There is a lot of Good in the world; my broken heart with time is rebuilding itself. Once upon a time I ask God to give me guidance, I wasn't sitting and waiting though, I went to church and prayed, I helped poor and weak who had worse than me. I had blessing to live, and I am taking full advantage of it. I could have been that girl that had been killed on the dark streets, or worse, drowned at the abundant lake by her mother.