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An Ode to Friends Past and Present

Autumn Thompson

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An Ode to Friends Past and Present

Autumn Thompson

Belated

It's my birthday today
I'm twenty-two years old
I think about how quickly the time slips by me
Old Christmas cards sent in the mail
Alphabet magnets on the fridge
Ace of cups reversed

Though I sit
Alone on the kitchen floor
Wisps of candle smoke on the stagnant air
I am not truly alone
No, never truly

She is small and fragile
Only knowing of how warm it is to sit next to me
Where once she knew vast lonely spaces
And cold empty nights

She knows not of her birth or death
Not of past and future
But only of am, are, we and together
She makes no sound as she settles next to me
A gentle sigh escapes her as she releases the tension held in her tiny limbs
Small body
Small chest
Heaving small and shallow breaths
She knows not of her mother
Or of a family not so long past

Only of my strange, sweet embrace
And soft coos of adoration
I envy her for it
To be so blissfully unaware
Of her origins
Of times endless stretch
For her moments are so swiftly passing
Fate is cruel with this bittersweet gift
To know not that my love is unconditional
But to accept it wholly regardless

So, I sit next to her
On this day I was born
Casting sideways glances to blown out candles
Atop the single slice of cake
Open envelopes
Wilted flowers in empty vases
The soft hum of the dishwasher
Enveloped in the sweet silence
Because in this moment
I too, could not think of anywhere else I would rather be

After

I awake on a bed of soft green clover
The air is warm and comfortable
A pleasant, gentle breeze caresses my skin
My surroundings are unfamiliar, but I am not afraid
I am well rested, completely, and wholly at peace
Meadows span as far as my eyes can see
Wildflowers whisper on the wind with a distant floral scent
Snow peaked purple mountains line the horizon while pastel clouds move in a
slow, graceful dance across the sky
I feel no pain
No hurt
No hunger
Out of the corner of my eye
A shadow-like figure slinks silently to softly sit beside me
Her familiar gracious green eyes, a perfect match to lush fields which envelop us

Hello, my angel
It has been so long, hasn't it?
Oh, how I have missed you

We sit like this, quietly together
And rest under the enteral sunrise

Autumn Thompson is a fourth year student at UND studying biology/
dietetics on the pre-medicine path. When not studying, Autumn enjoys
baking, writing, and showing everyone pictures of her bunny.