

Him

I'd like to write this for the boy who is always there, even if he physically isn't. You distract me at the best to worst of times. Whether I am sobbing on my floor, too weak to stand, or if I'm simply trying to focus in my science class. If I have one hundred thoughts in my head, you are always at least one. Now the question that raises is who is this 'Him', but honestly I'm not even completely sure yet. I've realized I've been quite selfish to him, anytime we've spent together has always and will always be about me. He has no past, no future, he only has the time he is with me. He always comes to me in any state I need him, if that means for him to just sit next to me, or the cute witty banter he loves to make, despite the fact that no one else can hear or see him. He simply isn't real.

Growing up I never had an imaginary friend, nor is that what I'd call him. The concept of making up a whole person just to talk to always puzzled me when I was younger.

"I just don't see how they can be any fun, they can't do anything for real?"

"Yeah but they don't need to, that's the fun, they can do anything you want!"

This was a frequent conversation that occurred between me and classmates, but no matter how many times it was explained, I never got it. I just never saw the need for one, if I was so lonely why not just play with my siblings, or friends. Now I know this sounds quite pretentious of me, but again I thought this despite the fact that my siblings and I rarely spent time together the more we aged. The topic was brought up less when I grew up, which is ironic since that's when I feel like I actually started to understand the idea.

I'm not exactly sure when I started to think of him, but the more dreary my life became, the more he was around. It was slow, picturing someone I could express this distress I was in, someone who wouldn't yell when I'd cry but rather comfort and hold me during the late hours of the night and early morning. It was always him, he was always the one who told me the things I needed to hear in those moments. Selfish of me not to ask if he was also alright I suppose.

"I can't, I can't keep doing this, I can't" I'd repeat over and over again.

He'd tell me to picture myself out of this place, out of this room, out of this house. A future where I'd be living on my own, even if I was young, there I could do whatever I wanted. I was often brought to the same scenario, painting in my backyard that looked like it was out of a fairytale, with him beside me. That would be all I needed to calm down, that one simple scene playing over and over in my head while I went to sleep. Whenever he spoke to me during these times, a feeling of safety and warmth would wash over me, but this melancholy feeling would

quickly follow. Would I ever meet someone even close to what he was, would I be stuck to settle for someone else, or would I just never meet someone at all. All these thoughts would run through my head if I thought about him directly. But none of that mattered in these moments, all I needed was his comfort.

Soon enough this idea of my fantasy future was all I could think about, it was the only thing I wanted to think about. And all of a sudden for the next couple months, what was once a thousand random thoughts in my head, were now all about, 'Him'.