

# “Holding Up the Sky”

by

Anonymous

I see people with eyes for only the ground. They cannot fathom the concept of a sky. Palms pressed hard into ears—block it all out, block everything. Faded eyes tell nothing, crooked lips say nothing. They are silent. They are still.

A therapist drives through the night without the radio because sometimes it just gets too hard to always be listening for something. Why do you we always have to listen for something when nothing’s ever there? She enters her apartment, dark except for the warm glow of the lamp in the living room that she forgot to turn off. She passes through the hall and into the kitchen, past the mirrors that tell stories of faded eyes and faded life, past the pictures of people she never knew. Sets her coat and purse on the kitchen table with a sigh. Opens up the fridge to get some leftovers and thinks of all the people she saw that day. All the stories she heard, all the things that used to make her sad but now she doesn’t know what isn’t sad anymore. Maybe everything is sad. She thinks of all the people in the world that are sad and wishes she hadn’t. Because she can’t help them all. She can’t even help herself.

I dreamed that I had a gift for holding up the sky. I dreamed words came free and easy. I dreamed that I could make it all better. I dreamed that the tears fell upwards from eyes and frowns curled up and that maybe if I could take all their sadness, everyone would be happy. That’s all I ever wanted.

I think of these things and wish I hadn’t. Because I can’t help them all. I can’t even help myself.