

I can see. More than I could. Small visions clearing the way. I know what to do. Do I know what to do? I'm not confused. Not like before. When I was young. When I was scared. When I was always lost. No, not like before. Hidden physically and emotionally. Being the person they wanted me to be. The person they needed me to be. But now I'm found. Light shining through the cracks of the façade. And now I'm found. Peeling away each layer. I am found.

I had a friend from high school come visit me a few days back. Haven't seen him in three years. We laughed. Drank. Confided in one another. It was nice. To pause and press rewind, just for a moment. We spoke of a mutual acquaintance, one I liked and he didn't. He would tell me stories of the friend I once knew. Heartbreaking stories that had me stand as a bystander. I apologize for my ignorance.

Then he would tell me stories of me, or the person I used to be. Still the same bystander, different subject. Apparently, I told him to "fuck off" after he saw me sitting in my car, casually staring at the dust on the dashboard, in the school parking lot. I don't remember why. But we didn't talk for a few days after that. My friend laughs about it now. I didn't think it was that funny.

I wanted to come back to present time.

How dumb.

I am in present time.

And that light tastes so sweet. Like never before. She's bright. No corner is dim, no shadows. Evenly lit in this big empty room eager to be filled. Bright room. Almost blinding. I can almost see everything. A little blurry. A little far away. But not clear and dark. Bright and blurry. Bright and blurry. I can see enough. Enough to find my way.

And I can finally see.