

First Tears
Musings from "Survival"
by Brit

I can't find you! I don't know where you are and time is running out. I wandered back here to your apartment, at first I thought because I could look around again, find a clue—*any clue*—to where you are, what happened to you.

Where are you?

If someone were to ask me how I felt right now, right at this moment, I wouldn't be able to describe it. *You're* the one who's supposed to be good with words anyway. I guess it's just that I feel empty. But then in the next second I'm overwhelmed with a sense of, well, *loss*. Like my left arm were missing or something and I keep forgetting it's gone. I'm trying to pick stuff up, but I can't because my arm is gone. *Or maybe it's my heart that's missing?*

Okay, so I'm getting soapy. *Sue me*, I can't stop myself and you're not here to do it for me.

Does that make sense? Yeah, I guess you'd understand it, but only because it was me rambling on. I find myself walking around your apartment just...feeling you here. The statue on your coffee table, the plants, your guitar. It's almost like part of you is here.

And I don't feel so alone any more.

Where are you?

I wander around, picking up things as familiar to me as the stuff at my own place. Each reminds me of where you got it, what was going on. Reminds me of you. Reminds me that you're gone and I don't know where and I don't know how and I don't know why and I can't find you and I can't do this alone and...*what the...?!*

Tears.

Where did *those* come from? I haven't cried since...since I can't remember. No, I can. I haven't cried for anyone since they sent me out here from the City, since my father died. I cried then. Cried for days. Cried because what had happened. Cried for what I loss. Cried for myself. Endless tears. You wouldn't think a kid would have so many inside of him.

No one understood. Nothing could make me feel better because the single most important person in my life—my dad—was cold and dead and stuck in the ground and there was nothing I could do to change that.

Something like that will make you hard inside. Bitter, I guess. I couldn't tell you exactly what it was. I'm sure some shrink some where's got a fancy name for it. Whatever. All I know is that I was destroyed inside and I cried until I made myself sick, then I cried until I was so hoarse I couldn't speak for days.

Then it was like something inside me just broke. Or shut down, I guess. Dried up. I vowed I would never cry for anyone again because it wouldn't do me any good and it wouldn't bring them back and it wouldn't make things right and I never wanted to feel that lost again.

But you changed all that didn't you? Taught me a lot of things Blintz, though I'd never admit it to anyone, especially you. Like that it's okay to talk about the things that hurt. That it's okay to lean on somebody. It's okay to trust. That it's okay to say "I love you" and mean it, even to a guy, even to your best friend. I learned all that from you.

So here I am wandering around your apartment crying because I'm so damned frustrated and so stupid scared that I won't find you in time. And I'm crying. If you were here you'd tell me that it's okay to cry. *It hurts, pal.* It really hurts, but the tears are loosening up the knot in my chest and I'm thinking straight again. You're not even around and you've taught me something else....

I guess when I met you, when we became friends, *real* friends—not just the kind of guy you hang around with once in awhile and play pool with and stuff—that "thing" inside of me that was like a rock I carried around went away. I couldn't tell you when exactly or what did it. It just was gone. Like a bullet wound that one day just healed. I think that was because of you. And now...now you're missing.

Where are you? I've gotta find you, pal. I've still got a few more things to learn and I need you to teach me.

~Brit