

Purpose by: Tierrah S.

I think about the day.

The day that I fell.

People ask all the time, but I hate to tell.

Cause in my mind, it's all on me

And what had happened didn't have to be.

And although it's true that I blame myself,

It wasn't you or anyone else.

I hate to be negative or show my pain,

But the hurt in my heart is too much for anyone to maintain.

I feel as though I lost everything I had,

And all my love just had to go bad.

Everyday I go to class and watch my peers

Getting dropped off by their parents

They have had for years.

I'm starting to doubt that I'll ever win a race,

Because when I start to walk through a door,

It shuts in my face.

I know I'm looking in all the wrong places,

Because in many other things I win all the races.

It's just so hard to want to love

When your mom is looking down on you from above.

The sun beamed on my cheeks as I waved good bye to my friend heading towards my "home". Really there was no one there. No mom

or dad. No brother or sister. It was just me, a bench, and Silky the crow who always came to visit at night. I looked up as dark clouds engulfed the sky. A storm was coming and was it going to be bad. I headed towards McDonalds to see if they had a bench under shelter. Silky was sitting in a chair by herself right in front of the door. The three pink feathers at the end of her tail separated her from the rest. I sat in the seat and pulled my clarinet out of its case. I left the case open hoping some kind soul would be generous enough to help a 13 year old. But in New York, that was highly unlikely. I started playing the solo that was given to me in class. I watched as people came and left, looking as unsympathetic as a cheetah would to a gazelle. The winds slowly started to get harder. "No!" I shouted as my music flew away. What was I going to tell my band director this time? That my dog ate my music? I packed up my clarinet. The roof over the patio of McDonalds started to leak as the sky shed its beautiful tears called rain. I packed up my stuff and decided to stay in the garbage bin for tonight. As I put my binder in my bag, a picture of my mom fell out. The other half of the picture burnt off. The salty tears on my warm cheek made them so sweet. I rubbed the edge of the photo where my dad and sister used to be. "If only I had paid attention." I whispered to myself. I remember the day like it was yesterday.

The night was cold but it didn't matter because I was with my family. My sister, Lily, had just gone to bed, while the rest of us were downstairs. I saw a bug on the wall and attempted to grab my shoe. "Every life matters, no matter how small." My mother said, stopping me in my tracks. She grabbed the moth in her delicate hands and let

it out the back door. "Whatever." I said, as arrogant as can be. I turned sharply not seeing the table with a lit candle on top. "Ouch! Stupid table!" I yelled as I hopped on one foot, tripped and fell. Slowly, I watched the table fall over, dropping the candle onto our wooden floors. The fire spread within seconds. My mom ran upstairs to grab my sister. The fire started to burn my feet. My dad ran after my mother. "Go Mily! Run as far as you can and don't stop!" He yelled. "But DAD!" I yelled. "Just go!" He said and he ran up the stairs. I ran as fast as I could, obeying my father. I ran on the dry grass that had just suffered from a drought. The force of our house exploding pushed me to the ground. I turned in pain as I looked at the remains of my house. The fire was nothing compared to the tears that burned my cheeks.

I felt the scar on my foot as Silky rubbed her soft head against my face. I climbed inside the garbage bin and fell into a deep sleep. When I opened my eyes, I saw my mom, dad, and sister Lily. They all sat on the other end of the garbage bin. "What are you doing in here" my mom asked. I shrugged my shoulders as I looked around. "Yes you do," my dad said. "Mily, what have I always told you?" my mom asked. I thought about the moth on the wall. "Exactly." she said, as if she were reading my mind. "We were all put here for a reason. Don't let trapping yourself be your purpose." "But what about y'all? I caused your lives to be taken away with our home," I said while crying. "This world is not my home, I'm just passing through" My dad said smiling while rubbing my cheek. "And soon, you'll be with us too." My sister Lily said. "And you can meet Grandma and Grandpa and even

Jesus.” I laughed. It felt so good to hear her voice again. “ Can you promise me one thing, Mily?” my mom asked. I nodded. “Find your purpose. And remember this, It wasn’t your fault.” I looked down at my picture. “Thanks,” I said as I looked, only to see that they were gone. The storm had passed. I grabbed my bag and went to find my purpose.