

Light up the world

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You're running, feeling your muscles moving, obeying your orders. You don't know for how long your lungs have been working, how much time has passed till you were supposed to fall on the ground and never stand up back, because your body doesn't have enough energy anymore. You can't consider how painful it is because a grief of the words still resonates in your head, an agony of sentences take away the last piece of your belief, your personality is coupling with a suffering that is being shouted by your legs and arms. The whole world around you is falling to unknown and you don't know what to do, where to go or what to look for.

You can't remember when the door closed behind you when you turned the key and plunged on the floor lifelessly. Everything around you just disappeared right in the moment when you heard those syllables, that sound; laughter and cruel, wicked truth which your thoughts had been whispering during the darkest nights. But suddenly it was all so real, so near, you thought you could touch it - catch it. It's destroying you to see how low you are, how you're refusing to get up for the reason that something inside you wants to give up. It's destroying you because somewhere deep inside you hear a voice saying that you can beat it. You have no idea for how long you've been lying, for how long you've been staring at the ceiling letting every single thing to collapse with you. But it is too late, you're lost too far. And so you're just listening to a person stepping in, her boots clattering on the tiles. You know that it is her, you don't doubt it because no one else has so light steps, no one else moves like her - like if everything can be made just with a smile. But will you ever be able to smile again?

She's saying your name. You've heard it so many times from her mouth, so many times she's spoken to you, but you've never realized how your name sounds before, how her lips are moving to pronounce it. However, now you hate this name. It means everything what you never wanted to be and what you've become now.

"Get up," she's telling you kindly. It seems to you that she doesn't want to hurt you, though it's unimportant. There's nothing left in you, nothing that deserves to be saved, nothing that *can* be saved. "Get up," she's repeating.

You don't have the strength, not a thing that's living in you. You've run away like a coward because that's what you are, you've been listening to the truth dwelling in you for the whole time, the truth you have known and still, you didn't want to admit.

The truth broke you so much when they spoke out, when they were laughing at your face and you were incapable. And that flash - that flash which changed everything would

remain with you forever, nonetheless you want to burn it to ashes.

“Get up and talk to me,” she’s commanding you. She’s never done so before; she’s never acted that authoritatively to you. Maybe that was why you’re sitting up, forcing your eyes to see the real world, not that one in your mind. “Tell me what happened.”

You’re looking into her eyes which you’d never mistaken with the others. It isn’t because they’re nearly identical to those ones of yours, but because no person capable of feelings would ever forget eyes of his mother, those eyes always opened and prepared to listen to windows to the soul. And so you’re saying: “They’ve found out. I don’t know how, but now they know where I was last month.”

“And what?” You want to object, nevertheless she’s forbidding you. As if it is that simple as if just a smile is enough. It isn’t. It has never been. “And what if they’ve done so? Does it matter?”

“It matters,” you’re whispering. “It matters, it matters, it matters. Because now they will make fun of me, now... now they won’t let me disremember and will laugh at it.”

“But just because you let them,” your mum’s trying to perceive you – a woman who has never gone and you know she will never do so. That’s why she’s called mum it’s *her* definition. “People will do what you will let them do. If you show them that it doesn’t affect you, they’ll stop. If you smile at them and persuade them that it’s over, they’ll give you the freedom.”

“Except the detail that it’s not like that!” you’re gasping out hopeless. No one’s getting it. No one’s getting this emptiness, this nothing that’s yet expanding more and more, that will one day take a control over you and you will be helpless, your *mind* will be helpless. “It still matters to me, it’s still important! It won’t get any better with – smile! Most of the things won’t get better with a smile, because of a smile-” *a smile is just an irrelevant thing, just a waste of time, which people thought up to be able to be silent when they don’t have any other words to make others believe that they’re okay.*

“No. A smile is beautiful, a smile is needed and indispensable,” she’s saying to you as if she knows what you’re thinking about. “And when you smile at them when you show them, that it isn’t worth it...”

“I don’t want to,” you’re barking and trying to breathe, trying to be awake, not to sink into nonentity that claims you. “I don’t want to pretend nor play. I can’t do it. I can’t put on the view that it’s fine, that it’s not about it when it isn’t true. I should tell the truth, so why are you now telling me to lie? To again be... there?” You can’t force yourself to speak out the title of this place where you’ve been, where they’ve locked you up and you couldn’t run out. You’ve been a prisoner to yourself and though they’ve said that it’s getting better, it isn’t like that. It will never be better and you know it.

"I will always be there," she's murmuring towards you and she's saying your name like it's a pray and everything that it's worth living for even if you hate it with your whole soul since it is *your* definition. "If whatever happens, I will always love you and stand by you. It will change nothing and nobody can discourage me. I love you and I will be here. I won't leave you."

For a moment, there's silence and you suddenly realize that you can't see clearly. Your eyes are filled with the tears slowly rolling down your cheeks, meaning sheepishness, a relief and thankfulness as well. Because you can't tell her, you can't make yourself to do so, to say that you love her, too.

With your whole heart, whole nature and with your own thoughts - like you've never loved anybody and never will. She is your mum, nobody can overshadow her, nobody can stand in front of her. She is everything that God could send you and she is a song sang by the angels during dead days. There is a good in her, a good too big and too generous for this world.

"Even if I lie?" you're asking; your drops of sorrow don't allow you to inhale regularly. You let her hug you, to remind you of a bright side of the present.

"But I don't want you to lie," she's laughing quietly and brushing your hair. "Smile at me. Smile to let them know that you will make it, that you're strong enough. Smile at me, my little. Light up the world."

You're closing your eyes and imagining a haven in her arms. Your mouths are twisting to the up as if they're pulled by saints watching over you, waiting for this second. And though you can't believe that it's real, you're smiling and sensing how the whole world behind your eyelids is waking up.