To move on, To climb the stairs.

By : araukie

Some thoughts bundled together.

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I am sorry, I really wanted to make time for you, I always do.

Don't worry, everything is fine, I am okay.

But I do think about you alot, you know that right?

Is that so? So you think about me alot?

Yes, I care about you alot, and think about you daily, you are supposed to know this much, aren't you?

Thank you, for thinking about the plant frequently, but never pass by to water it.
Thank you, for reminding me how you feel passionated about flowers, but why is it that I never caught you looking at them when they cross your path?
Thank you, for abandoning your pet, and just when it has found a nice spot outside, far away, reminding it how much you care.

I found myself sitting here, on the lowest tray of the staircase, then realised there were two things I could do.
Maybe I could have been waiting for your return, filled with bitter pain and tears in my eyes.
Yet as soon as I whiped away my first tear, my eyes became clear, and so did my mind.
It would take some effort, but I knew I could climb all those stairs up if I did it with determination.
All the way upstairs, I knew you would not be able to find me, but you were the least I would need there upstairs, at that place I wanted to be.
I climbed the stairs, without fear, without chariness.
No, not tray by tray, as soon as I had set my mind, I ran, I ran as fast as I could, all the way trough the stairs.
And yes, that's why even though it was not that long ago, you find me here relaxing, instead of welcoming your return.

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