



CANADA 150
EXPLORING OUR NATURE

"From Where We Left Off"
by Sophia Sityar

I like looking into mirrors
Not because I think I'm attractive (well, slightly because I think I'm attractive),
But because I like looking at the person in the mirror
Because while everyone else sees either the short, quiet kid pacing through hallways in her navy blue hoodie
Or the girl who spazzed out during the last three months of school
I see every version of her
When I look at her, I see who she was
who she wants to be
Even if she isn't that person
Especially, if she doesn't have the guts to be that person
And sometimes, I see you there.
But you see, the difference between you and the girl in the mirror is while I know the most exclusive, intimate sides
to her
I don't even recognize you.
If I were you and I looked at myself in the mirror
I still wouldn't remember the colour of the eyes staring back at me

When I look back to the first few chapters in the story of you and me
A spark ignited in August's calm wind
One that I thought would eventually die out
But we would walk such great lengths together our heavy breathing fed the flame
You would entangle me in your arms so that I was forced to look into blue-tinted windows that led to your soul
I saw skies with colours so vivid and boisterous
It made it impossible for clouds to dull them
And those same skies were infinite
Which is what I thought we would be
But I guess it's true when they say that pride comes before the fall
Because as the chapters progressed
I became accustomed to the habit that every time I looked in the mirror and pictured my future, you would be in it
And clearly when you looked into mirrors, you saw someone in your future too
it just wasn't me
Slowly, you found someone else
That liked the same books and TV shows
And actually understood the difference between Marvel and DC
and when I went home that night I went straight to a mirror
And in my head investigated all the cool people I imagined myself to be
And I knew not one of them would be good enough for you
And as chapters went on I became more desperate to struggle in this quicksand of Us
Because this is no more than a bump in the road... Right?
We just need to wait until the red light turns green again... Don't we?
I'm not happy.
"But we've been through so much-" I know.
"We were supposed to be the exception..." Well we weren't.
Because if we were the exception to every cliché rule in the book about how distance doesn't work
Then the last conversation we had shouldn't have been you cutting me off mid-sentence by pressing the red 'end
call' button on your side of the conversation nearly nine months ago
If we were the exception we wouldn't have needed small talk to comfort our final moments in the death bed of Us--
in fact, there wouldn't even have been a death bed-
Because if we were the exception, no matter how far apart we were, I wouldn't feel so alone
If we were the exception, I wouldn't need to reread chapters 1-4 in the story of you and me just to remember what
could've been
Just so I could dig a hole in that time again and live in it
If only I could get it into my head that we weren't the exception
Because while I'm here reading the same sentence over and over again
You're already on your next book
We were not the exception
And I need to get that into my head
I need to stop looking into mirrors just to see what I want to see--

I need to stop looking at us just because I still wish that's how my everyday life could be
While I was waiting for Godot, Godot was waiting for me to realize that He never even existed
That chapter's over, it has been for a while now
It's time I start reading on from where we left off.