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## Halloween

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# HALLOWEEN

*Drew Heuermann*

My mother and father recently got divorced and I fear for my sister and her sanity. I am lucky because I get to be away and forget all about the broken glass inside my chest.

In case of emergency break the glass.

I take English with all the American kids and it is exciting because I don't feel like an underdog. I need perfect English if I want to be a journalist or I can just change my major.

Eloquence.

*You are literally a piece of shit.*

Now it only hurts when I laugh. Whoever said that was a genius. I laugh all the time.

If you fall and no one else is around to listen, does it still make a sound?

I love going to class and drinking coffee at Sprau tower every morning.

I might not love it as much when the ground is coated in snow and I am coated in despair, but I love it now. Coming home is the hardest part. Sometimes I feel like I go days without human interaction. School study clean the house sleep school study.

I am fine most of the time, but sometimes I wake up in sweat not knowing where I am. I pinch myself to make sure I still exist.

I ache in Portuguese through the

snowfall

exams

money problems

lies

karma

nightmares

self-doubt.

*Saudade.*

My brother's face looked odd that night  
as if it were part of the broadcast that shone from the T.V.  
as it illuminated his slumbering form.  
Light gray, almost white around his lips and along his jaw and cheekbone.

He was still wearing the garments of a Samurai on his twisted body.  
I wore the loose fabrics of a ninja, per his request.  
"A nice one, though."

I saw an old soccer ball in the corner  
that he had taken back out.  
It had been years since it had tasted our touch.

And then that was our last night really  
before I headed out to the coast.

I put an old Power Rangers blanket on him  
and then slept next to him on the floor  
hoping that his hand might drop down  
and touch my face during the night.