

Rosita Carbajal

English 100 Wed 6p-9p

3/1/18

Song Bird Draft #2

I can hear his teeth grinding as the handcuffs smashed onto his all ready bruised up wrists.

“I’m so sorry, I’ll be back, I promise.”

His voice echoed throughout the entire building as they pulled him down the stairs. Silent tears are already rolling down my pale cheeks. The poor little boy just clinged to my right leg as I tried to shove him back into the silent room. Without a word in my mouth, I closed the door once again.

No need for words because this was already the fifth time this year. A boy without his dad. Nothing was changing, the same silence as it always has been.

The little boy was now five years old. Five years of his short life that was without “him.” Each time just a little bit longer. Each time was a different excuse, another apology. But these doors were staying closed.

The consistency of being alone was only becoming second nature now. Not just for me, but for my son. This tune had been played many times before and it was already drilled into my little boy’s head. All he could ask was how much longer? I just looked down at his big brown eyes and grabbed his little hand and put it to my heart.

“Adrian, as long as my heart keeps beating, I will never leave your side.”

He looked up at me once again and gave me a smile. I could see the comfort in his eyes. I knew his innocent heart couldn’t take the truth and the heartbreak of this reality.

It was a relief knowing he wasn’t around. My heart was so scarred, that the pain from his absence no longer phased me. Our relationship only consisted of lies and apologies. Each time a little bit more intense. As I sat down to collect my thoughts, Déjà vu of this same instant flashed in front of my eyes. But this time for a different reason. I thought I had buried this sorrow but the rush must have drug it right back out. I can see a girl approaching my door. She began to bang on the door and yell his name.

“Alex, I know your in there!” she yelled.

He pretended like he didn’t hear her childish voice. I clearly did. Although I wish I wouldn’t have. As I approach the door, he quickly barricades me in the hallway by our once happy room and yelled for me to just leave it alone. I was so confused I didn’t know what was happening. It felt like my body was in sleep paralysis and I couldn’t move a muscle. My mind was playing tricks on me I thought. I felt as if I

was in a state of unconsciousness. Then quickly some sense came to me. He was cheating on me! I jolt past him, swing open the door, and ask her what the hell was going on.

“I’m pregnant.....I need to see Alex!” she said in almost a whisper.

My heart again skipped a beat. My face turned pale. I then again, closed the door. The silence began to take over that once happy room.

That song bird kept singing that tune, each time a little bit louder and a little bit stronger. I couldn’t keep letting myself fall into this unjust pattern. I was getting stronger each day that passed by. That little boy needed me, and I needed him even more. He deserved much more than the emptiness that he was enduring. I was taught to forgive but never forget. All of these emotions of darkness were always buried back in my mind. I referenced each and everyone as that time was coming near, reciting that hymn that the songbird kept humming in my ear. All that mattered to me was my son, Adrian. How was I going to protect his innocent little heart? How was I going to raise him to not be like neither his mother nor father? I needed him to be stronger and smarter. I didn’t want him to think that this life was what a normal life was. I had to do something and had to do it quickly. Months came and went. Although it felt as if I was still frozen in time. My thoughts and feelings haven’t changed.

I get a call from the Chester County Correctional Facility around 10pm on a dark, cold night. I had received many from this place but never had the courage to answer until tonight. I had already had everything recited on what it was to say. But as soon as I heard his voice my face turned gray.

“Alex,” I said. With a hesitant tone in my voice. “I have to talk to you about something important and I need you to listen carefully. My body trembled as I tried to get words out of my mouth. It just seemed so unreal that this moment was here. I didn’t even know where to start. There was so much just bottled up in my heart.

“What could be so important that you want to tell me? You haven’t answered my calls in months?”

“I’ve done a lot of thinking and I have to do what’s best for me and my son, I’m tired of the heartbreaks and the emptiness in my heart!”

He already knew what I had to say, his voice went silent. I could hear his whimpers as if he were in a distance. He knew this time would be the last. Just a few simple words may seem like none, but to me these simple words was a start. I didn’t want him to just disappear. Even though there was a lot of hate and betrayal there were still some light. My son was my light, and he was a piece of his father.

But how could that be it, after all that we have been thru. It wasn’t it, we weren’t even halfway thru. As I left out a bit that he would see very soon. Another heart that I had to love back too. It was just the beginning of the end.

As he was saying his goodbyes, I stopped him just for a moment.

“Alex I just want you to know, we will always love you.”

“But why now? How could you do this to me now? He cried.

“Because I can no longer bare to have you corrupt another heart.”

I slammed down the phone, closed the door, and locked it tight.