

The Morning Smile

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I've always known you. From the bottom of my heart, I know I know you as deep as the love I know you have for me. I mean when you spend almost every day of your life next to your best friend how could you not know them? Your coffee and cigarette smell. Your soft and warm hands. Your smile and the wrinkles around your face. Your caring giving kind soul and the way you make me laugh day by day.

Every single morning, we meet in the stairs, the bedroom, the kitchen, all those places I grew up in. Between the morning light and our whispering conversations, you smile, and I smile back every single time... with a cup of coffee and a small sleepy talk you make the breakfast you know I adore. Some fruit or a sandwich, fresh out of love. You keep on talking about how the day should go, the lunch, the weather, the flowers, and then you give me a little hug.

How little did I know a few years ago that sharing with you the morning smile would bring me back to life? I don't quite know what it's all about. Maybe it's because spending time with you almost feels like coming up for fresh air when I'm drowning. The days go by, and it gets clearer every time, nobody else will ever love me the way you do nor will decide to be the mom I never had. That day when it only took you a second to decide, you held me into your arms and made me yours, you saved my life, and you don't even know. Sometimes I go back to the time you were at the hospital, and you couldn't breathe without a machine. When after a rough night you were trying to sleep in between noises of nurses and turned-on TVs. I was holding your hand when you let go and I thought you were gone. I cried so loud you woke up and held me back.

I feel so proud when people say "You look just like her" I'm really glad I got your looks and not hers. Sometimes it hurts to see you smile through the pain and I wish I could take it all away. I wish my smile would save your life just like yours has saved mine. I'm not even able to leave your side now, I guess I'm just scared one day you won't be here when I decide to come back.

Inspired by my superhero, my grandma-mom who wakes up every day before dawn and makes sure I'm whole.



-C.