Christmas Morning

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Christmas Morning

It was Christmas morning when simple no longer defined what we were. It was that day when “family” became “people.” I never again harbored a selfish thought, we were all too busy praying for you. “Fuck you!”

Like city folk in a simple town the words turned unaware heads. She thought the door was closed. He thought we were upstairs. People say that you can recall the day that your life changes. It was that day that it ended and began. Never could you revert, for people are not pawns, the game can’t be re-set. From simple words come complex men, and things that were, are simply that. Don’t dwell in thought, however impossible to resist. “I thought of that day, years later, when I turned 16,” she said. “They were Gods to me and you.”

But like understanding the Holy Trinity, “simple” does not suffice. For simple people are strangers; and the people we’ve become are real. No complex thought, when in a child’s mind, can be explained in simple terms. “One day at a time,” they said. “And soon you will be just like you were.”

But is and was are the same as “were” When you’re going on six years old, as people tend to forget. “Fuck You!” and “We’re Through.” “Our Fault?” “Get that thought out of your head! It’ll all be normal again one day.” But normal is not that simple. You claim to barely remember it now. That you were far too young. “We’re fine people now.” But like a simple fact wrapped in complex thought, I always recall that day.