

Moving On

By A. C. Zito

Dear Mom and Dad; brothers and sisters; families and friends. I'll be leaving now. But it'll be like I never left. They're just replacing me with a clone of myself. You see, I'm not strong enough for this planet. No one is when you have to walk in shoes filled with sand, wear jackets made of lead, and feel like every inch of your body's been taped with dynamite. Knowing any minute you might explode. The replica of me is nice. He says he's excited to take my place and enrich himself in the cultures and ways of the human life. I'll, on the other hand, be going back to where he's from. It's because everyone's nice there. Everyone's respectable to each other. You don't have to deal with the harsh realities that are the human way of life. No one will judge me for trying to express my heart. No one will shun me because, in me, there is the loving part. And they will help me to learn and grow but in a safe environment. Not this toxic one. I feel frightened living on Earth. They say now I won't ever have to feel frightened ever again. I wish you farewell, and I wish I could wish you farewell in person, but it wouldn't make sense to you. Because you won't understand; you won't understand how the next day I won't be there. But you'll still think I'm there. But I won't be. I won't ever return again. And I'm glad. I'm excited to be going on my journey and living somewhere where I can feel happy, carefree, stress-free, and where I'll be able to finally breathe. Come to think of it, I'm having trouble breathing now. It's this place, this environment, these toxic elements. I must go, but I'll keep a log and let you know, back there, how it's going.

LOG 1:

It's been fifty Earth cycle days that have passed; but for me, only a couple of hours. The ride here was wonderful. They let me stop at many scenic vistas and many rest stops for a snack or two along the way. I've quite enjoyed their hospitality. But the ride is over, and here I am. It is quite beautiful here. I love how they've built me a cabin along a forest with so much green; you'd think you were in Albuquerque. I know, silly joke. None of that here; there's no such thing as comedy here. They wouldn't want to offend anybody. I seriously do understand that, but I do oh, so love a good laugh now and again. I told them how it is healthy to laugh. They tell me they do. But they laugh at the joys of life, not when it comes at the expense of others. They laugh when a baby is born for they love the celebration of new life. They laugh at weddings for they believe the love two can share together is so great, one can't not feel an overwhelming happiness surge within their bodies, and up and out of their bellies. They laugh mildly at funerals. For it is, most importantly, a time for mourning, but there can come a time, now and again, when the reminiscence of the lost one can bring back good memories filling one's heart with happiness and laughter. But, of course, most importantly, full of love.

LOG 2:

A day has passed for you all while on your Earth cycle journey, but ten years has passed for me. I have a family now. A wife; kids, three little baby girls. My wife, Persimmon, wanted to name them after old rivers I used to stargaze at back, once upon a time, with lost lovers. We both have been so unbelievably blessed. Our cabin, our little cottage by the woods, feels like a home now. I can't wait to watch them grow up into strong, young, beautiful, independent women. I know they'll take after their

mother. She has a heart of gold, that woman. Sometimes I can't help but cry, thinking back to the days of when I was with my loved ones. But Mother Nature has had its way with love, but it will never have its way with hope for a better tomorrow.

LOG 3:

Fifty years. Fifty years. I'm sorry. I'm sorry it's been so long. Why? Why have I waited? Why have I waited for this moment... when I'm old and no longer young anymore? Even though, for you all, only a week has gone by. Well, I'm on my deathbed. And Persimmon told me to write out a few lines. She told me just to write out just a few... before I go. And it's been good. Persimmon's been good to me. And so have my three girls. And the grandchildren they gave me. We've been blessed. And now I must go.