

Hidden Away

We chiseled our names into an old, moldy bench so that we could claim something as ours. “ALC ♥ DMR”, it still sits there, hidden in the back of the park, covered by the overgrowth of green that has now consumed that abandoned place. The last time I saw that bench was the last time I saw him. The bench kept me sitting tall and caught my tears as I sat there listening to my heart break, withering to the bottom of my stomach like a leaf falling from the towering trees. Its strong back supported me as I leaned back to take it all in. I wondered what the bench thought of us. It had seen our first kiss and now our last one. I know that if I went back, it would be there; calmly waiting for me, ready to let me rest there again.