

Seymour Savant
by Beatriz Alegria Fernandes



To Withdraw is to Recant Jennifer Chou

Now, I sit in silence as these archaic machines take better care of her than I ever could, and I draw. My hair cascades down the side of my face, a barrier against scrutiny and judgement. My pencil traces melancholy curves on this notebook, pursuing invisible images that can never be recreated. This is a tribute to the times we used to spend together, reminiscing about the future through traded secrets. This is a remembrance for her hands, tracing melodies on the blankets we burrowed under, imparting a tiny shred of wisdom with each imagined note. This is an offering for the praises she has imparted, and I am reluctant to succumb to the rancorous truth for fear of her disappointment. I do not want to shatter her dreams for me.