Pierce My Heart

By Ayanna Brett-Klein

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I am staring at a broken door,
There's nothing left here anymore.
My room is cold, it's making
Me insane.
The leader of Tokio Hotel
Sang softly.
It was a late afternoon
On a normal day.
There I lay on my bed
Letting myself get lost
In my current
Band's music.
Nothing was in my mind but BLANK.

"Skyler."
The sound of my name being called.
Bolting upright,
I nearly fell out of bed.
Dad was calling me
His voice cracked.
I stood up.
Beads of sweat
Slowly slipped down
The back of my neck.
Why did I suddenly feel *nervous?*
There was no reason.
I found it difficult
To put Tokio Hotel on pause.
But finally managed it.

Dragging my feet, I made my way
To the kitchen.
I tied
My jet black hair back into a ponytail,
Knowing how it annoyed
Alex for it to be
In my eyes.
They were sitting at the table.
Alex had a smile on his face,
But an unfamiliar one.
Usually it was boyish and bright.
This one
Tight and crooked.

"What," I said.
Sitting down
Dad cleared his throat
And ran his hand
Through his thick
Blond hair.
Messing it up.
That was odd, too.
Nothing in Dad's appearance
Was ever out of place.
Including his hair.
It was always slicked back with gel.

"We have something to tell you,"
He said.
Screw it, I thought
And reached back
Pulling the rubber band out.
My hair tumbled down.
This was obviously serious news.
Couldn't take it
With my hair styled like that.
"We've decided to move apart," Dad whispered.
"In other words, not live together," Alex helped...
SILENCE fell

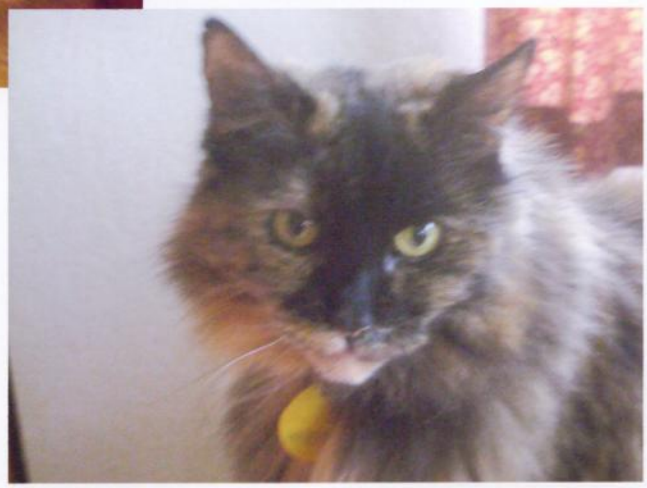
It was as if a *PIN* had dropped.
I looked down
Letting my hair fall around my face
Like a curtain.
"Skyler," Dad said,
Touching my hand.
I jerked away.
Standing up
I began to pace.

Alex followed me
With his eyes.
"*Breaking up*!"I shrieked.
My voice going up
An octave.
"Well," Alex began.
I turned fast
Stopping right in front
Of him.
"Moving where?"
"To two different apartments," Dad answered.
"When."
"Soon," Alex answered.
"Why?"
"Because we just have decided," Dad sighed.
"Decided just to be friends," Alex finished.

Details came flying at me:
Boxes will be needed
Newspapers
Time-off from work
Moving truck
Storage space.
Which pets would leave,
Which pets to go with whom?
Sander to stay with Alex,
Grace to stay with Dad.
Mickey to stay with Alex.
"Slash!" I suddenly said.
My big black cat
Was my best friend.
"He'll stay with me,"
Whispered dad.
Letting out my *breath*...

Anger filled me once
Again.
Opening my mouth
To say something.
Nothing coming.
Storming out
To my room.
Door slamming be-
hind me.
Throwing myself on
The bed.
Crying...

Packing beginning
Next week.
Everything I owned
Thrown into a box.
Getting rid of things.
The hardest
Saying goodbye to Clover
The cat,
Stevie the parrot.
Can't even imagine
Life without them.



Books vanishing
Junk *gone*.
Room slowly becoming empty:
No emotion.
Stone-faced,
Letting the days pass
Being lazy
Getting yelled at
For wasting time.
Not packing
Moving drawing closer
Finding out the big day
Happens next week.
Besides it all,
Summer school
Volunteer work
Working to keep grades up.
While trying to keep a straight face
Pretending that everything is okay...