

## ***A CROOKED CLOSET DOOR***

***By: Anthony Zummo***

*“Do or Do Not. There is no Try”*

*I'm letting go little by little*

*but I am.*

It was the last first day of elementary school. I held myself together the last four years. The freezing classrooms, the duck shit all over the outdoor hallways. This specific year my teacher, Dr. Knowls, my eldest teacher thus far, didn't seem to be the kind of old lady teacher you'd hope for... more like a house might fall on her any second. I sat in the back, in the only “double desk” without a partner. I preferred it that way. I was very successful in school with limited interruptions. The obnoxious fifth grade boys weren't my cup of tea. I felt no need to impress anyone even on my first day. My nails were unpainted, my hair long and nappy as always. The room was entirely too small, the kids entirely too loud, the teacher was a bitch and I looked like shit. Nothing to look forward to but sex ed... then the door opened.

A ridiculous creature walked in the room: a human, if you'd call Him that. He was too tall, his head didn't quite fit into his ears, and his hair seemed unnaturally spiked, for the gel He used transformed his hair blue. I wondered, was that his intention? It looked ridiculous, and there was nowhere for him to sit but next to me.

He didn't talk to me the first day. I seemed too uninterested for him to try to talk to me, but that only worked for so long. Once ignoring Him didn't work, he started to put pencil

shavings in my desk and would rearrange all of my stuff when I went to the bathroom. Sitting next to Him was a nuisance, the kind I avoided for years.

One day we had to bring in an apple for an in-class project. I grabbed the shiniest reddest apple I had and brought it. I didn't trust leaving to use the bathroom while the apple stood on my desk; only God knows what He'd do to it. So instead of acclimating my life to his annoyances, I finally said something.

"Don't touch my apple, I'm serious," I demanded. I was never good at making threats. When I got back I noticed the apple wasn't where I left it... surprise.

"What did you do to my apple!?" I was pissed now.

He leaned in and put his mouth by my ear and said, "I stole your apple and licked it all over." He stood up from our conjoining desks and went to the bathroom. I watched him as he walked away. I was in love.

*I have a key to my castle, which has no doors. It's a place with no walls, ceilings, nor floors. I walked aimlessly for no one can I confide, my sword on my back and my gun on my side.*

*I walked through my halls, no soul at its worst. People come into this world, seemingly cursed.*

*I know I left you with no time to spare, and I came into my castle, while the door stayed out there. I have the key to my castle, which has no doors. I live in my own world **alone**, quite better than yours.*

Universal was packed with people. All our friends but two went back to the hotel room. Halloween Horror Nights 2007 was so much fun! It was just the four of us sitting at some deli on City Walk at one in the morning. The constant exposure of smoke and rain left me

looking like a mess. We were all exhausted but there was something keeping me going back to my room with Tracey. He and Mikey sat across from us, He was eating his pizza, his favorite food. There was something that needed to happen before we went back, but I wasn't sure what it was. I felt the night was incomplete.

Once He finished his pizza, He leaned across the table and put his mouth to my ear and said, "Come with me." I got up and awkwardly followed him. We turned the corner and the smell of the bathroom instantly shot up both nostrils. Fat drunk people were walking in and out, men and women. He put his back on the corner of the wall. I was certain of his intentions but played stupid. He gestured for me to get closer to him. He faced me and put his arms around my neck.

"What?" I asked him blankly.

"I love you," he said nervously. His hands and knees trembled. His eyes shot from side to side as if mechanical. He moved his hands to my hips and pulled me closer. He leaned his 90 and I leaned my ten, and for the first time ever. My lips touched his. My tongue rested atop his. It was the first kiss that didn't result from "truth or dare" or with some guy that I went out with for a week.

Our friends sat confused on the other side of the wall. He and I danced for several minutes connected at the mouth. It smelt like shit outside the bathrooms, and everybody must have been watching us. I was in love.

*Ain't it funny how life turns out? Put in one puzzle piece and another one pulls out.*

*Where one problem starts a solution begins. No sense of victory yet infinitive wins. In with one friend and out with the other. You were boys with this kid, now your boys with his brother. I*

*guess what I'm saying is people always change...but you'll always have your one true love, a love everlasting and never deranged.*

We had just gotten home from Universal. My mom drove Tracey and I, and His dad drove Him and his friends. I waited for Him to call me that night, which he did. We met up and walked around the city. We went to the pool to have some drinks and smoke some weed. I knew how the night would end, as did he. I lied on the pool chair, and he sat on his looking at me. I kept reliving our scene in front of the bathroom the night before. I knew he was too.

Once the bowl was finished we started to walk back to my house. I was annoyed because I knew my parents and my brother and my uncle... would still be awake. I wanted him in my bed, naked.

I opened my door slowly, just in case we got lucky enough that they were sleeping. To my surprise, and for the first time in my life, my dad was in bed by 1:00. It was meant to be. We went into my room, the red walls, heart picture frames, dimmed lights, and the candles I bought, made the ideal setting. Nothing He and I ever did was a perfect picture, but this was something out of a PG rated Disney movie.

It took Him three tries to get on the wrapper. His frustration was so cute. He obviously never has made an attempt at this, which showed me He was telling the truth when He always promised me I'd be his first. All these years of sneaking out of my window to go to His house and vice-versa and we finally did it, again and again. I was in love.

*I walk through the valley of the shadow of death; i fear no evil. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. I have sinned against haven; I against your lord. I walk through the valley of the shadow of death; thy shield and thy sword.*

I cried our last few months in Weston. He was Tally bound and I headed to UCF. He bothered me about my decision because I got into both schools, I just... need to be able to see other people... we both do. He and I have been attached physically and emotionally for eight years now. We stopped going out in October, his decision. We were fighting constantly, and he was very busy with his work and his films. Our love over time, still remained never changed. It's June now and I leave tomorrow morning. I think it'll make me feel better if I sneak out my window. I will lay in his arms again tonight, unsure when ill see him again....

"You've touched my heart you've touched my soul. You've changed my life and all my goals."

"I saw that day, lost my mind. Lord I'll find...maybe in time you'll want to be mine."

Maybe in time you'll want to be mine."

I miss Her so much. I truthfully think about her all the time. I won't admit that I see Her everywhere I go only to be disappointed that it isn't Her. When my Mom came at me with a knife, I easily detached. When my best friend got addicted to drugs and never made a positive attempt, I easily detached. When I got addicted to drugs, I easily detached. When my dad got sent to prison, I easily detached. When I said goodbye to what's left of my family, I easily detached. When I held her the final time and put my lips to her ear and said, "I love you," I cried till the sun came up. Call me unprioritized or insensitive, but everything was ok because I never had to say goodbye to Her. I now know nothing of detachment.

*I'm letting go little by little*

*but I am.*

*It sometimes hurts I sometimes cry.*

*And there are time too where I can never meet a standard,*

*where questions flow unanswered.*

*I'm letting go little by little, but I am.*

*My mind races unlike the hare*

*who had the patience to compete.*

*My heart has been to hell.*

*The walls that surround me,*

*it's torture in a shell.*

*It always hurts*

*I always cry. But I'm letting go*

*little by little*

*But I am.*