

Why Would He Say Sorry?

Written by Biruk

If life was even the slightest bit fair, I wouldn't be blind in my right eye nor would my health be deteriorating at such a rate that I will certainly die before my father.

I never really bore much resemblance to my father, weird as it may be, I was always hairier. He has told me that some fragrances make him remember parts of his life more than anything else, and that much I agree with. I remember my mother only from certain scents: earth, grass and moisture. I completely understand that me not having much to say about my mother is odd, but I was so young when it happened that I don't even know what she looks like.

My father was young, so young in fact, that he didn't yet live alone. He was much smaller than his parents as well. And at first, I don't think he considered me much of a child but rather a friend, which I didn't mind because friends spend lots of time together. As time went on, he even barely talked to me, no, he barely even looked at me, it was as if he couldn't even bare the sight of me.

People would always just come and talk to me for some reason. They would tell me secrets, maybe I had trustworthy eyes, or they just knew I couldn't tell anyone else. But they always came to talk to me, and it was hardly ever interesting enough for me to just sit and listen. All of the conversations have one thing in common though, they were never good things, always the dark secrets people couldn't tell another person, a significant amount were accompanied by tears too.

When we were young, we used to play football, that was really awesome. Ohhh! Ohhh! One time I really wanted to play outside and was finally allowed, but...I got too excited and just might have scared the neighbors, that changed me and the outdoors.

He wasn't home much, and when he was, we just played football, I don't think I ever truly understood the rules. When other people played, I would just be left out, he didn't really care about that, he just kicked the ball around with me and was happy with just that. But even that stopped.

It was like he aged a decade in a year and he even sounded the different after that. He never stopped touching my hair though, I never really reacted but sometimes my hair would get in my eyes and it would hurt, even long after he had left.

He always used to get on my level to talk to me, never looked down at me. This time he was on his knees, the ground was neither clean nor dry, he just looked at me and with his forehead pressed up against mine he just cried, not even a word uttered. It is a weird sensation when someone else's tears run down your face, and even weirder when that tear is headed towards your mouth. He made note of that, "That would be disgusting." He couldn't allow that to happen. He lifted his face and just looked at me. "Just say it, I promise I won't tell anyone, just please." But I never did say anything, I didn't know what to say and even if I did, I couldn't.

My right eye started going bad but his didn't really change much. He just sat on the floor to look at my eye that could barely see. Like looking at it from the top, bottom or side was going to cure it. He just said "I'm sorry, you didn't deserve this, you didn't deserve any of this, I'm sorry." I just don't understand why he had to apologize to me for my eye going blind or if anyone ever went blind because they deserved it. But at that moment all I could think about was when we used to play football and if I couldn't see anymore...

Now I can barely see with my left eye, and have no desire to eat, I just wait to see black or nothing. All I can think about is what business a child had getting one in the first place, he was just a kid, but so was I. I haven't seen him in years and probably will die before ever playing football with him ever again.