

## Letter to Ruth from Carrollton

Dear Ruth: The streets of West Winter street are lined with broken snow flakes and plastics that were meant to be recycled but were left behind by the dump truck. I think about picking them up It's a choice that does not have a universal answer but it's a question that makes the world take breath like it's been suffocated underwater and has just submerged the surface. Are we constantly drowning under the choice between good-will and evil? I like to think my answer is always goodwill but I didn't pick up the left behind plastics. I didn't care enough. Does that make me Evil?

He didn't care about me, Grandma.

It was like fast-forwarding a movie to see what happened in the end that has no end. There was no end

The camera in my brain took pictures of my future with him in them My heart beats back and forth between goodwill and evil like a yoyo being controlled by a toddler that's never played with a yoyo. I've hit the sidewalk a few times trying to keep the camera in my brain focused on his face His brain had a camera too. It had a camera that flashed only when I was in the very corner. Hidden like a report card that was meant to never be seen by the eyes of mom and dad

Does it make him evil?

Does it make me evil for hating him?

He's evil. He was like a bad haircut, he was like working late on Friday, he was like running late for school and still having to defrost your windows, he was like going out to eat at your favorite restaurant only to see that it closed 5 minutes ago, he was like taking a drink of sprite and finding out it was water, he was like getting a new pair of headphones and losing them the next day, he was It was evil to stay somewhere where I was dangling by a thread

It was a goodwill to use my crayon

My crayon is not coloring a picture. It's making new lines with my hand as it's guide

It doesn't drawing something pretty. It makes it harder for the camera to focus.

There's only one face to focus on now though.

The camera doesn't have any trouble focusing. It's time traveling without time to flash.

I just see me. I don't see him, the crayon took care of that.

I think I'll buy flowers for myself on the way home. I think I'll rent a movie with a good ending. I think I'll call someone who wants more than my ear in their picture. I think I'll pick up the plastic on West Winter Street.

I can't wait to take a picture with you. Love, Morgan.

—Morgan DeWitt