

Who Do You Have

Mellanie Perez

Friendship is like a warm towel you take out of the drier and wrap around yourself. In times of need you know where to find it or at least know how to make it happen. Many times during our lives, we feel like we have this all the time, and we take it for granted because it seems like time passes by slowly and we have all the time in the world to make something amazing blossom between two people. So meanwhile, we put up with a lacking bond between our “friends” and we feel like the world is humongous. So we keep on moving forward, moving between friendships, finding ourselves better ones and then lastly believing that we’re going to make it last. Alright, so what happens next? Time does. Time, like no other, has the power to make or destroy, to shape and to mold, or to disregard whatsoever.

The circle of people that you used to trust, and to believe in like nothing else, grows slimmer and slimmer every day when everybody starts ricocheting themselves into adulthood, shaping their own lives and never looking back. It’s just like people say, college years are the years when you run for your life! The people that end up making it to your future are those that stick by your side all along, and friendship just grips at the best of people, tending to its roots, and the only things you can share, even if that is just that Skype call once a month, a phone call once a week, and memories. Lots and lots of memories of everything you loved of that person, and of the experiences you used to share together.

This is how we run for our lives, extending our arm behind us, with our palms wide open, like we do with little kids, waiting for their grip, for them to hold on so we can keep running. Hit pause, and picture yourself in my life: When you are sitting next to a really good friend in his or her car, in a full parking lot after having been at the mall running some errands. It’s early night, the sky’s clear, we flip those car keys in our hand, and we also have our cell phones. This would be the epitome of freedom. We sit there, for a long time, wondering what to do with our free night, where do we go? And mainly, who do we call? We waste almost an hour, searching through our endless list of contacts waiting for a name to pop up, going into Facebook and reading statuses that may direct us somewhere, a friend we can reach out to, someone who will really want to be with us. This is the moment we ask ourselves: Who do we have? We realize we have no other.

We also realize that we are always searching for that person who will really understand the value of our time; that we don’t have forever. Even if they do feel like they have it, because they’re making their lives back home,

we don’t. We try, and we fail, and all there is left is to keep on running: looking for that someone who will answer the question of why it never worked out with anybody else.

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