**“you are the center”**

As the sun falls on this day I rest my head on my resting place, you ask me a thought: “Who is the center of my life?”. As my mind runs in place, I stumble on an answer for the question that riddles in my head: “I am the night sky, and you are my twilight.”. A statement that I formulated that holds such symbolism for me. In truth there is no center of my life, I thought to myself. As I, the night sky: which has no center, but twilight: it is but a filling. “Whom could be the twilight?” You ask. I search through my head, for an answer for this bewildering inquiry: “The only answer is you.” I say. There is no true person that could be the true center of my life, because the center of my life could be anyone, or everyone. As the night sky, I have no center, only twilight.

“There is no other answer.” I say. You question back, saying along the lines of: “Why couldn’t it be you?”. I come to an epiphany, why couldn’t it be me? Aren’t I the person who is the author of my own story? Aren’t I the one who has full control on who I am? I give thought to the questions that has bewildered me so. Then I come to realize an answer that has been shed upon me, like snow in a summer day. “The center of my story ***isn’t me***, it is the ***people who surround me***.” I finally say. “How do you say so?” You inquire. “I, the night sky: is nothing but void without my twilight, and you are my twilight. Without you, I am an abyss. But with you, I am beautiful; you give me light in the darkness that I shed upon this world. You are who I truly am, and there is no in between. So when the clouds cover me and I see you no more, I always hope through the night that I will see you once more. What’s most upsetting is that when after the clouds erode some will leave and never come back, some will stay but are dim and farther away, and no one ever stays the way they are after clouds go away. But sometimes those who I thought will never come back will take the form of a shooting star and conquer the sky once more with one fast stroke, some doing good, some bad. But even so, I am nothing without any of you.” I say

“All of you make me who I am, and that is what matters the most, I am not the center not only because I chose not to, but because you represent my lifeline. You are the reason why I breathe, the reason why my heart keeps beating the way it has been for 12 years. You are the reason why I exist, why I smile, why I grow as a person. You make me, me. If anyone ever deserves to be the center of my life, it would be all of you.” I add. No matter where are you in the universe, no matter how far you stray far away, there is no stopping me in putting you above myself. I thank you, the person who has read this, who has saw this, who knew of my existence, who knew about this, who hate me, who love me, who are simply just acquaintances with me, I thank you so much, because without you, I wouldn’t be me anymore.

From: Mikhail C. Dangcal

VII- STE Fahrenheit, 2018-2019