

Ella Durchin

Who am I? And how do I want to be remembered? These questions lie deep within a premise that I have not searched. I ultimately think these questions will never be answered.

It may be my consistent presence in the now that makes the future feel eerie. I truly wonder that if I were worth having a legacy, that it would be the way that I live in the now. It would be the way that people feel around me. And in the end— there will be no legacy, because when I am gone, so will the others. There isn't a particular facet of me that makes me different to carry a legacy. I want the legacy to lie within people's hearts.

And sometimes, those hearts are meant to be goodbyes. The legacy of the now and the impact I choose to make on people can be shortly dismissed with a goodbye. Sometimes we choose to say bye to the good ones, the good things, and the good as a form of subconscious self sabotage— and other times, the goodbyes are said to us.

I sat outside pondering the hard goodbyes and came to the realization that they are a cycle of life. However, some of those goodbyes linger like a stubborn heartbreak. And when true heartbreak prevails, those goodbyes turn into a change. My first heartbreak taught me that wine is a scapegoat, that ice cream in its cliché is healing, and that pain guides strength.

A lone squirrel scurried across in fear of the big characters that we humans were. We might fear the squirrel approaching us closely, but in the distance they seem to be an idea of imagination. We watch their patterns and curiosity excites— creating characters for them and humanizing them to connect with us.

We can reference our solidarity after a breakup to the idea of a lone squirrel. For one, squirrels are one of the most independent creatures. There is no pack to conquer them down and they search for their own natural needs. But, when it's time to mate and produce offspring— they become extremely dependent. They look for a partner in every move and change their habits to create that offspring. And once the offspring grows and is sufficient on their own, they have to say goodbye. The brief dependency causes a lingering heartbreak.

So as humans, are we scared of the good coming too close because evidently there will be a goodbye? Are we the creators of a never ending cycle of letting things go?

My legacy remains in the heart of all the people I know – and after all, our life is a flowing mosaic of all the people we've ever loved. My legacy remains unsearchable and undefinable for any of the victories I've had started with an ounce of dependence on

another human. And just like that squirrel, we can do everything we need for ourselves—
with true dignity and pride.