Goodbye, Dependency

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GOODBYE, DEPENDENCY

Allie Moffett

Goodbye, dependency. Goodbye to the girl who relied on her mom to make her food, wash her clothes, and handle confrontation for her. While she is still not so great at making food, she has managed to keep all of her clothes and dignity intact. Goodbye to the girl who doubted her ability to survive on her own. Goodbye to the girl who left her mom with diluted streams of mascara making their way down her face and snot building up in her nose from the uncertainty of what was to come.

Goodbye, dependency. Goodbye to the nervous, shaky, hopeless campus wanderer, unsure of where any of her classes were. Goodbye to the girl who, on her first day of class, walked in with a bloody tissue corked up her nose. Goodbye to the girl who allowed her uncertainty to constrain her and mute her the first few days of her new life as a college student. Fearful uncertainty is still within her, but much less constant. The uncertainty has become a source of excitement, rather than a heavy knot within her chest that yielded her breath from escaping her body.

Goodbye, dependency. Goodbye to the girl who, as hard as she tried, yearned for the comfort of her four-year love. Goodbye to the girl, who assured to all her independence, then went back to her room and thought about how much she missed John. Goodbye to the girl who continuously texted and called him as though she had never left him. Goodbye to the girl who secretly anxiously awaited Thanksgiving break just to see John.

Goodbye, dependency. Goodbye to the girl who stupidly gleamed with happiness the day that she reunited with all of her friends and John. Goodbye to the girl who thought to herself how lucky she was to have an ex she could still be friends with. How could she be so naive, to think that after all of the talking they had been doing, his feelings wouldn't have reemerged? More than that, how could she have let herself play into his feelings?

Goodbye, dependency. Goodbye to the girl who stayed out with John until seven in the morning, allowing herself to imagine life with him back in it. Goodbye to the girl who, for hours, was too weak to tell him that she couldn’t go back to him. Goodbye to the girl who gasped for air through her crying fit when he said, “I want you back. I wish you knew how bad my family and I want you back.”

Goodbye to the girl who awoke with bloodshot, puffy eyes, a painfully raw nose, and a feeble mind and heart the morning after she let John go.
Goodbye, dependency. Goodbye to all of the pain and uncertainty you led me to. Goodbye to the idea you put in my head: that I couldn’t be on my own, without my mom providing and fighting for me, or without some boy who knew just the right things to say to me. I now know that his words were certainly not true.

Goodbye, dependency. From now on I will not allow you to make me feel incapable.

I am capable. I am independent. And I am finally starting to be happy again.