

"I'm sorry"

As those words meet your ears, you sit somewhere at the crossroads of losing yourself and trying to make sense of it in a hurry;

With your cupped hands, you try to hold the hailstorm falling from the sky, only to realize that you are being showered by the dust of your own crumbling world; collapsing like it was built from matchsticks, spiraling to the ground faster than you can hold;

You find yourself gripping air like holding onto an invisible rope, blinded by the choking smoke;

But it is not the smoke that chokes you, it is the memories you had with her, and you unravel into a an emotional whirlpool;

Each memory of hers arises like a bubble and floats around you. You want to move ahead, but there are just way too many in front of you, and they prevent you from seeing your path ahead;

Like...

Your first day at school, when her fingers weaved so perfectly with yours, assuring that you'll find a second home there;

Like the time when you could barely color within the lines, and she displayed your first superhero drawing in the kitchen for all to see, even when your 'superhero' was a sorry-looking figure dressed only in red underwear; and you'd tug at her dress to take your drawing down when your friends' would come over;

Like when you first experienced the flutter of butterflies in your stomach having met a boy who you fancied and she smiled at you as if saying "I know what you are up to";

This was your kingdom, a kingdom you both built together. The skyline of your kingdom is dotted with many firsts, and you never imagined the last would come;

And even when the sorrow sits on your shoulders like the weight of a thousand years, you push the bubbles of memories aside as you try to move on with no fears;

Walking gently around the bubbles so that you that you don't burst them and lose your memories in all the rubble;

The path you walk on is paved with denial, riddled by rocks of anger and filled with threatening potholes of depression; An earnest prayer of bargain rises from your chest to the heavens above; *Why could it not have been me instead?*;

What her doctor did not tell you was that grief goes beyond the five stages;

What her doctor did not tell you was how you could add life to her last few months;

And they certainly did not tell you that death is hardest on the living;

And yet you remember that all she ever asked was to believe that the best is ahead of you. So you tell yourself:

I will be OK; and your heart knows that you will be, even when a part of your world leaves the world;

I am a fighter; for you know that the balm for your pain is feeling her touch still linger on your fingers;

I am gonna survive this; and you know that, even if it takes you some time, that you will surface above the water for a breath of air called a new life;

All she ever asked of you was to believe.

That tomorrow the sun will rise, your eyes will open, your lungs will soak in air, your feet will place themselves on the grass and walk towards a reality of a dream that you both built together; your hands will open new doors. Her legacy lives on; and that will always be yours.

She never stopped for death, but death stopped for her; She is around you and within you; Her light will never flicker.

Her memories promise you that the best is yet to come, for she is not truly gone.

All she ever asked of you is to believe; your grief finds a release, and with that you find the courage to move on.
