

Poetry submissions

Im grieving you, even though youre not dead

When our roses dried out and died,
my heart held a funeral for us.
It still aches to be full again,
because it has a hole shaped like you, and it feels like there's no way to put the pieces back together.
When I saw you last, you were a ghost. just the shell of someone I once knew.
I never knew such a big part of my life could leave, just like that.
on my rainy days (which is often), i feel as if your memory and visions of us are engraved in my brain.
Although I know it's over, i'm still unable to break free from your grip.
On these days I have to remind myself that- time heals all, at least that's what they say. All I have is time.
Sunny days start to come more frequently now, and on these days I am grateful that you don't cross my mind.
I mean of course you still do, but as moments, and moments, and more moments pass,
I grow less skeptical of the phrases "out of sight out of mind" and "time heals".
Although i am grateful i got to live at the same time as you, and have the gift of your love once...
I wish it wasn't so hard to recover from

Expectations

People say to never expect things of others, so that you dont get disappointed when your false realities actually turn false
But isnt it all false realities?
Wishes, dreams, future hopes
So how can oneself stop dreaming and hoping?
It is impossible to close those seams.
However, in the end, its all just imagination
Yet my brain still has expectation.
But people cannot always fulfill your imagination.

You can't reverse time

Imagine you leave the house without saying I love you to your family and think *I'll see them later anyways!*. Death can tell you it's your fate, like if you have a terminal illness. But death will never give you a warning. Not until it has finally crept up on you and decided to take you. I thought I had outsmarted death, but it turns out, no one is ever prepared for death. Especially if it's someone close to you. I knew it was going to happen, but death surprised me the most it ever could have in August of 2022.

Imagine having a conversation with your loved one before bed, but the next morning you get a call that they passed. In the blink of an eye they're gone forever. But you were just talking to them hours ago? If you haven't experienced this, in the future you'll learn that- death does not give warnings. It comes when you least expect it.

It had been a tiring night and after dropping my friend home, my mom asked if we should stop by my grandma's apartment to drop off food. It was already late, and my grandmother hadn't responded to her texts, so we just assumed she went to sleep. The next morning started with an unsettling feeling. The type that you try to ignore and shrug off, but something still feels off. As hours and hours went by, and more delivered texts with no answer that unsettling soon grew into fear. Next thing you know, me and my mother make the drive to my grandmother's apartment. There may or may not have been some speeding signs that were not followed. When we arrived, we rang the doorbell but there was no response. Which was unusual because, she always opened the door quickly with excitement. The copy of keys I had felt cold in my hand, just waiting to be used. I had only brought them just in case my grandmother didn't open the door to us, but I never thought I would actually have to use them. But that moment came. I put the key in the door and slowly turned it until there was a click. I took a step back, in fear that what I had imagined might be behind that door. My mother stepped in front of me and hesitantly turned the gold chipped knob of the apartment door. The silence has never been more loud. She slowly pushed the door forward, you could see a leg peeking out from the corner.

The following hours were a blur. The only memories of that day consisted of hugging her mom and wiping her tears. I didn't cry at all. Not a single drop came out of my eyes. But either way, my mom wouldn't have been able to handle my tears too. Days went by, and tears came randomly, when I least expected them. The smell of the apartment still lingered in my nose. Endless questions spiraled in my mind, thinking about what the last moments were like, if it was painful; and many more questions I'll never get the answers to. I tried to not think of that day, or what happened, or the fact that a person who was just here, I would never get to see, hear, or speak to again. If I did, the thought spiral started again. The self blame for taking someone so important for granted. But as much as you try to block those feelings out, you can't avoid them forever. I felt so much guilt for trying not to think of her. As time went on, I protected the belongings I have from her, and clutched them close to me.

It's been a little bit over a year, and now I fear forgetting her. Forgetting what she looked like, sounded like, what her arms and warm embrace wrapped around me felt like. I often find myself, looking through my camera roll watching the single video I have with her voice. Over, and over again. I can never bring her back, no matter how much I want to. Sometimes we forget people aren't immortal.

So... If you're reading this, and are close with your family, give them a call or text. It takes so little effort and time, but they'll appreciate it more than you know.