

Here I am again- standing all alone without anyone to comfort me, to protect me, to console me. Shivering with unease, as the harsh wind hit against me, I walked toward what seemed like home to me, a place where dying flowers bloomed, where neglected children cherished. As the sea of dull, gargantuan clouds took over the clear, ocean-like sky, drifting lazily in the dense breeze. The sun however, sent its promising rays hoping that they would come to a steady standstill before me. Everytime I took a step: my heart was drowning in a sea of grief. Why did you leave me mum? Why weren't you there for me dad?

Dad, if only you were able to explain my mother's departure; that death was a mistake without compensation, perhaps I wouldn't have tried to fill the gaps by planting apricot trees clinging my last hopes onto them. I remember carrying the weight of my mother's death with me like some sort of contagious disease. I wish you were there to save me mum, save me from drowning deeper and deeper in the endless dark sea of sadness, isolation and loneliness. Mum you were gone but your memories lingered. I could not sleep without you, mum: nights seemed endless and meaningless, I missed you so much, I missed your sweet scent, your melodious, serene, peaceful voice, the stories you told me before I snuggled up.

The closer I get to you mum, dad - the more I realise how far I am.

The humdrum of life continues with a tinge of a heartache colouring every moment. With each passing day your absence has been solidifying, as if taking a concrete form. I breathe in your absence. Sometimes it is felt like a tightness of the chest, a kind of choking sensation; at other times it is the squeezing of heart and brimming of eyes. It's too real to deny or hide away from. No happiness is experienced without the bitter reality of not being able to share it with you. Pain, sorrow, heartache- no matter what the cause- is simply amplified when I think about you two.

I never stopped visiting your resting place. I guess I appeared all of a sudden and now I am like weed taking over. I didn't forget but my memories are in bits and pieces. And if it wasn't for that irrevocable ache in me I'd be completely orphaned. That ache was mother and father to me.

I couldn't see your face in all the stars I counted mum. Times have passed when I wished you would tell me a story. Nights were like winter, mum, warm me. A fatherless house has no roof. My prayers don't reach for the ones they're meant for. They just remain hanging without roots, without anyone.

My life has changed forever, yet everything is the same.

Somehow even in your absence you are very much alive: a feelable, breathable part of my life. My heart squeezes like a black cloud and emits a gush of emotions that are beyond my control. I feel the world around me has ceased to exist and I am drowning in sorrow. How could this have happened to me? What did I do to deserve this? All sorts of unspeakably hopeless thoughts cross my mind and before they can ignite my already charred core, an umbrella of faith envelopes my consciousness.

Slowly, I closed the imposing oak gate of the graveyard that welcomed guests of all kinds. I glanced one last time before fading away in this worldly, selfish and treacherous world.

As per usual, I have no one to comfort me, no one to wipe these tears, and no one to understand the anguish behind my pale face. Your absence is a tangible entity colouring my reality now.