

What Comes After Death

I thought death was terrible but what comes next is hell.
When all you want is silence to say farewell.
I just want to be alone. I want to scream and shout.
I don't tell anyone, but yet they still find out.
Don't give me your pity!
Don't give me your sympathy!
Don't look at me like I'm fragile glass!
I'm driving a car that has no brakes,
steering a ship with no crewmates!
Just give me back what I had!
You *can't*.
You ask if I'm okay I wanna scream no- my life is in pieces to a puzzle that will always be missing a piece. It feels like I'm balancing on top of a card house that'll just fall in the breeze.
I'm fine.
How does your mom tell her boss she can't come in because her daughter can't time her meltdown?
How do you tell your coach you couldn't come to practice because your mom was having a breakdown?
How does it feel to repeatedly tape a heart that keeps breaking?
To be fine then suddenly feel like an icy hand is squeezing my lungs.
Gasping for breath, I find no air.
After all, how can I breathe when my air is gone?
Death is all that you talk about but never what's left.
The home broken by theft. The urn with nothing but heft.
You say let me help you, it's okay, you can talk to me.
Then you tell me to go and get counseling?
You cry for my situation, not with me and my memories, you insist "It'll get better."
Gee, thanks for your expertise.
Now these are just my thoughts and I know you mean well
But trust me, no one can understand my grieving hell.