

SORROW

By SP Wright

It couldn't be real!
There is no way
this is really happening!

Now,
sitting in my room,
huddled under the blankets
in the dark,
I feel ashamed.

As the darkness surrounds me
and swallows my soul
I realize how horribly,
laughably sad
it was that my own car
had been unavailable
to take me to the hospital.

The heat contained within the blanket
could not compare
to the heat
trapped within my chest.

The tears rolling freely down my cheeks
had long since soaked my shirt
and the blanket,
but I hadn't moved in hours
and the moisture would continue to soak in
for hours to come.

I could hear people talking nearby,
but I could not determine gender,
the words they were murmuring,
or even the tone in which they were speaking.

Nothing mattered anymore.
Nothing would ever matter again.

How could anyone continue on alone?

How does one forge a future?
When everything
they had planned to use as a foundation
had been torn from beneath them?

The darkness of the room,
and the dampness of my blanket
were the only future I knew.
Even if the sun returned
and made the entire world glow,
my eyes would still only see darkness.

There is no way this is real!
You were my future ...
You were my everything ...
How could you leave me here?
Why couldn't I come with you?