

Forget, I cannot

I remember what my father would say,

Death is inevitable,

The way you live your life up to that point is all on you,

However, I had no idea what that meant at the time,

I mean, how could I,

My parents and I lived in a life full of fear,

I tried to forget that, but forget, I cannot

I was filled with regret and resentment,

Unable to spend more time with my mother,

Showing me what it is like to be a woman,

And my father,

Showing me what type of man I should love,

They were my life vest when I was barely above water when death was the anchor,

Trying to rein me in with its sweet whispers of how my life could actually be

The day my parents passed,

I was broken but still trying to glue pieces of myself back together,

I was alone in a world where I was once again one among billions,

Instead of with my family and the other millions,

I'm still uncertain how I was able to endure pain for so long when it felt that I died with them,

However, as time progressed I'm happy that I was able to live the life they wished for me,

It was a life where looking over my shoulder and sharing a bed was unnecessary

It may not be the best life,

But it was a life that I know they'd be proud of,

I can just imagine my father telling me that I did good,

As well as my mother telling me that I became something she wasn't able to become,

A grandmother,

As rough as it was,

It was a life worth living so forget, I cannot

DO NOT COPY