My grandmother

What does it mean to lose somebody? What if one of your closest friends or family dies out of nowhere, without anyone realizing, just by accident noticing the loss?

What if you are driving to your beloved one's place, not knowing what will crush your whole life in only a blink of an eye?

Pressing the button in the lift to your person's apartment, smiling to yourself, thinking about what you are going to tell them?

Knocking on the door, waiting and still smiling? After some minutes you get it that no one is going to open the door for you, so you are getting the idea that they're not at home.

Suddenly hearing the dog barking but you know that your beloved one would never leave their pet alone.

Getting nervous, looking if their vehicle is at home, seeing it standing still in the parking lot and getting anxious and nervous.

What will you do?

Opening the door with shaking hands, imagining the worst things you can think of but also trying to stay postive, forgeting the cruel world by mumbling positive words to yourself.

Walking and trying to stay positive.

But your brain doesn't want to function like that. It shows you brutal things, things you don't want to witness.

Walking through the living room, feeling something cold running down your cheek. You are slightly touching the cold surface only to feel something wet and cold.

A single tear is running down your cheek, only trying to escape your eyes before the waterfall of feelings will rush down your whole face.

But now, it was only one tear. One tear which will soon be a whole family of tears and feelings, feelings that you never really felt before.

The dog is still barking but you can't hear him. Your thoughts, your negative thoughts are taking over your fragile body, the once tough human being is now a weak creature.

You are trying to focus on the dog, trying to figure out where he is hiding. Following the sound, only to stop in front of a door. The bedroom.

You knew that door. The door which seperated the monsters and your child-self. It kept you save in the night, you liked opening it but now, now it is a big wall, a big wall which is impossible to go through.

Trying to forget the negative thoughts, the ones that are true. It feels like a slow motion filter, doesn't it?

Opening the door, looking through the bedroom, stopping at the bed-What do you see?

A statue, a peacefull human being, laying in their bed. The dog's barking gets quiet, he didn't stop, it was just you, blending it out. How do you feel?

Broken?

Empty?

Sad?

Angry?

You are feeling broken, a slice of your heart was painfully ripped out, wasn't it?

You are feeling empty, no anger, no sadness just the empty feeling that you forgot something very important. The smile on your face vanished just like the happiness you were feeling only a few minutes ago.

You are feeling sad, somebody just left you, suddenly disappearing out of your life.You don't know how to deal with it, so you let your tears freely run down your cheek.

Or are you feeling angry, with the guilt that you didn't appreciate them as much as they loved you?

Maybe it's mixed up, nobody knows, right?

After a few minutes you are still in a kind of coma, people entering the apartment, asking you and your family or friends questions. It's impossible for you to listen since it feels so unnatural.

You don't want it to be true, right? A stinging feeling in your heart, your heart is just like a cake. If somebody cuts out a slice, it will never return to it's full form.

So, you're asking yourself:

What if one of your favorite people, somebody who told you what and not to do, suddenly disappears out of your life?

Walking through the apartment, you smile, a sad smile, a broken smile.

Entering the bedroom you and your beloved one shared, looking at the bed, where you've slept the other night, not knowing what will happen the next day. Keeping all the bad monsters away. Saving you as a child from everything which has been bothering you. You lay yourself in it, but it's not the same. Something really special is missing, and you know that it's not going to return. You know thats nobody is ever going to lay beside you, cuddling you until you have entered the peaceful slumber world.

Entering the kitchen, where they cooked your favorite meal, made your lunchbox or tried showing your incompetent ass how to cook a proper meal. You are smiling, remembering the time when they lost their nerves while showing you how to smear butter on your bread. Thanks to the, you are now able to do it without having any trouble.

Entering the living room, sitting yourself on the sofa and remembering the times when they fell asleep while watching a boring documentation. You always found it funny and a bit annoying when they started snoring, but now you miss it. The loud sound of them taking a nap, a needed one since you have been annoying them.

Looking at the dining table, remembering embarrassing events you and your person shared the other days. By playing stupid games or just being yourselves. Talking about personal stuff, you would have never shared with

another person except them. You knew your secrets were safe. The way they spat overtime the talked with their mouth full, an annoying habit but their stories were the funniest ones.

Entering the bathroom and remembering the times when they did your makeup for a special event. Back then you liked the makeup but recalling it now, it was actually really embarrassing. But you appreciated the hard work, right? The hard work they put into to make you happy. They did everything for you, but what did you give them in return?

Going outside, looking at the mesmerizing view on their balcony. Looking at the bench where they always sat. Spending all the time outside since it had it's beautiful view. Always playing games, making fun of eachother. It would have never been boring.

What if I tell you that the single tear is now a big waterfall, escaping your red and swollen eyes?

The small mistakes your beloved one made, are now filling your mind. You always thought that they're annoying but what if I tell you, that the small things you remember as mistakes were actually the things you found special about them?

Mixing up all the names, so that they call you many names, all are special in their own kind of way, but never your own since they have got more than one person on their mind?

Or the way they think or talk? Sometimes it was very hard to understand even a single word but you still listened, didn't you?

You are smiling right now, aren't you? Remembering the moments you guys shared but don't you think, that you just lied to yourself?

I mean think about it, did you ever listen or was it just a nod, only that the other person could shut up since it wasn't really interesting to you? Did you listen like them? Did you appreciate EVERY single thing about them? Their every flaw, their strange sayings or their complicated mind?

...think about it...

Why did you stop smiling?