

LOST

There is a great person there, a person full of love and joy dear to all those present and more.

And, yes, there I am contemplating life, and seeing how those who made us be born one day make us die. Thinking about what will happen when only I remain, when after having seen all the people I care about in my life go away, what will happen?

That day was one of the saddest of my life, it made me reflect on who I am, what I want to be and how I want to take care of the people I care about or how I should. At the end of the day everything is over but why so soon.

The ashes that they found under those precious roses belonged to a person full of life, it was like those people who, although you do not have a daily contact, or a constant relationship, you knew that when you needed something it would always be there. That day I just cried, I had never had a day like this. It was the first funeral I went to in my life and seeing one of the most important people crying, such as my father, who I had only seen cry when my mother left home, marked me forever, the most important person in my life. Together with my mother he had been devastated all day crying, and I did not even know what to do to help him or simply encourage him. I am simply a child, a teenager who does not know what she says half the time, and that tomorrow she will have to prepare for the future, and manage to have one.

Really, what has always tormented me the most has been the loss of essential people, because being selfish I would not know how to live without my parents, and my friend Carlos is living this: his father died last week from a sudden heart attack. Thus, overnight we disappear, it does not matter if you are a healthy person, an athlete and who takes good care of himself, after all death is the most unpleasant of surprises. Because it not only takes a person, it leaves a void in those people that it had marked, and the loss hurts, it is difficult to overcome and even more so in the case of the person who has taught you to walk or speak. Because each person who passes through your life leaves a mark, leaves a trace and when they leave they leave a void that is never filled.

That sad day I wrote these paragraphs in which I was sincere in front of a computer and opened my heart to the keys, and they were the ones that listened to me the most. I was lucky to cope with that loss with my best friend, since he was more or less her uncle and he went to the funeral with me. The funeral was held in the summer although he passed away a few days before the well-known confinement. This may not be considered a narrative but I have written what I have felt and I hope you like it just the same. I will always carry that day as a memory, but it was time to close that chapter and turn the page, not fear the future and face it with confidence, effort and security.