

To You

“You have no idea about the demons I faced. The demons I still face every night when I go to bed. You don’t understand me. You never did. They say that love is blind, maybe it is. It was blind enough for me to think you did the things you did out of love. Out of love for me. I guess I was wrong. You have no idea about the demons I faced. The demons you made me face on my own”

“You have no idea what loneliness is. How lonely I was. How lonely I am. Because of you, I don’t know how to let anyone save me from my loneliness. You made me feel the need to be on my own. You made me feel like I couldn’t trust people, like I couldn’t let people in. You made me feel that way. How could you do that to me? How could you do that to someone you’re supposed to love more than anything? You don’t know what it’s like to be alone. You never had to keep it inside; you never had to face your own demons. You made me face them for you.”

“I used to think that I hated you. For everything I was put through, surely I should. Hatred is such a powerful feeling. It takes everything out of you; it takes the very breath from your lungs and makes you feel lifeless on the inside. Maybe I did hate you. At least I should have hated you. You hurt me. Because you hurt me I could never let anyone else in. I don’t hate you though, not anymore. I can’t hate someone that’s gone.”

“It’s weird really, how I can only tell you how I feel when you’re not around to listen to me. How I can only find the words when you’re not there to listen to them. Words always came easy to me, I can talk, write for hours. Just not to you. All the times I yelled at you. All the times I screamed, cried, slammed doors. I just wanted you to listen. It didn’t matter how loud I screamed, how many tears I shed. How hard I slammed that door shut. You never listened to me. Not once.”

“The times I thought about ending it all, just running away from it all, would you have understood if I had done? If you had read my diary, would you have listened? Would you have finally stopped being so god damn stubborn and just listened to me? Would you have accepted me, loved me, forgiven me? It scares me to think about, because I don’t think you would have done. You would have hated me for leaving, for not being strong. Strong like you needed me to be. I guess it’s too late now, I guess we will never know. Now you’re gone.”

“I know how to put things right, I’m putting them right by not making the mistakes you did. I know who deserves my love. My support. My everything, more than anything and anyone in the entire world. I know that, because I know how it’s not supposed to be. So now you’re laying there cold, you will never see what you did wrong, you’ll never see why I need to put everything right. They say in the end, the child becomes the parent. The funny thing is... I can’t remember the last time I was the child and you were the parent.”

“I was your rock. I was the one you had to rely on. I was the one who had to deal with your pain, your doubt, your fears, on top of my own. It wasn’t fair. It was never fair.”

“You will never know what demons are. I faced yours for you. Now you’re gone, I guess you’ll never know.”

“Kneeling on the cold earth, the snow making my clothes wet, just staring at a stone that is all that is left of you, I still don’t know everything I want to say. I still can’t tell you what I want. Even now you’re gone, I’m facing your demons, I go to bed with your fears. I can’t even cry. I’m sad you’re gone. At least I think I am. I just can’t cry. Tears are a sign of weakness, and I’ve not shown weakness in years. I’m what you made me. I’m cold because I have to be. I’m dead on the inside, with feelings that can only appear thanks to a handful of people. If it wasn’t for those people, it wouldn’t have mattered if it was me lying in that grave. If it hadn’t been for those few people, no one would have cared if I did.”

“You’ll never know what demons are.”

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