

I WILL REMEMBER YOU

Your presence is still here but you are not. I can hear your steps, smell your perfume and feel that you are with me. But you are not here, not anymore. It is funny, so funny to think that just a few days ago you were here, sitting next to me, looking at me, inside my soul, with those gorgeous brown eyes.

But now, you are gone. I would like to say you are just playing around, but no. You are gone. I wish I was wrong. I wish for just one more day by your side, collecting memories of our time together.

I picked up all of your stuff. So much we learnt and did together. I wish I could go back in time. Your clothes are the ones that hurt me the most. I feel them and I feel you. I picked up your green vest. You did not need one but I bought it without thinking it twice. It was a present from me to you.

Your golden hair was always shining, you never stopped smiling. You looked at me, I could tell you were happier than ever.

Without saying a word, you used to hug me. This all happened a while back, but I feel it so vividly. If remembering your beloved ones could kill, this moment would.

Our paths crossed in March, some years ago. You had a different soul from everyone else. You were playful, you were trustworthy. I fell in love with you at first sight. You became my best friend, my sunshine, my confidant, my everything.

When no one was with me, you were there and with small actions you became the king of my heart. Now, several years later, we are no longer together and I still miss you.

People were not lying. My friends were right. They were not lying when they talked about how I would feel if I ever lost you. Unfortunately, it is exactly how it feels now. I am broken, there is nobody who could ever heal the wounds in my soul. They will be bleeding forever.

My empty heart will never recover from this. I feel unfaithful whenever I smile, laugh, love... all because of you. I do not know what you did to me, I just know I will not be the same.

I have your things next to me. I look at the clock at home. It is almost two o'clock. I get up. It is about time. It is painful, but I do not want you to suffer anymore.

I leave my house. I get in my car, knowing exactly where I have to go.

I get to my destination. The ones who are walking past the building might see it as a normal building. I just see hell. Pure hell.

My legs take me where I have to go. I walk past the door. Everyone near me, coincidentally has their special other, their everything, with them.

Mine, my boy, is in another room waiting for me. Because in a few minutes he is going to be completely gone. The receptionist calls my name. I approach her and she leads me to another room. I just know what is coming next.

CHARLIE