

## A Message of an End

The night had swallowed the last of the day's light, and with it, my patience. **When I am upset I yell loud, I cry loud.** My shouts echoed off the walls of my small apartment, as empty as my chest. I'd received a **message**, one that changed everything. "I'm sorry, I can't do this anymore."

I felt bile rising in my throat. I wanted to **deliver** a blow to the universe, I wanted to scream, "**You will die!**" at the injustice that was drowning me. Because **life is not fair**, and in that moment, I hated it with every fiber of my being.

But beyond the hate, there was a constant ache, a familiar pain that reminded me of the truth: **I love her.** I still loved her. **I'm in love** with her laugh, with the way her hair fell over her shoulders, with the sparkle in her eyes when she talked about her dreams. **I think about** her constantly, every minute of every day. And even though I no longer have her, **I see her** around every corner, in every passing face, in every memory that assails me.

Life went on, but mine had stopped in that instant. My shouts quieted, replaced by the hollow sound of my own breathing. How was I supposed to move forward when the world had paused, right at the moment she left?