

Original writing: how grave am i

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How grave I am, for sprouting the seed of my loins, little knowing the ill fate that you would ultimately suffer, my son. If I was able to gather my thoughts and brag to how life was golden, I wouldn't be able to, as your life ended as soon as it started in a way, as you were not even given the opportunity to live it; now you leave me with a loneliness feeling like a long descent into nothingness - I am empty.

No justice, no peace, the pain and suffering have forcibly left me unable to eat or sleep; as with each passing moment I cannot stop thinking about you and missing you. The attempts to block out this ache have been in vain because of the fact that I cannot and will not stop thinking about you and that day. Let's face it; my own guilt has been the driving force behind my state now. My ignorance was your downfall and I blame myself; now you are up there with your head in the clouds looking over me, a broken man.

You're looking over me and seeing that the one father you used to look up to has been influenced into an all but complete state of insanity since I am now finding myself sitting in a room as dark as where this nightmare lives within me. Stuck in between a rock and a hard place, is what I am, this has given me the feeling that death is a necessity and a journey should not last forever. However, death can be an end; a time to let go. The latter of which is easier said than done, as whenever I see your pictures on the wall, it's drowned out into the weeping walls.

Your eyes in these photos have been gone to be filled with hope and innocence into vicious oceans of darkness and sorrow. Your death has broken my heart and the border between my guilt and regret, but one thing

that that the passing of you cannot break is the memories of all those happy times we had together and the bond we have. From this, I'm left thinking to myself, why did it not happen to me? I remember him at the tender age of six, his smile and eyes aglow, he was the light from the sun.

What I wouldn't give to have you in my arms again, I reminisce over when you were younger, the days where I watched you sleep to see your chest fall and rise and how I always used to feel your heart beat underneath my touch as you slept, to hear the harmony that would also send me gently to slumber; the rhythm was magnetizing. At this age you were so very innocent, hadn't a clue about the world around you. I recall the days where I could hear you playing outside and your childlike giggling would make my heart melt like the steel at a blacksmiths.

And after a hard day, seeing your face and the smile you softly used to fill the silence like a speech made my day a whole lot better. But as they do, his heart grew cold as if it were the cold breath of his grave. With age comes detachment, by the time he was in his teens we were two separated souls; it was like the end of infinity. It was as if the chapter of all our memories and brilliant times together had been finished and disposed of as if it were a book that was slashed and torn like a broken saw. But, I had to respect that an unwritten chapter had began for him, until that fateful day.

All I could imagine what had happened was that the memories of his smile and his face filled with bliss had reverted into a shadowy face, which showed his emotions in a whirlwind of his worst nightmares. I'm left to dwell over, why did it not happen to me? I got introduced to heartbreak on that day. I

was so proud of him, when he was alive he had the heart of a lion, however I suspect on that day, he had that heart trod on and spat out by his own fear. I blame myself. If it hadn't been for my own ignorance and plain stupidity, he would still be here right now.

If I had not argued with him that morning, then it may not have happened. Over an insignificant argument, he went to college that day and didn't want to come back home, and paid for it, as did I. It is so unjust; it reminds us, of just how worthless our lives are to the justice system. When will scum like this get off the streets? Getting caught up in someone else's business is the worst way to die - dying from crossfire of bullets during a petty gang war. How could this happen? He was only seventeen in a mad man's dream and an innocent boy's nightmare.

His life had just begun; all of a sudden it was taken away, fading like a cloud in the horizon. Only God could see what happened to him, but I can imagine the vicious blood-curdling scream of anguish, set out to break his soul. A sense of fear must have run through his nerves like the chill of an icy wind, it must have felt like a moment of obscurity, where all of his worst nightmares were realised in a blur, sending him into his grave. Thinking about the way you died, will drive me even closer to insanity and my eventual demise, it has left me reeling.

Your nightmare has become my most horrible nightmare which will never leave me as it is engraved within my soul. I will never stop thinking about you and missing you, and thinking about the way you died, it was so unfair. This nightmare is breaking the bond between me and you, but I will not

stand down, as I will remain a soldier until the war is won, and your spirit will live long in the memory. If only it wasn't a memory. You could still have been here reminding me of the hopes I had for you, with your face lit up by a smile like a pale wintry sunshine.

But I'm left pondering, why did it not happen to me? I am in a state of darkness where negative thoughts of pain and sorrow are clouding my judgement; I'm being forced to sit in a room and dwell on my regrets. This state of darkness is all I know at the moment. All I hope is that he is in a better place; at Heaven's Gate which is made of the finest threads of gold, glistening into the shimmering silver which lines each and every cloud in this picturesque place. I envision the face of God himself as clear as I would in a mirror, taking care of my son in a manner in which I'll be proud of.

God and death are similar; they both come forth to carry you home, so I thank you God for that. However, there is another face to God and death; it's a velvet cloak, impossible to resist thus disguising the revealing truth that being with gods in the clouds can bring such misery and sadness to the people below them that can break down any man. I ask you God, why did have to be him? I wish it was me now. I wish it was my soul resting up there. Hope is sometimes all we have and that is when people look to you God.

But, you always give people false hope as the truth is, you have the grimmest face, like a carved mask and all you bring to people is misery and sorrow as sad as seeing your own son die. Coping is something I am unable to do. My state is one of insanity and it's been expressed in this entry. To end my son, your spirit will always live on in the memory and I will

endeavour to not let your death phase me, and I will live my life in peace and harmony. I will never forget the times we had together, even though we drifted more and more apart, I still can never forget your face at that young age, so full of hope and promise. I love you.