

“Sorrow” - A Personal Writing Essay

I slowly traipsed up the pathway. It was the dead of night, and sharp blustering winds began to curl around me as I struggled to walk along the hard, wet, and swollen concreted path towards the entrance. Perhaps it was the wind stopping me. Or, more rather, perhaps I was just far too reluctant. Too unwilling to know the truth. The day haunts me. Its feelings linger so strong there are no possible words worthy of upholding their description. I felt everything, yet nothing at all. Perhaps that was my body preparing itself for what was to come. Perhaps I knew. My younger brother walked alongside me, he was eager to run in, too young to properly grasp the situation. But I knew he hurt, I knew he hurt from the moment we all heard the news. God knows my mother did. My mother always had a shine to her eyes; unmistakable. They gave off a sort of transcendent beauty. It was unique to her. They held depth and weight. I had hoped to see her there; however something persistently kept pulling me back, away from those doors, away from this place, like I was ready to just disappear, so that I should never have to face the truth. So that I could lock away my emotions and just become numb. It would prevent me from the heartache to come.

Dark heavily shadowed clouds loomed over the building as we came closer to the doors. The sky was a dark midnight blue. It showed a depth within itself. The clouds were buried within one another. The doors slowly pursed open with an eerie, piercing creak. We entered to see my mother and father on the other side of the hallway, my mother burrowed into my father's chest. The door shut and she immediately ran over to hug us. I could feel her heart beat. It was... numbing. As she wrapped her arms around us I could feel her shake and quiver. Not from the cold, after all, she was wearing about two fleeces and a warm fuzzy scarf, how on earth could she be cold? No. It was her fear. Her despair. Her reluctance to let go. Let it all go. It was almost as if she was attacked. Perhaps she was, just not on a physical level. When she finally did let go of my brother and I, I looked to her eyes. They were pale and withered, lacking any form of lifelike feature or vibrance. She wasn't herself.

What if I lost her too?

She brought me into the next room and had my father tend to my brother. “What's wrong daddy? Is... is she okay?” he asked as his voice began to shatter. My mother's eyes grew weary and filled all the more with distraught. They were almost zombie like at this point. As we travelled down the hall to the next room I couldn't help but notice the atmosphere of the place. The walls were damp and withered, cracks creased upwards from the floor. The place was attractive before. Although it was warm and had bright colourful paintings resting upon each wall, in effort to brighten the place, my heart only wished to sink. To focus on all that was wrong with the world, my world. The air was far heavier now. It didn't cut through you like the sharp blistering winds from outside. Instead it sickened me and lurked aside my senses. Sweltering, torrid and filled with uncomfortable smells. It was the kind of smell that sticks.

My mind grew heavy; every thought seemed to add a superfluous burden, proficient in allowing my emotions to overcrowd any way of logical thinking or train of thought. We

stopped near the end of the hall, at the far side of another room. My mother clutched my hands and crouched down to her knees before me. She caressed the top of my hand with her thumb, and stared deep into my eyes. I suppose a serenade would have been fitting. "I want you to know, that I am here by your side, always. Through all your life and the rest of mine, I will always be here to guide and love you for who you are, and whoever you choose to be. Do not be afraid." "I'm not, mother" I replied in a razor like whisper. Her eyes filled with a glimmer of hope, swelling and overwhelmed with emotion. I finally saw a remnant of who my mother once was. I understood the incident will have changed her forever. My only regret being that even with all my love, all my care, I knew I would never be able to truly fill the gaping, and continually dissipating crevice, destroying all hope within her heart. "I need to see her mother" "Of course. I love you sweetheart" "I love you too, please, no matter what happens, please smile" I replied "It looks good on you." She smiled, gave me one last hug of assurance, kissed the side of my cheek and then my forehead.

Even now the memories of the day lie embedded in my mind. I find it almost far too arduous to type. The thoughts deprecate my brain. The emotions are overwhelming. The day haunts me still. It... still hurts.

As I stared at the doors in front of me, time ceased to exist. Or more rather, it was as if I controlled it. That I was making this moment last, hoping to hold on to whatever life still remained and resonated within me. After all, after all this time, I always knew. I grasped the misshapen door-handle firmly, and slowly pursed open both doors, a reminder of the journey here. The smell was far stronger here, only it was deranged from the rest of the place. It was inexplicable to describe. It held a lack of life and a blank consistency, yet a demeanour of death. The walls were more creased and rugged, the shadows of the machine spread across them, mimicking the limp stalks of trees. I didn't dare to look up or over. I turned and faced the other end of the room. I could see the bed. It had yellow bed sheets with blue polka dots on them, if anything, the bed was the most life filled thing in the room. Plump and seemingly fluffy, it was the only visual aspect possible of deriving a sense of contentment and comfort. I began to stare at the wall in front of me, just adjacent from the bedside. The life machine stood in front of me now, trickling essence further down its stalks towards the bed. Where she lay. I wanted to look, I felt an urge, the build of emotion had seemingly reached its peak and the hope residing within my heart and body merely waned lower and lower into a subordinate darkness. My mind became flushed with fear and anxiety. "Shall I see what's left of her?"

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