

To be honest, I didn't even really know him that well, or, perhaps, it was the other way around. When we were together, times were good. We laughed and joked around, we talked about nothing in particular, we'd go out every now and then and have fun. There were fights, but nothing more than arguments over silly disagreements.

We were always there for each other. If he needed help, I'd be there. If he needed someone to talk to, I'd listen. He extended the same offers to me, that I could come to him if I needed anything. But I never did. I could never bother him with my problems.

It's a bright sunny day, not a cloud in the blue sky. The gentle breeze rustles through the trees and makes the grass dance back and forth. A stark contrast to the blotch of black ink gathered here. Their somber orchestra of wails crescendos as the earth closes below. Tears fall to the ground like rain.

It bothers me, the pain, and my lack thereof. I don't feel the sorrow they feel and I don't know why. I ask myself, what was he to me? A friend? An acquaintance? Just someone I knew? Perhaps it would be different if I understood what I was to him. I will never know now.

I can't help but feel sad, for them, not for me. The pain they must feel in their hearts. I can see it in the faces of those who cared for him. I can hear it in the voices of those who loved him. I can feel it in the tears they shed as their hearts bleed.

The burden of life and the double edge sword of love we use to fight it.

I never want to cause that pain to anyone.

Never will I let anyone near me.