

## Anywhere but Here

They lit candles at your funeral

147 to be exact

I counted 4 times

Just to give my mind an excuse to not think about you

It felt like a dream.

Or rather, a nightmare

People dressed the color of ashes

Holding flowers and sympathy cards

As if rose petals meant anything to a dead person

I stared at the lifeless eyes of your corpse

As tears formed in my own

Trying to separate my thoughts

From my body

I imagined I was in space

Every tiny flame a simple star

Surrounding me with a galaxy of pure brilliance

Purple moon dust dancing in the dark

Until the end of time

I felt nothing.

Gravity did not exist

I could not sense the weight of the world

Or the pain of constantly being pulled to the ground

“Stay grounded,” I heard the speaker say in the distance

“Stay calm”

He must not have known how it felt to be floating

As I was in that moment

How immensely liberating it seemed to be

And soon I could no longer hear him either

His words of wisdom shut out by the vacuum of space

Making vibrations in the air that could not shake me

I forgot what it meant to be human

To have skin that could bleed

Bones that could break

A heart trapped by the binding cages of ribs

And an ever-present sense of reality

A soul that could be crushed

When it found out

You were no longer there to stand beside it

You did not exist anymore

But it wasn't your fault

Is it *ever* our fault?

We have a funny way of dealing with heartbreak

We tell ourselves it was “meant to be”

And learn how to accept what is given to us because we cannot change it

I wish I could cope as I am supposed to

But instead, my body knows only how to escape

To an alternate universe

One made of dimly lit candles

147 of them, to be exact

Where there is no gravity

No suffering

No longing for something I cannot hold

A place where only my conscience whispers messages

Of hope, and love, and peace

That dance like purple moon dust in the dark

Until the end of time.