

Bourne
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creative writing
workshops

My Time

by Sho Botham

Acceptance

This is the end. The end stage of grief when you accept what has happened and move on. So, it is also the beginning. The beginning of something new. A new way of being. A new way of being without you. A new way of being with me.

Anger

The anger, frustration and anxiety experienced when you told me. This isn't something I'd wish on anyone. I was angry at your desire to abandon me. I was angry at the way you went about it. I was angry at all the lies. But more than that. I was angry at you for making me realise how vulnerable I felt. I was angry for the future aloneness stretching in front of me. It frightened me. You didn't care.

Bargaining

What was the meaning of losing you? I wanted there to be clear meaning to the chaos in my mind. I wanted to make sense of it. I wanted to understand it. But I didn't.

I said I could live with the lies and the lack of truth and reliability in my life. And, for that mad, mad moment, I thought I could. Surely, that would be better than a future alone? For a time, I would have agreed to anything to make the fear, the panic, the desperation disappear. I needed my life to be familiar again and not this crazy, absurd world that I'd found myself in. But you'd already moved on.

Denial

Shock, disbelief, fear had all come at once. I remember, going through the motions as if I were in an ordinary life, in an ordinary day, in an ordinary week. But I was barely functioning. I was so confused. I didn't want to face it. I didn't want to have to think about the day you would be gone and I would have to face up to your goneness. At that moment, I couldn't think about the future. I couldn't even think about the present. The past no longer existed. It was like an enormous cavern of emptiness and betrayal. The truth I'd thought I'd known was false. The trust I'd relied on for so many years, meaningless and shattered. It didn't exist.

Depression

The helplessness was like a heavy weight descending on my shoulders. Overwhelming emotions made me want to run away but at the same time, stay. The slow panic that set in realising you'd changed my life forever without giving me a voice. The tears that became the norm overtook me. I'd no idea that so many tears lived inside me waiting to cry their way down my face and drip off the end of my chin. Worry was always on my mind. Stress was my new companion.

Future

This is the new beginning I mentioned at the start. It's what lay ahead whether ready for it or not. It's the time for learning to cope with a new life. It's the time for learning about me. It's my time.