Roxanne Fitzwilliam

Ethan.

You died,

And I apologize,

Because my first thought was of your suicide.

It jumps to my mind instantly when hearing of the death of a teen,

But I'm so very sorry,

Because it wasn't fair of me to distrust you.

I made it up, I hope,

When I stared into the mirror,

Into my eyes,

And saw the tears pooling.

I wore black the next day.

My sister knew you better than I did.

She even had a crush on you once;

Remember that?

I never saw her cry,

But I know she did,

Because she asked me the next day

Which song I would listen to before my imminent death.

And I told her Satellite,

Satellite because it takes me home

And puts me in orbit around everything I love,

Invisible, but always there.