My Mom and the Sage

My Father was a great man. I still have dreams about him. The last dream was like when a soldier comes home and surprises his kids at school or something. I was sitting on this chair and I felt a hand on my shoulder. I look up and it’s my Dad. I do a double take and leap up out of the chair and give him a hug. I am so happy!!!! A week later my Mom passed away. My Dad was always my biggest supporter but when you lose your Mom-your world collapses significantly. My Mom found it difficult to say “I love you” but she overwhelmed you with ways of showing it. She was literally the giving tree. Her death just like all the suicides took me by surprise. I thought she had another ten years of life. The last time I saw her she had this glitter of light in her eyes that reassured me that everything was going to be alright. She died two hours later and I have been struggling to find that same peace that everything was going to be alright since.

I had always wanted to buy my parent’s home since I was eight. My Father built the house. My parent’s owned a tavern at the time and my Dad would invite the early drinkers to pay off their tab by working on the house. It still stands strong today. It is a testament to beer and miracles. My Mom and Dad passed away in that home. My brother died in the home next door. It seemed like sacred land.

I couldn’t make it happen.

I thought I had more time.

It slipped through my hands.

I was busy trying to stay alive.

After my Mom’s death, the weight and enormity of it all sunk in and collapsed the remains of my family. It was all gone. I went from being very nostalgic to no longer thinking about the past. It was all too painful.

I still had one thing that gave me happiness. Sage gave me a purpose and hope for the future. Sage is my ex-girlfriend’s child. I was with Sage for the 9 months before she was born and on the night of her birth, her Mother passed our doing the delivery and I was the first person to call her name and to hold her. She clenched on to my fingers with both her hands. We had the strongest connection ever. I loved being her Dad and I felt like it was the only thing I was ever good at in my life. When Sage was 4 ½, her Mother got a boyfriend who was extremely jealous of me and he wouldn’t let me see Sage any longer.

Losing Sage was just as bad as any suicide or death in my family. I’m still struggling with it. I don’t understand it. Sage’s Mother recognized me as her Father for 4 ½ years. Her biological Father took off shortly after her birth and has been gone since. How can I be her Father for 9 months before she was born and then for 4 and a half years after and then one day I can no longer see her?

Sage used to leap into my arms anytime she had the higher ground on me. It sometimes would catch me by surprise and I always caught her but I kept telling her that she needs to stop that because it’s been too close sometimes. One second she would be climbing up the ladder on the slide and then next thing she comes flying at me and I catch her. It’s been over a year and a half now since we were a part of each other’s lives. One of my favorite memories is when she was far away playing and I had just arrived. She spotted me and immediately starting running to me as fast as she could and as soon as she got close to me she leapt into my arms.

I have nightmares where I see Sage and I’m so happy to see her and she doesn’t remember me at all. I plead, telling her it’s me and tell her about all the fun we used to have but none of it seems to register with her. I have great dreams where I see Sage and she is excited, and is above me and leaps into my arms and I catch her and we hug. The last dream I had is that she hugged me and told me she loved me and missed me. I started crying because I was so happy and I told her that I have missed her so much!

Will these repeated burnings leave me nothing but a scarred body with no life inside? Is Death still chasing me? Has Death stopped chasing me because he thinks I‘m already dead? He’s taken all my immediate brothers and sisters that I grew up with; He’s taken my Mother and My Father. One by one he’s taken my family. Sage is gone. I’ve stopped writing songs and playing music. I’ve lost my voice. I lay low and keep to myself. I avoid new relationships and tend shamefully little to old ones.