You is the recollection of a young friend visiting her friend’s grave. Remembering their idiosyncrasies, their preferences. She does her best to keep her abreast to current events, maintain the peace within her friend’s soul. But then, she takes a moment to admit her own weakness, and to confess her own shortcomings.

She remembers all of the times they had, remembering her friend’s successes, and comforting her friend, and reminding them that she will always be their best friend.

Not all suicide stories have happy endings. Sadly, not everyone is able to overcome their demons. ***But that does not make their lives less valuable, nor worth celebrating.***

The friends of the victims never forget.

They always will remember the way things were, and the way things became. They remember the moment it truly felt real.

For too many, the memories of their friend’s suicide are memories that will never leave them.

To me, this piece is beautiful, because it depicts the simple elements that go into coping. The things that make her feel better after losing her best friend.

Instead of escaping the painful memories of her friend’s death, she took an act of courage, and came to the source of her pain, her fear, and her sadness, and did what she thought her friend would want her to do.

Too often, people will forget to ask, “are you ok?”

People don’t see how painful it is to report the news, to retell the story, to make people understand why this is important. Even years later.

Nonetheless, to visit a friend, it’s the right thing to do, and it’s worth it.

Thank you for your submission!