

Crocodile

by Faye Beno

It's bittersweet when you realize that life is fast and doesn't stop for anybody.

It amazes me that a person can be going through something awful but people are moving so fast they don't even see it. I think life seems like it's going in fast forward so it doesn't hurt as bad. But that night everything was in slow motion and everything was hurting.

When I was 7 years old my life changed in a big way and not many people noticed.

At first I was upset that they weren't upset but these people had lives and they didn't care much about mine.

So don't believe that there is even a second to spare for sadness or regret because we are told to always be happy and not to cry, even during something as devastating as your big brother passing away.

"You'll see him again someday" they say.

"It will get better with time" they say.

But the truth is, it won't.

Because as more time passes the more I miss you,
and the more I miss how things used to be.

The more I miss those big bear hugs that seemed to never end.

The more I miss your big toothy smile.

The more I miss the way you cared so much about everyone.

The more that time passes the more I start to forget and just like the smell of your old t-shirts your memories start to fade away and I can't lose you twice.

I think about the past because it's easier than thinking about what life would be like now.

But I often find myself wondering where you would have went to college,

the type of girl you would have married,
I think about how much stronger our relationship would be.

Sometimes I can't help but feel guilty.
Like i'm doing something wrong in being alive,
because you're not.
I feel guilty that I still get to be here with our family,
and that I have the opportunity to get to know our 3 amazing nephews.
I feel guilty that one day I will start a family of my own.
I feel guilty that I will live past 19.
I feel guilty that i'm not with you right now.
I can't fathom why God would think to take such a special life when so
many people needed you down here.
I needed you to be there on my first day of high school,
I need you to be here when I graduate
and I need you to be here on my wedding day,
because we were supposed to dance together.
I need you for the big things,
the little things
and everything inbetween.

I don't think God realized what would happen after.
I don't think he knew I would have crippling anxiety by the age of 8,
because it was so unexpected I realized you never really know what's
going to happen and that scared me.
I don't think he realized that up until I turned 14 every time I left the house I
would have a feeling of forget, like there was something I didn't do because
I never got to say 'I love you' the last time I saw you.
I don't think he realized that you impacted so many lives,
because on the day of your funeral we couldn't even find a church big
enough to hold everyone.

I think about you everyday and try to recall memories that we've made.

I think about the good times,
when we would laugh and even though you were so much older you would
rather hangout with me than your football buddies.

I think about the bad times,
when we would fight because I was annoying like little sisters should be
and you were mean like big brothers are supposed to be.
But as long as I'm thinking of you, I'm keeping your memories alive.

But maybe what He did know was that through all of this I would come to
appreciate you more
and appreciate how lucky I was to find a best friend in my brother.
Maybe He knew that this would make me and everyone else so much
stronger.
And even though I hate to admit it, you were too good for this world,
and He knew that too.

So like you always used to say
"See ya later alligator"
and with an excited voice I'd reply
"After awhile crocodile"