

What is Losing a Best Friend?

By Jordan Rothfeld

You ask me what is losing a best friend? Listen to me. I'm here depressed, heartbroken, and carrying tribute of my best friend everywhere I go. Listen to me, but without grief. Instead listen with a sense of gratitude and hope it will never happen to you. Try to fit comfortably into my worn-in shoes, shoes that are broken-in, from walking to a plot of dirt, where six feet below the surface is my best friend and hear me.

Losing a best friend is insomnia. Nights on end lying in bed wondering what if? The fatigue of no sleep weighs on you, like your best friend is standing on your back. What if he were still alive? Would we still enjoy the same things we did a few years ago? Would we still be friends? Why him? It just had to be the person who had the fire of life burring brightly inside him. I say now that that fire of life will burn inside you with equal intensity as it did your best friend if you ever happen to lose yours.

Losing a best friend is like digging a giant hole in the sand for hours, and then the ocean washes away all your time and effort as that friendship is now gone and all that digging is now in vein. But you're still left with all the strains and tears from all that digging and all that sweating. The hole it ceases to exist. The hole has been washed away leaving an imprint on your heart at where it used to be. I tell you that losing a best friend is tearing your heart. Have you ever walked around with a torn heart everyday? Try it because it will rip you apart body, mind, and soul.

Losing a best friend is confronting your best friends' parents. Day in and day out you see them being amazed at the shield that they put up against their emotions from seeping out into the outside world. It is also having a token of your best friend on display in your house, from the times of suffering that few can relate too. As a remembrance charity events are held in hope to save others from this demise.

Losing a best friend is a broken heart. Once your heart has been torn, the stings of your heart are left vulnerable. That's the worst part of all, being vulnerable, because everything pulls and tugs on your heartstrings like a tug-war match between love and loss and finding that piece of yourself that is lost in your best friend. Let me tell you that you will never get that piece of you back. Stitched within the seams of everyday and the threads of every second is the breast feeling of that peace of memories to which you desperately cling. Hold on to what you have with everything you've got because you don't know what you got till it's gone. Carpe Diem. Cease the day. You're done listening.