

Maya

April , 2018

Life after Death

The wait was unbearable, all she could do was stare at the large wooden door. She looked at all the people sitting next to her waiting to be called. She felt her body tense up as she saw the handle slowly begin to move. A young man leaves the room and makes his way toward the exit. A woman walks out from behind the reception desk, she turns to her and smiles.

“Alex Night?” the women calls her name.

Alex stands up, grabs her yellow raincoat, and makes her way toward the large room. Alex looks at the two white chairs in the middle of the room. She debates where to take a seat and then finally decides to sit in the chair closer to the big window. She puts her bag and phone on the small coffee table next to her seat, then turns to look out the window. Outside the rain drops reluctantly, and the heavy fog makes it impossible to see anything even a block away. The door opens and an older woman enters the room.

“Welcome back” the woman says, as she takes a seat in front of Alex.

“It's not like I have a choice, Emma,” Alex says, “you know the doctor is forcing me to come.”

“I know you don't want to be here and talk about it, but I'm here to help you,” Emma says, “I know you had a question you wanted to ask last time but you got cut off.”

Alex takes a deep breath and prepares to ask the question.

“Will the... will the pain ever go away?” Alex asks, her voice shaking, “will I ever not blame myself for their death?”

“The truth is, the pain of losing the two most important people in your life will never go away, and sadly some part of you will always blame yourself for their deaths,” Emma says in a soft yet comforting voice.

How do you learn to deal with the deaths of the most important people in your life? The question races in Alex's mind. Her thoughts kept taking her to that dark place in the back of her mind. *It should have been me*, Alex thinks to herself, *I should have died not them. I should have been the one to take my last breath that day.*

“I know that it seems impossible to live in a world without them, but no one is ever ready to lose their parents, no one should have to experience what you did,” Emma says.

Emma's words echo in Alex's mind and she drifts off to think, her mind goes back to the day they died. All she can remember is the blood dripping down the white car seats, she can hear the muffled screams, and the police sirens in the background, and then everything goes black.

“The last memory I have of my parents is them with shards of glass in every inch of their body, how do you expect me to move on from that?” Alex asks. The room goes silent. A minute or two pass, Alex looks at Emma and thinks of a way to break the silence.

“They both died, I don't have anything to live for,” Alex says, “I’m going to be alone for the rest of my life.”

“Alex, you are never alone,” Emma says “I’m too broken for anyone to love,” Alex says trying to hold back her tears, “I have shut out all my friends and the only reason you're listening to me is because I’m paying you.”

Emma's face grew concerned , *Why doesn't she believe she can be loved?* Emma thinks to herself, *what does she mean when she says that she's broken?* Emma starts writing notes on her

yellow notepad, she looks up once to see that Alex is staring at the floor, her hair covering her face.

“Alex, what did you mean when you said that your too broken for anyone to love you?”

Emma asks.

Alex looks down with her bloodshot eyes, tears falling down her face. She stares down at the dark grey carpet looking for comfort. She stares at the patterns on the carpet, but her eyes wander to the big painting on the wall. The painting has two young people, a male and a female. The painting is dark and depressing, the couple are being dragged away from each other by demons. Their arms are still holding on to each other but all hope is lost, you can see it in their eyes. You can feel their pain and sadness, their eyes say everything. The pain of losing someone you love is being displayed in this painting, and it just makes Alex think about her parents, and how much she misses them.

“No one will love me like they did, and I won’t love anyone else” Alex answers, her voice breaking “I don't deserve love.” Alex takes a deep breath as she tries to processes what she has just said, I don't deserve love.

“Do you really believe you don't deserve love?” Emma asks.

“I was the one who asked them to drive me there, I am the reason they got into the car, I distracted my mother,” Alex says in a trembling voice, she tries to hold back the tears but she just can’t seem to hold them back “connect the dots.... I might have not been the one driving the other car, but.... they were in that situation because of me.”

Alex's face is now drenched in tears, her hair covering her face.

“Alex, don’t blame yourself for their death,” Emma says, “you weren't the one who handed that man a drink, you didn't put him in the car, and you didn't put his hands on the wheel.”

Alex looks up at the clock to see that they had three more minutes to go, she tries to think of a response to Emma but she has nothing left to say. She has said everything that had needed to be said, she told her how she feels and how much she misses them. What more can you say to a therapist. After all, she is a total stranger to her, yes they had one meeting before this one, but all she knows about her is her name.

“What do you want me to say?” Alex asks, “I already told you how I feel, there is really nothing more to be said.”

As Alex finishes talking, the clock strikes two, their time is over. Alex and Emma stare at each other. Alex despite the pain, puts a smile on her face. She wipes the tears from her face, and takes her phone and raincoat off the table and makes her way toward the big door she was once afraid to enter. As she opens the door she turns around.

“Thank you.”