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When you died because of me

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WHEN YOU DIED BECAUSE OF ME

After the crash landing it was hard to tell what was weird and what was not like how many people should be in a shower at once or how many times you should call someone's house before deciding they were dead. Everyone thought I should write a poem about what it was like to survive such an ordeal, but I was very busy most days looking after your injuries; the doctors thought you wouldn't last much longer, and I was concerned I might not get to tell you how much I loved you both because you could not hear me through your bandages and because the impact had affected one side of my tongue. I worked for days but could only come up with three lines. I wrote:

1. I love you so much sometimes it feels like my hands are still on fire.
2. I should have taken flying lessons.
3. I would like to meet your mother.

Short on time, I stole the rest of the poem from a magazine, though I'm too ashamed to repeat that part here and would rather not discuss it if I can help it. The poem was published in its entirety in newspapers across the country, and what's worse is people seemed to prefer the stolen half to mine. I was invited to read the whole thing at a lavish party at the White House where all the victims' families were in attendance. You were dead by then, so people inevitably wanted to know what you were like, how we met, those kinds of things. I was unsure of what to say and not really up for small talk considering. I spent the better half of the night hiding behind a planter trying to comfort myself with the knowledge that someday I'd be dead, too.