

Eighteen, almost nineteen years,  
Is a long time to live for someone else.

Living always in her shadow,  
Never for myself.

I was her mirror  
Her other half  
Always cleaning up the aftermath.

I wore it like a badge of honor,  
“This is my chosen path.”

But a passion that once burned bright  
Now it was simply burnt out.

“Who am I without this job?  
Without this struggle and strife?”  
These are the questions I’d ask myself  
While she fought a beast inside.

Who am I, on my own?  
Without her consuming my life?  
Who am I when I’m not by her side,  
When I take my own life into account?

I have vague answers. Surface level responses.

“I like writing, journaling too! A cup of coffee to boot.  
I’d like to learn the ukulele, play a song or two.  
Somehow I’m left handed, even though everyone else is right.  
And I’d like nice handwriting, if only I had the time.”

But that didn’t feel like much.  
That wasn’t the essence of me.  
Who I was had always been defined  
By fighting great tragedy.

A beam of light,  
A ray of hope,  
Something to cling onto.

So I ask myself once more.  
Who am I without you?