

No One Asks What Happens After The Funeral

The rain pitter-pattered on his grave as we stood there on a cold afternoon. He was gone. For good this time. But I didn't know how I felt about it. I put up this facade that he was a great dad and that I would miss him so much, but behind the paint and decor was the truth. He wasn't. He left me. And on that day, he left me one last time.

My grandparents kept asking if I was okay, but I brushed them off. They both knew *nothing* about what I was feeling. *Nothing* about the coldness that swept over me when I heard his name, the loss of breath at every thought of him.

The bombardment of support almost feels like a joke. No one asks me how I'm doing on a normal day but now, to make themselves feel like a good person, they do. The service was fine. No one really enjoys funerals.

Besides the scuffling of chairs and quiet coughing, it's silent. Just like it will always be. Without this death to keep them interested, no one will reach out or care or send flowers, or mourn. Not until my own funeral, perhaps.