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Mourning the Delay

Every day when the sun sets, as he rests his callused hands and tired legs, every man asks himself, “Did I accomplish the tasks necessary to be the best version of myself?” We are all gathered here to mourn a man who, although having left us, lives on in our memories. And he will continue to live until he is thought of for the very last time. He was quite a dreamer. I suppose in a sense we all are, to dissociate ourselves from the drudgeries of life and allow ourselves to consider what could have been. He would contemplate on how we would never come down as he only had eyes for those once blue skies. He was a really optimistic guy, which some might call stubborn, but you have to admit that his will to never give up is admirable. I admire him right now but I believe this superficial facade defeats the purpose of what I am here to do and thus feel like I’m doing a disservice to him. Allow me to speak with perfect candour. I know this is a taboo topic since we are all supposed to ignore what happened after the incident but I feel like we have to address this to get some closure on this and to assess what we, as a people, truly feel. Before we had seen him in such a debilitated state, permanently comatose, we had yet to learn what sadness is, and even now we are at odds trying to grasp the paint that we are all feeling right now. We think we have moved on from his state, but even now our feelings can only be expressed with words. And those naive words seems to choke us down, as we are still unable to come to terms with the fact that he spent more of his life permanently comatose than what we would define as actually living. And even though our prayers would echo through the night for him to awaken from his dreamy state into an unknown and cruel world, we were met with the preservation of the status quo. If only he could have read how we would remember him, maybe he would have changed his mind on wanting to be resuscitated from what left him so debilitated.