

# Dealing With The Death Of My Father

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My father passed away very suddenly last year. When I was told he had died I immediately wanted to listen to music and lie in his bed. My parents' bed has always been a place of comfort to me. When it's really cold outside in the winter, I would always rather be in that bed wrapped around in the covers. When I was younger I would always play games in it and pretend I was in a cocoon. In the week following his death I would sleep next to my mom, their bed is where I would wake up and for a second I wouldn't remember what happened, and then I would be hit with an intense wave of sadness. The more I would lay in bed and not distract myself the more I would think about my circumstances.

In my piece you enter through the comfort of the bed into a dark room with a model of my father's urn. The voices coming from the urn are from voicemails and resemble a dream I had where I could hear him calling my name but I couldn't see him in the dark. This piece deals with a conscious battle of one day having someone I never really imagined a life without to the next day having to deal with the fact that his presence would now reside in a wooden urn bought for his ashes.

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