

The camcorder

by Manthos Hatzis

A person died today. A friend died today. I find their body, cold and lifeless and next to them an old, dusted camcorder. I turn it on, it beeps and comes to life, I feel my hand vibrate.

I navigate menus, my hand still trembling but not from the camcorder this time. And I find, I find pictures, pictures of you laughing, crying, of your first birthday, of our first meeting, of your first relationship. I see, I see all of your life inside this old camcorder, and I power it off and now a tear rolls down my eye, I place the camcorder in your cold hands. And I carry on, and I ask myself why, why? Cause you would have wanted me to, right?

Someone died today. A friend died today. It's been a year friend, I visit your grave. The camcorder is there, I know it cannot speak yet I hear everything, all your emotions I hear through an old camcorder. I sit next to your grave, I take a picture of us and finally I tell you, I will always be your friend. My friend lives on, and we are together now, I'm happy, I know it won't last but now sitting next to your grave I am happy. I hope you are happy too friend.

Your birthday is here friend. I bring you a gift, the cookies you loved so much. I place them on your grave and I sit, solemnly, I weep for hours until darkness falls and my eyes dry out. Sorry you had to see this friend, it's your special day today and I ruined it. I spend hours talking to you, about that surprise party we organized for you in high school. About the girl you loved, she's married now, I know you would be happy for her even though it would break your heart inside. Nothing stays the same friend I, too, am married now and I have a beautiful wife and kid. I tell him stories of you, he wants to meet you. The sun has risen again, I have to go friend.

It's been ten years friend, I have grown old.

Your grave has flowers growing around it. The camcorder is now too old, its battery now weak. I'll see you soon friend, it's a long way from here but I'll make it.

And now I'm far from you friend, I lay in a hospital bed. I can't come to you, I can't see those pretty flowers growing around your grave and neither can I see the camcorder. But it's alright, I don't fear anything, we'll be together again. Maybe some pretty flowers will grow on my grave too, and we'll see them from above together this time and the happiness will last, you will never feel alone again friend.