

# TWO YEARS AGO

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*TRIGGER WARNING*  
*Suicide*

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Two years ago today, at this time, ██████ said his last words to me: *you got this.*

His urn sit across from me, high up on the last shelf on the cubby in my living room. The pup is sleeping—snoring next to me. My coffee is getting cold. My head is swimming and I can't tell if it's the fever I'm trying to break or if it's the grief that's slowly seeping in.

I'll never forget my first reaction. I thought he was playing a prank on me. The way his tongue stuck out of his mouth looked like he was blowing raspberries.

It feels so long ago now, I can't remember what colour the shirt he was wearing was. Green, I think? He had removed his glasses and placed them on the side table. They watched everything happen.

It was what? 1PM when I got back? I'd had a great interview and couldn't wait to tell him.

I was surprised he wasn't in the living room playing games. I took off my coat, the sleeves on my top felt a little tight and uncomfortable, too.

I couldn't wait to change into something more comfortable. I opened the bedroom door and saw the bed was empty. For a second, I was

wondering where he'd gone to and why he didn't text me about it. I glanced to my right, there he was.

I'm not sure where the sound I let out came from. I hope it never makes a come back. Then I screamed his name, followed by a series of no no nos.

I never thought I'd be a screamer, but here we were. I ran to him. There was a network of spidery veins on his temple. His arms looked bruised. But his sides were still warm! Maybe...?

I don't remember calling 911 but the person on the line insisted I cut him down. *Calm down, calm down*, they kept telling me. *Ma'am. Can you cut him down?* I ran to the kitchen and used the only knife that could cut through anything: our wedding cake knife, the one we'd gotten at Mitsuwa, in all its ceramic glory.

The blade cut through the climbing rope like it was paper. He didn't fall from high. He looked as if he'd been sitting, hovering an inch off the ground. One. Inch. I supported his body and struggled to lay him flat on the floor. Why are bodies so much heavier when life leaves them? The 911 operator made me perform CPR on him. This was the last time our lips touched.

The sirens outside grew closer. I remembered I'd locked the door behind me, so I got up to unlock them for the paramedics. I touched ██████'s hair. This was the last time I would touch him.

I sat on my mustard couch. The one he'd single-handedly moved into our apartment, because he was so fucking strong. I watched a stream of men in yellow and black come in and out of the apartment. I heard them assess the situation and try to resuscitate him. One by one, they came out of the bedroom, shoulders down. One of the police officers asked me who they could call. I handed him my phone and said *'Jelly Belly, but she goes by Michelle'*.

The paramedics left, and the only people left were three officers. I asked them if I could go inside and hold ██████ while we waited for the Coroner to arrive. He would be so cold in there all alone, in his green t-shirt and grey underwear. The blond one said they couldn't do that. It was a crime scene, unfortunately, sorry ma'am. I wanted to hold him and tell him I love him, let him know I wasn't angry with him. I wanted to feel his cheek against mine, stroke his hair, cradle his head. I didn't want my last memory to have been blowing air through his dead lips.

I cried dried tears. I gasped for air. I stared into nothingness. I made small talk with the officers. I told them I was sorry we ever met. They shared stories of their own losses. Michelle arrived, and then time stopped.

The Coroner came. They put [REDACTED]'s body on a sheet and dragged him out. I sat on my kitchen floor, and cried dried tears again.

The coroner left a card, talked about autopsy and belongings. Did I want them back? I thanked her for how strong she was for doing the job she does. She said that she dissociated a lot, she had to. I told her I understood and wished I could do the same and maybe it wouldn't feel real. She chuckled and left.

*End Scene.*

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*Ab Initio. Ad Infinitum.*

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RAM LIBRARY

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*The Randomly Acquired  
Memories Library*

is a collected series of  
epistolary echoes of the  
past from the impassioned  
cerebrum of the French  
Fury, the Void's Architect.

Together, they form the  
basis of the Void's  
illusiv and elusive  
macrocosm and will perhaps  
help shed a little light  
on its genesis.



ÉDITIONS  
DU NÉANT