  GRIEF

2020, the year of quarantine,   
I was twelve years old  
Stuck in home watching on my family PC  
People ask what kids were doing while in quarantine  
My answer?  
  
  Watching youtube  
I had nothing else to do at that time  
Scrolling through the recommendation section   
Of the weird growing and falling rates  
When a video catches my mind  
  
  “The Great Potato War.”  
Technoblade.  
  
  My brain thought it looked interesting  
And clicked  
  
  I had never had the biggest smile on my face afterwards  
And I continued watching different videos  
From a Minecraft Youtuber  
  
  Known as Technoblade  
  
  Looking Back  
I’m glad I looked at that video.  
After all  
I wasn’t the only kid who watched him  
  
  But like most,   
It doesn't last  
It was revealed to millions of fans  
That he gained a disease known as cancer  
Which affected the tissue and bone of his right arm.  
  
  He updated us a couple more times  
Saying that he nearly became an amputee, nearly losing his arm  
He was getting better.  
He said he was getting better.  
He raised $500,000  
  Even more   
  Even more.  
  
  June 30th, 2022  
He hadn't updated us in a few months  
He said he was getting better.  
Dare I even say he promised.  
  
  I had gotten into other interests  
Thirteen years old  
Nearly midnight  
A notification pops up silently  
Dead quiet  
My grandma’s tv playing through the muffled walls of her apartment  
  
  Technoblade.  
An idol  
A friend to many  
A son.  
A brother  
  
  Was gone,   
succumbing to the disease,   
eight hours before the video  
But his friends found out earlier  
But didn't respond until the next morning.  
  
  I ended up not sleeping for months  
And when I returned to school  
I got bullied and harassed  
By people who thought it was funny  
Saying that “he deserved it”  
Kids would say “get over it.”  
  
  It has been past six months  
And nothing has changed. He's still one  
And we're still here.  
  
  Many have committed suicide due to harassment  
Many are still surfing the waves.  
  
  Words hurt.   
Did they for me?  
Of course,  
 they did  
  
  That's what grief does to people  
It's different for everyone  
But, here’s what we can do.  
Help others.  
Yourself after.  
  
  Surfing together  
And finding a lifesaver.