“Je Suis Bruxelles.” Amazon. $19.99.

 Barely two weeks ago, I, myself, ordered a t-shirt from Amazon. Same price; $19.99. My t-shirt, the one I’m wearing now, reads “I NY”. My t-shirt is soiled from soot, unknown debris, and my mother’s recently splattered blood.

 The chaos has consumed me. The tragedy is already how I define myself: I am a survivor of the bombings at Brussels’ International Airport. I will always be a survivor of the bombings at Brussels’ International Airport. My mother, however, will not. She is and will always be included in the count of “those killed.”

 Waiting at the check-in lobby this morning, my mother and I were lighthearted and filled with excitement. It was her first trip to America too. She had waited forty-two years for this; me, just sixteen.

 My mother had been a dancer; is still a dancer. Or was still a dancer. I’m sorry, this is the first time referring to my mother in the past. And it’s only been a few short hours since the bombings. Has it only been six hours? It already seems like a lifetime ago.

 But anyways, my mother was a dancer. And ever since I was a little girl I had run my fingers along the photos she had hung of Radio City Music Hall and its celebrities where she always dreamed of performing with The Rockettes. The black and whites included her favorites: Cary Grant, Ella Fitzgerald, Frank Sinatra, and more recently, and in color, Celine Dion. Visiting Radio City Music Hall had been her lifetime dream. And she had booked us show tickets for three different performances during our ten-day stay. It was all she talked about. The only time her eyes lit up ever since dad died six years ago.

 What happens with our tickets now?

 In fact, what about our flights and hotel package? I feel bad even thinking about this right now. I mean, my mom is dead. Oh my god, my mom is dead.

 This was not how this morning was supposed to go. I was not supposed to hold my mother in my arms as she gurgled her last words. I was not supposed to be sitting here alone in the hospital corridor with my mother’s dried blood on my t-shirt. I was not supposed to be catching phrases from the TV in the next room, “ISIS…terrorists…Brussels…killed…” We were supposed to be on our way to New York. We were supposed to be chattering incessantly about our upcoming adventures we had planned out for the last year. We were supposed to both be alive.

 I want to know the news. What has happened? Why has this happened? I google, “Brussels.” Second in the results list: “Je Suis Bruxelles”. I Am Brussels, Amazon, I Am Brussels. I wonder if I could return my “I NY” shirt and exchange it for this “I Am Brussels” t-shirt. Would these blood stains come out? Who profits from that $19.99? Does Amazon feel bad for profiting? Who will sit in our seats at Radio City Music Hall?