

Love is War

By G.E.M.

How did an argument get me here on the side of this pasty yellow road with my thumb out for the next truck to be my savior? Love was never meant to be this hard, I mean war is easier. My face is still burning on the right side from her God like slap on my cheek. I can't believe she slapped me, but to be honest but I can't blame her. My sweet Abigale, her eyes matched Redwood trees, and her voice matched a mother's voice when her child is sick. Have you ever felt like you're falling without a parachute all because of one special individual? And to think this happened within 24 hours, just yesterday.

The day started off perfect, the smell of fresh bacon sizzling mixed with her scent: lavender oil. This was a routine, an over and over again waltz of our day to day before setting off into our individual lives. Our home sits upon a hill with a cherry blossom tree, built like a castle with reinforced pale blue walls and a tale of our romance told in each hallway by pictures of being held, kissed softly, or holding hands. You would think that a scene so serene would never have battles that could shake these castle like walls.

I tried to kiss her on the cheek but she leaned away, pretending to reach for the spoon next to the black flattop stove. I saw the tears begin to build in her eyes, I tried to hold her close to me but she pulled away. Words became sharp swords.

"I hate you so much," she said.

"Then why are you with me?" I asked.

“How could you ask me that? How could you ignore me all week and think that I would be okay?” She asked.

“How can you live your life with me when you’re still in love with him?” I asked.

Plates became baseballs thrown with a curve to only hit the wall because I ducked. My heart began to skip beats and my chest tightened in my anxiety. Every time she spoke tears rushed down her face and all I could do was watch her without a single word to give her in return.

Finally, I gave in, “Maybe it’s time we ended this,” I said. I imagine this is how soldiers walk away from war smelling like gunpowder and blood wondering if the world will ever truly be upright again in their eyes.

I guess it’s only natural that my home built like a castle has a drawbridge over to this yellow pasty road. This road barely has enough traffic to hitch a ride but why would I return to the battle of words. I see an all-white 1998 Chevrolet Blazer pulling up, finally my savior on a white steed is here. And that’s when it happened, my sweet Abigale mouthing the words “I’m sorry” asking me to get in the truck. The relief felt surreal. I sat down in the passenger seat and I held her hand as we rode into the night. Love is a war, easy to start, hard to end.