

Red Confessions

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Here's my confession
Erroneous as it may be:
I used to think
I was the only one
In love.
Because those songs and movies and musicals never came close to
anything I was
feeling and Suzanne and her boyfriend always fought and never acted
more in love
than me and you and you and me and surely someone would regale to the
high heavens
all day long if they felt even a fraction of what we had right?
Right.

So here's my confession
Keen as you might be to hear it:
I love you.
I love
Love you
You.
That cheesy romance novel I-can't-live-without-your-sweet-touch because
it's so
saccharine sweet that I'd be amenable to living together forever on a
farm in
Madagascar just me and you and the wild wild things so let me wrap
around you like
it's winter and I'm your Snuggie because deep down you're really quite
cold and you
could do with a Snuggie today.
That kind of love.

But here's my confession
Stark and naked as I can make it:
I'm scared.
You scare
Me.
I scare
Me.
Scared.
I'm scared so much I can feel it in my chest like a bullet rips through
every time I
see you and I want to run but am always torn between running into your
arms and away
from them because you make me crazy so crazy I become stalker crazy not
that I'd
stalk you I don't think but what do I do please tell me because I love
you and I
want you but I'm scared and I'm scared and I'm scarred.
Two R's.

And here's my confession
Sorry that I am to admit:
I wanted to get

Away.
Away
From you.
Away
From me.
Away
From love.
Away.
I'd tell myself I can do it I can do it I can do it until the words ran
together
IcandoitIcandoitIcandoit and until my mind would rebel and make me
think of trite
things like gum or cheese or those little things you put on your
fingers when you
sew and I'd think to myself I'm doing it I'm getting away I can get
away forever but
then I'd think of that smile or that laugh or even that horrible
hacking cough you
had last winter and I'd cry and cry and give up saying
Ican'tdoitIcan'tdoitIcan'tdoit.
I can't.

Because here's my confession
Simple as I can manage:
I'm selfish.
I'm not the only one
In love.
Okay so maybe those songs and movies and musicals know what they're
talking about
and yeah my parents aren't prime examples but yours look pretty happy
sometimes and
I saw that lady with that baby which was probably hers and she looked
at it like I
look at you so I guess she loves that baby too but there's no way
Suzanne and her
boyfriend are ever going to last so why dwell on the unlucky?
Right?

Because deep down?
Deep,
Deep
Down?
I knew
I wasn't the only one
In love.
Not even close.
You were
Too.
It was never
Ever
About me.
It was
Was always
Always

You.