

“To the One that Fell Away”

by

Keayva Mitchell

Loving me is like standing at the edge of a cliff and begging me to push you. Stupid and reckless and bold but mostly stupid. It is like knowing what you know, then going back in time and boarding the Titanic anyways. No life vest, no whistle, no Jack to give you a wooden door. It is like standing in traffic or smoking crack or a thousand other things that will probably end badly.

Do you get it?

I am.

No good.

For you.

And I don't care if I'm the one you want. I don't. And not because I'm heartless and not because you're lacking but because I'm selfish. I'm human. Self-preservation is what I do. I will not hold a loaded gun to my head simply because you promise I won't get hurt. I won't. I can't.

Your heart has been wasted on me.

So get on the ship, dart down the highway, stand at the edge of an impasse. But don't say I didn't warn you. Because even if you fall—hell, let's be honest, even *as* you fell, I did not fall, too. You held out a hand, eyes searching as the chasm swallowed you. And you waited, waited for me to float down with you.

But I will not float. I will plummet.

I will break.

And it will hurt.

So I back away from the cliff and away from your eyes, still burning with trust and hope and whatever else you foolishly tried to offer. I will turn away towards safety and I will call you stupid and my eyes will itch but I will not scratch.

Gravity will never win with me.

