

She

In honor of Valentine's Day (aka Valensdag- that's what I call it)

By MKIA

This story started with a woman, and that is all you need to know.

In fact, I don't know how I can link all of the issues in my life back to her; but it is just a matter of time. Given the time and energy I would trace the spider web of lies and actions until every strand led to her.

She is the problem.

She.

I sat in class. Her hair fell onto her shoulders in the most perfect waves that made me sick. That was why I failed the test. She kept moving her head in small patterns. The glare from her hair directed itself into my eyes making it impossible to work.

Impossible to think.

I'm not sure how she managed to pull off the shine that she did. Her hair was red. The kind of red that would match the window hangings in hell.

The calculus problem wasn't conducive to those conditions. I wasn't conducive to her being.

She was the problem.

She.

She had the kind of voice that made every boy stare. She had the kind of laugh that made everyone giggle with her. She had the kind of sense of humor that was cutesy and nice and unbearable if you were subjected to it too long.

She made cupcakes with the smile she'd don. Everyone would eat them up and sigh in a way that meant they were under her spell. I wasn't.

I sat in silence with the ring of eyeliner making my eyes look like a raccoon had performed plastic surgery on me. I had matching nails and hair. I had matching clothes and shoes. I had a matching demeanor. All black.

I wasn't the problem.

She was.

She.

I write songs in my spare time. Most of them turn to her in the last few lines in a loathing sort of beautiful and scarce. Her freckles screaming to the small receptors in my head and making the lyrics bend to their will.

She used to listen to the songs that I wrote.

She doesn't anymore.

She.

She has never been in a relationship... that I know of, at least. She doesn't seem to be interested in the jocks our age. She doesn't even spare them a second glance. She would rather be 'studying' or 'mentoring' or some other goody-goody excuse she follows through on.

It's not my fault.

She is to blame.

She.

It was surprising the way the school reacted when she said it. I was there; half of the student population was there. I was the only one who seemed to be able to respond. I clapped.

It took guts to say what she had said.

I was the only person who seemed to understand.

She wasn't the problem anymore.

They were.

But She...

The calculus tests were no longer difficult due to her light refraction; they were difficult because they were calculus. She didn't shine as much and people didn't gobble up her every word.

I felt sorry for her. She was suddenly thrown into a life like mine. An outsider and a nobody.

She was no longer giving off an air of resilience but an aura of rejection of the world and self.

I knew how that felt.

I.

She asked me.

*She* asked me.

She *asked* me.

She asked *me*?

It hit me in a few different stages. I was without any way of understanding the way she was telling me what she was telling me.

I agree and took her to a small bench in the park.

I tried to remember how to play my guitar and it took a few tries but ti eventually was coerced into sounding.

She.

I.

“Cuz she’s beautiful and amazing, I don’t care what you’re saying.

She’s beautiful and I love her so; you can go and F^ck yourself.”

She smiled and replied with a lyric of her own.

““We don’t need the world to hold us back.

We don’t need to tell them that we’re happy.

We don’t need a reason, as a matter of fact;

It only takes the two of us to be Lezzies.”

We smiled at eachother.

We.