

I Couldn't Help Ourselves

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When faced with his age, a narcissistic man with multiple personalities simply couldn't help himself.

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I Couldn't Help Ourselves

Iâm sorry. I couldnât help myself from it. Iâm sorry.

You were so beautiful, so perfect. Ever since the day I first saw you, I knew weâd be together.

Forever.

Iâve listened with you, cried with you, grown with you, loved with you, Iâve done so much with you.

So very much.

After all these years, I never stopped to really look at you.

To notice the changes.

You were so beautiful, so very fragile, but I realized that too late.

Iâm sorry.

You had to have known that this would happen, that you would force me like this.

I didnât know.

Liar, youâre a liar!

How could I have known age wouldnât take so kindly to me?

Your face! What has happened to my face?

40 years gone by too quickly.

The wrinkles sucked away all beauty, all life, and ruined our face.

We couldâve had a better life.

No, you were too beautiful.

Is that why we were taken away?

Yes, Ma and Da feared our beauty; they had us locked away in the asylum.

How long were you there?

We donât know, days and nights melted together.

So much time has passed.

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So much time, indeed.

Time is a thief, and there was going to be no returning of your glory.

So, you killed us?

Yes, with my body left swinging from the rafters as a memento to the world of our stolen beauty.

You killed me. I didn't want to die yet.

I'm sorry. I couldn't bear the grief anymore.

We couldn't help ourselves.

I'm so sorry.

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