

She Likes to Fight...

She Likes to Fight...

By : mrwavrecan

My best friend left me, she was the love of my life, my support, and the most important part of my world. I lost sight of us and she slowly slipped away. Now she is gone, I am reflecting back on who I am and what I did. I miss her more then words can describe.

Published on
Booksie

booksie.com/mrwavrecan

Copyright © mrwavrecan, 2015
Publish your writing on Booksie.com.

She Likes to Fight...

She just likes to fight...

From day one she had a spark.

That first meeting still makes me smile but should have warned me. After a ten hour day I met up with her to see she was already a few drinks ahead. I caught up. A few awkward silences and figured I had lost my chances. Just sitting there with butterflies in my stomach waiting for her next words. They weren't coming as easily as I would have hoped but we pieced it together. Two scared little souls just searching for love. By the end I kept thinking about how beautiful her smile was. The nervousness was still swarming around us but that smile was the only thing in the room, I remember not even hearing the music at times i was just swept away. We finished, I offered to drive her home. She accepted and we started a journey that I sometimes wish we hadn't.

Fast forward two years and I'm lying in my bed sleepless regardless of the pills taken and being as positive as I can be in between sessions of hopeless tears. Finally our love has gone. We've been here before but this pain feels different. It's more of a sadness in a failed love than the pure pain of heartbreak, regardless I miss my best friend, her. That in itself makes me sad. Part of me wants to accept our future and be happy for myself. Our story has ended but mine continues. The other part still misses her next to me while we sleep. The little things like finding random blond hairs that seem to be attacking my home. The smell that she'd leave behind on the pillow where she laid her head. The constant text messages throughout the day, some of the weirdest videos that the Internet has to offer have been presented to me by her, her support got my through more than I would like to credit. We did click in so many ways. I love her and probably always will in some form. Our humor, our tastes in music, art, fashion, and sex were usually in sync...

We lost our step early though. And though we tried to stumble forward over and over we rarely grasp our footing long enough for any true length of time. We seemed to always trip up. Her at times, stumbling and falling and not reaching out for help or receiving any from me but growing resentful of the events. Other times I'd seem to sprint ahead or fall behind never looking to see if she followed or joined, just knowing, hoping, assuming she would.

Such a simple thing as communication can tear two seemingly loving souls apart. The communication breakdown lead to a deteriorating sense of trust. I suspected... She suspected... My assumptions were... Her assumptions were... proven correct in some way with a sign of infidelity. Pride plays no part in a lie. Her heart was shattered her tears were dripping from both of her cheeks. Her quivering lips as she tried to breathe for air will continue to haunt me. To see the pain, that much pain in someone really allows you to understand what damage a careless heart can do. Seeing her broken that night did change me, maybe not completely but it did make me realize the difference between a boy and a man. Someone who carelessly causes or allows this type of harm against someone who should be fighting against it. Right and wrong, it's really not that hard to grasp. The most pain I have ever caused another human being. It shook me to the core and continues to every time I relive it.

Communication turned to arguments and bickering. Our love was being strained and rarely replenished. Nothing would hurt more then arguing over nothing and remembering a time when her smile would make a room quiet and my heart race. Now that beautiful smile was hidden away most of the time. It's shine was gone and replaced with a coldness at times. Every once and a while it would make an appearance and I would get lost momentarily and then mildly saddened knowing what we have lost. Still we stumble and fall, sprint ahead and not look back. The connection that we once had changing into attacking and defending and blaming and guilt. We allowed ourselves to look past what brought us together and into something much darker. Hearts growing weary of each other. Time slipping away. Until eventually...

I am sorry that we couldn't align ourselves the way we did when we started. The obstacles that we put in our path made our journey come to this. I can't take back anything but can let you know that I haven't loved anyone as much as you. As many times as we got back up and continued on we missed the point. To help each

She Likes to Fight...

other, the hurt souls. The connection, that room silencing smile, helping each other along the way. We just needed to reach out and help but we didn't or didn't know how.

A lot of selfishness seeped in and our trust and communication snuck away. Instead of open love we harboured hostility.

She just likes to fight. But instead of like the early days for my love its for something else.

Shawna I love you. Take care belle.

She Likes to Fight...

She Likes to Fight...

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-11-26 13:47:35