

The Cautionary Tale of Relationship Toxicity

Her:

I have slowly fallen into you.

Him:

I have slowly fallen out of myself.

At first I could see flashes of your memories. The first time we met. You gave me your seat on the bus because you thought I was cute.

I saw random flashes of memories. The first time we met. I gave her my seat on the bus because she looked tired.

Then I felt the immaculate sensation of the world through your fingertips. I could wiggle them and curl them around my own.

Then I lost the acute sensation of the world through my fingertips. They seemed to wiggle and curl on their own.

I stepped into each part of your body every time our hearts high-fived in the dazzling moments in between the bleak.

I stepped outside my body every time my heart suffocated in the unruly moments in between the sane.

You became my comfort. Home was within your body.

My body was no longer a place of comfort. Home was inscrutable.

And suddenly, I could hear through your ears, the ebbing and flowing of my voice.

And suddenly, I lost the ability to hear. The world became a silent film.

I could taste the potency of my kiss on your tongue.

My mouth tasted only of her. My palate knew only one flavor.

I gained your sense of sight and could instantly see the world through new colors. It appeared in a brilliant series of oranges and pinks.

The world lost its vivacious spirit, instead painted over with a dull array of greens and
purples.

When your eyes showed me the overwhelming adoration within my gaze, I knew I had
settled fully within you.

When I watched infatuation and delusion gave birth to the mania within her pupils, I
knew I had fully lost myself.

I could dance within the comfort of your skin. A quaint leap to the right, and rapid,
joyous circling.

My skin would slowly crawl, then squirm rapidly all at once.

Your actions became mine.

My actions were not my own.

The hastened rising and falling of your chest. The sloping way in which you walked.

The hyperventilating. The submissive way in which my feet carried me.

The swishing of your thoughts. Each wrapping around each other and embracing those
near in the process.

The coiling of my thoughts. Each wrapping around each other and choking those near in
the process.

Your mind was a serene pool in which I swam through.

My mind was a chaotic cauldron in which she splashed in.

I had immersed myself fully within you,

She had submerged herself fully within me,

and through you, I have found myself.

and because of her, I have lost myself.