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Love

by Alissa Harris

It may be a tad melodramatic, but I think that the concept of love is only for fools like me. People who wish to live in dream worlds, worlds where no one gets hurt, both partners are devoted, and on a wider scope, the love was just . . . made to be. And it's obvious. You see a picture on a wall of a perfect duet moment, frozen in orange shades of abandonment, to both self and surroundings, and it puts you in a mindset that love is an absolute, like in movies, like in poetry. The picture on the wall melds with your soul and you can't ever shake it. It's an ideal of what life would be, of what a relationship IS. And you're disappointed. Again and again when what you want is always out of your reach, or when it doesn't even exist. But its existence is all that drives you in a world where people are like shadows that claw at your soul and the night encompasses you even in the starkest daylight.

It becomes like a flickering candle, spinning threads of shadows on the eyes of a blind man. A shaky flickering of hope, where a chasm of hopelessness threatens to swallow you whole should you stumble. What hurts the most is not the loss, but the loss of what you never had.