

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Vessel

by Mari Syrad Grieves

There are a lot of things we don't want to know about the people we love.
And yet some of those things we are told anyway.
Without very much warning.
Before we knew to take in enough breath for the screams the truth
demanded.
The truth about the sickness in the person I loved most in the world.

Was it a sickness or a choice?
Was it deliberate or something desperate
That without help (because of the stigma)
Was left to destroy her life, my life, and soon his life?
Perhaps it doesn't make any difference what the 'why' turns out to be.
The result is still the same.
But I must know why.
Perhaps it will decide for me,
Who I am now.

How do you reconcile the burning hatred of their loved ones
Once their secrets have been revealed?
Ones loved to such a state of obsession that they could do no wrong
Even in the face of repeated lies and rejection.

Even with the ten thousand miles you forced between us,
The pedestal you reigned on remained,
The crown never slipped,
My love for you only hurt me more.

But wrongs against me are acceptable.
Suffering bearable as long as I contain it and no one else has to experience
the same.
Somebody asked me why that was once.
I didn't have an answer other than:

I am a vessel, a stone hollowed out to a shell over years of trauma from the
sea.

I didn't want to know.
But the fact of its happening meant I must know.
Otherwise, the burden of the secret remained with her.
A wrong for her to hold,
She,
That same hollowed out shell.
But the secret was taken from her,
Like so much else had been taken from her.
But I could not choose for the words to have gone unsaid.

I wish my feelings of love or hate could be a choice.
A switch I could flip or a plug I could pull to turn off
The memories and the love and the drag on my heart,
But I can't.
All I know is that I still love him,
And I hate him with every part of me.
I want to hold him longer than I ever have,
And I want to fight him until there's nothing left to destroy.

And this dichotomy,
This see-saw,
This perpetual uncertainty,
Will probably never end.
Unless I decide it must.
And perhaps I won't know until I sit across from him,
Face to liar's face,
And ask him why.