

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

The Gorge

by Melody Bertucci

Symptoms?

Temporary blindness, incorrect judgement, lack of any reasonable common-sense, false sense of security, depression, anxiety, eating disorders, lack of sleep, overthinking, unpredictable combustion of weeping.

The culprit?...love.

Love? Really?

Yes really, because you see love is blind...it's also deaf, mute and it's a train wreck only moments away from smashing through your chest ready to destroy any blooming it may have birthed.

Love is a catastrophe waiting to unfold and lead you once again to recoil deep within you amongst the company of the dark lord Solitude. This is a companion who seemingly understands you, however it feeds on your gloom, cradles you during your resting hours, stalks you during daylight becoming your new and unwanted judgemental shadow.

The more strength and momentum you give it, the faster it starts to absorb and trickle through your skin, bones and veins, eventually squashing you flat with its weight, stealing your breath.

Its deafening, never-ending, echoing hurricane of overthinking thoughts will be the loudest voices you'll ever hear.

Their ferocity will peel away the skin right off your bones leaving you to decompose away in your own self pity of a once upon a time fairy-tale idea of love you thought you'd attained.

No. No. NO. That gruesome depiction cannot be love.

My dear love can be beautiful as it can also be fierce. The fierce, skins you alive and bleeds you from the inside out draining away your youth, motivation even your bank accounts and manipulates you with false pretences making you settle for a life you know is not the same as the one you had envisioned.

Of course the likes of you see love through rose coloured glasses, you'll argue against every word I have relayed here today, but as I gaze around me I see the consequences of love won and love lost.

I see them. I see the pair that were once lost in each other, love struck and intertwined together the same way vines wrap around everything in their path. Oh yes, their love was gooey and dare I say happy? Believe me it was so revolting that even THE most romantic sucker would want to throw up.

It was just too perfect, but just like life nothing ever really is perfect and its battery had been running way below empty for quite some time, dragging itself like a wounded soldier along the battlefield, it was only a matter of time before it fizzled out completely and died.

I watch them and don't recognise them anymore, they seemed to be greater strangers than before. Once two peas in a pod passionately hooked, holding conversations that flowed smoothly like a tranquil river stream, nowadays they were two pieces of ice, estranged.

Their conversations now forced and dry as a desert while their passion sizzled away with the memory of who they once were as they steered through fast rapids towards the inevitable obliterating waterfall, severing them forever more.