

## Falling Apart

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The rain is falling sporadically on the windshield. The streetlights blur when I shut off my windshield wipers. I keep the faint sound of the band *Bush* playing in back round it soothes me. I shift my car into park when I felt the tension mount between us. The feeling of this coming to an end is making me fall apart on the inside. I look at her as I sit back in my seat. I see her face glisten, thinking it is from the cracked window of scattered rain coming inside. I am wrong they are tears. I look down into my lap as I hear her talk.

“I’m sorry, but I need to leave,” she says this in a faint whisper. To me, it is like it was a ghost talking, she already left in my eyes and I didn’t want to believe her.

“Be real, you just want to run away,” she is silent. “Why can’t you just accept the fact that no matter what, your problems will follow? Stick it out here, stick it out with me.” I look at her, more for a response out of what I said, but she didn’t do anything.

“I already bought my ticket, my stuff is packed. I messed up, I messed up with you and I need to move on.” She takes off her seat belt and looks at me with guilt. She kisses my cheek and lingers for a second. I feel her breath against my skin even when she pulls away. She unlocks the door and climbs out of my car, she slams it shut behind her.

I start to panic. This can’t be it. I follow suit and get out of my car. The rain is pouring a little harder. Now, it’s mixing with my tears.

“Why can’t we just talk about this?” I shout, after her. She stops dead in her tracks and comes back over to me. I am leaning on the car as she comes up to me.

“Because *I* messed up, not you. I don’t mean to punish you, but I need to punish myself. I need to move to Jersey for now, we need to be apart, I need to fix me.” I shake

my head at her when she ends her statement. I am soaking wet as the rain penetrates my clothes.

“So you are running because you got fired and you cheated? Because you were with someone else and it wasn’t me? Just say the truth! You are leaving because you feel as though you did something wrong, but it was right to you wasn’t it? Yet, I still want to be with you and I haven’t come to terms as to why?” I feel my clothes cling to my body as I ran my fingers through my short-soaked blonde hair.

I look at her with uncertainty. Is she really going to leave me? She takes my hand and her eyes lock with mine and all I see is grey. The loss of her baby blue color means the loss of life in her eyes. Her soul is dead to me. I release my hand from her grasp.

“You’re making this complicated, Joey. Whatever happened happened and I am officially numb with guilt. I’m pained to say this but its over between us, it has been for some time. It’s done, and so are we. Just know that I will love you continuously, even if we aren’t speaking or together.” She pauses for a second to see if I will respond. I am too hurt to even reply and then she continues, “promise me you will get in that car and just drive away.” She put her hand on my arm.

“I don’t have a choice do I?” I look at her and her eyes say it all. I turn away from her and I climb back in my car. I can still see her in my side mirror. I turn over the engine as my tears run faster than the rain did. I suck in a breath and start to drive.

I look up in my rear-view mirror and she is gone from sight, gone from my life.