

I can still see the doorway, etched and impaled by all the inches from the years past. The window was broken and shattered, much like the current state of our relationship. The TV is still sitting, still blaring the news, thunderous as ever. You would do anything to drown out the noise of the yelling and bickering. The carpet is still stained from the tears shed of all those nights ago. But what can we do? The house is already hurting, we can't take back the pain and agony, so what are we to do?

You try to move on and say it will be okay. This is only a small portion of your life, so what does it matter about your prime that you spent in a toxic bind. The house saw it all, from possessive gestures, to the pain and neglect, it saw it all. You would give anything to go back to your childhood home, your old room with the little stuffed animals lying in wait for you, and your mother's warm and succoring embrace. But you can't go back, the hands on a clock don't regress, so neither can you... so what are we to do?

When you did get away, you were lost and alone. Though you had the support and affection of your friends, you couldn't go on without your backbone. You would often ponder if it was all just a lack of judgment, that if you should happen to return what would occur, the house would always be there, memories and all. The thoughts would run rampant in your mind like a stampede of horses barreling around one corner to another; your mind would always do you in. You would say that you were useless without him, like a gelatinous figure without a purpose, so you ran back. You couldn't make decisions without his guidance so you said that you had to go, that it was all just a big mistake, that you were in the wrong, but where were you? You keep spinning in this hamster wheel without cease. So what are we to do?

You would text your friends saying that things were better, but there has yet to be a change. You did this in fear that he would know, even when he wasn't present he would find out. You see the house has memories- and notions of betrayal. The house was never afraid to rat you out, and even if it did, what could you do about it? Every time you would talk yourself into getting out, the house would send you into a withdrawal of all the memories that were created there. You can't leave, you can't say goodbye, not now; so what are we to do?

They would all say that you knew better, that you were smarter than to stay around someone who saw you as a constant downfall. That you were taught better. You knew how to handle complex situations, that you could analyze and re-analyze data right down to the most minute factor. So why can't you solve your own problems? If life is just one big algebraic equation, why can't you find the value "y." Where was your critical thinking that they all said you had when they needed it. So what are we to do?

Why would you need help? How could you get help? You couldn't hurt him like that. He was always there, you hadn't known a life without, you had been under his wing for as long as you could remember, he was your foundation. You couldn't betray him like that. If you tell someone, you would be stabbing him in the back, his bloody flesh tearing with every move, blood gushing pouring out every ounce of hate and pain he had for you, but you couldn't do that, not to him. So what are we to do?