

Riyo Amaya

Prompt: Fiction and Nonfiction

He knows me too well, and he uses that against me. Everything he has, he uses against me. His hug is a lie. A story he tells to keep me from running away. And I can't help but wonder why I didn't realize it all along.

He knows I don't want to leave. That I need to touch him to feel whole again, if only for a moment. So he smiles. Stands up and moves towards me like I knew he would. That's why I stood around like I did, dancing in a square of space four feet wide. Forwards. Backwards. Towards him. Towards the lies. Towards the door. Towards the truth. Some dance of my own making.

He calls me baby and kisses my forehead, holding me tight for a second as I try to leave. And in that second... oh! Everything is far away and I can breathe and it's just... there's nothing like it. My heart aches and breaks and rebuilds itself. He makes me whole. And tears me apart.

I hold on for a second or two longer, extending joints as he pulls away. Feeling his heat fall away from my shoulder, my elbow, my wrist, my fingertips. He can't know that each lie he tells... each hug he gives... the caress of his lips on my skin as he whispers something that means nothing at all...

He can't know that those lies he tells are becoming my truth. His fiction is my reality.