

## THE MECHANICS OF LOVE

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—*Brittany Violet*  
*Long*

SOMETIMES, LATE AT NIGHT, when whispers and muted sighs were all I could hear resonating down the shadowy hall, I would read to understand what love was while hiding beneath my covers like I was playing hide and go seek with the dark. Under my sheets, words danced upon the pages like dancers doing a waltz. Before my eyes answers would manifest like the rain falling gently after a sunny day. The stories told me that love was two bodies drenched in slick sweat, arching their bodies against each other and groaning into the night. Love was a blissful tango between the sheets to the sultry sound of the beating of a lover's heart. Love was the raw emotion that left you wanting and needing more. Too many of those Mike's Hard Lemonades and a skinny boy in tight black jeans with rolled up sleeves and a cigarette behind his ear was the love I found on the third hottest night of summer my sixth grade year. I can remember how devastated I was that the only memory of the love I had were the dark purple splotches on my arms and neck and the bloody, throbbing pressure between my thighs. All I ever wanted was to feel the type of love I used to read about, but I had it all wrong. Love doesn't really exist. 🚢