

Heartache & Happiness

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NOTHING EVER REALLY CHANGES. People never do, the world never does, and it's always such a bleak story. Heartache and happiness coincide with each other, a grim dreary type of feeling. Stemming from which are depression and fear, the most common of feelings as it so happens. She lies, he smiles, and the day continues onward. His desire throws caution to the wind, though every red flag and alarm screams within his brilliant mind. He is convinced he loves her, and she claims to love him however her actions point to the contrary. It is what it is, a dangerous dance of heartache and happiness that coagulates in the depression and fear of the future. She loves someone else, even still she claims he holds her heart and that he is her world, but she can't live without the other either. He tries so hard to keep her close regardless of the ever current storm of emotion that brews within him; the disquiet within the soul constantly sending him through the dark and light like a maelstrom bordering upon the precipice that separates heaven and hell. He walked away once, when she looked him in the eyes and told him she loved another. The empty part in his being was so vast, he felt as though he were the largest of a nesting doll that had the rest removed. He was alone, but not as such as he was when he was with her leading up to that dreadful Thursday. The memories would harken back to the happy days, the happiness before the heartache. Days when they had first met, when there was a beautiful blossoming love between them, they had spent as much time as possible together. Like all good things, it came crashing down. She couldn't walk away from her past, and hence nothing ever changes.

His hamartia is that he can't stay mad. No matter how he is wronged, he still tries to see the good in everyone. That in itself is a beautiful and tragic story in that he is used, and often. A

heart so big and capable of loving and caring, yet everyone else take advantage. The singular greed of people ruins the possibility of a true connection; to have your cake and eat it too. He tries so hard to strip himself of the negative, but she swears she loves him and can't ever be without him. So he allows her back in. On the outside looking in, anyone can see the dysfunction. A dear friend pleads with him, tries to get him to worry more for himself instead of pouring himself out there for someone who shares no equivalence. The friend begs to run, drop the mic and walk off the stage, the stage in which this horrid game plays out on. He tries. He tries so hard to make himself realize that it will continue to be the same cycle. The outstanding zeniths of happiness followed by the crippling bouts of heartache, he struggles to leave. His desire for her, and his desire to return to the days he misses so dearly blur the lines. He can't even tell anymore how a relationship is supposed to be, and sadly he will continue to do the same thing over and over. Alas nothing ever changes.

There is no way any good can come from this. He tries so hard to look at the silver lining, out of his love for her, but maybe the lining is of iron not silver after all. It merely rusts away from him, falls apart in his hands as a rotted bit of wood. She gives him good days,

lifts his spirits to ascending heights, only to shatter his resolve. She plays on his heart, nourishing his depravity and comforting him. He is dancing with the devil in human skin, as he stands within the fire. He slowly loses himself in the darkness, beginning to believe truly that he isn't good enough. That somewhere inside he will never be good enough for anyone, not even himself. Yet he still buys into her words of wanting a future with him while still walking hand in hand with someone else. He begs and pleads to just be let go, relieved of the enormous burden she creates for him. What does she expect to come from all of her actions? She claims she expects to end up with him, the broken hearted lover. He knows it will never work, as she cheats on one while swearing her love to another, that's how their relationship started... and that is how it will end, and so nothing ever changes.

Heartache and happiness, terms of love and lust; until you walk away from him, there can never be an "us". An outlet for my anger, my depression and my fear; I lay fingers to the keys and write about you here. It's coming to its pinnacle, when the water breaks the dam, our hourglass is perpetually running slowly out of sand. You try to keep the two of us in your heart so close, but in the end it'll fall apart and you will lose us both.