

Marionette

I can't take it off. Despite knowing what it really represents: the manifestation of a guilty conscience, not a romantic gesture at all.

Truth. Reality. These are my oxygen, I told you that. "If you ever have an affair, or you just stop loving me, I want to be the first to know. Don't worry about sparing my feelings; you can't hurt me with the truth, not really. The only thing I fear is living a lie." I said that. That was the truth. That was reality.

Hearing about it from Sandra's sister; the dappy cow that misunderstood and thought I knew and had forgiven you. That was reality. The truth that unveiled the past 5 months as some alternate reality you'd concocted. A fairy tale you'd duped me into; taking my free-will and making me your marionette. Trapped in the theatre of your lie. Is that how little I meant to you?

What if I'd never found out? I could have lived the rest of my life in your puppet show. Ignorance is bliss, right? You loved a cliché. And I was blissful. Maybe that's enough – that's what you thought. Our experience of life is how we perceive it in our own minds, so if we think everything's wonderful, does reality and truth even matter?

I stopped twisting the ring on my finger and twisted the bottle lid instead. "These pills can kill you," so they say. But if I believe they won't...