Deep breaths. Hands on the wheel at ten and two. Blink back the tears. No, scratch that. Embrace the tears. Let them fall. It's the only way you know you can feel.

Okay, so now you're crying harder. That's fine. Crying is fine. Crying is normal. Let's just sit in this moment for a little while. Let the feeling wash over you as though it were a wave and you the shore. Like you're letting the tears wash your face. They leak from your eyes and swim their way down your cheeks, gathering in a pool that drips off the bottom of your chin.

Deep breaths. Foot steady on the gas. Choke back the sobs. Actually, don't. If choking on your sobs is anything like stifling your words, they'll get caught in your throat and leave you unable to breathe. So let them come. Feel them resonate throughout your entire body. Let them shake you to your core. Let them leave you aching.

Deep breaths. Deep. Breaths. Take in your surroundings. Soak in the warm rays of light coming in through the sunroof, the budding leaves of the oaks and the maples, the laughter coming from students on their lazy Sunday afternoon. Don't think about what once was. Or do. You really shouldn't.

Don't think about the time he picked you up in a car that wasn't his and could barely keep his eyes on the road because they were too busy being on you. Don't think about the time he led you to the dance floor as butterflies fluttered around in your empty stomach and you couldn't tell the difference between your hunger for his touch and your hunger for a meal. Don't think about the time you made it out just for you to come back craving more. Don't. Think.

But it's too late. You can see the library and you're listening to that one song and your mind is racing and you can barely keep up with it and the tears keep pouring and pouring and the sobs keep getting louder and louder and now your judgment is as clouded as your eyes are and you're still driving so you have one of two options. You can either pull yourself over or pull yourself together and the latter seems like the best option but, god, is it the hardest. Everything keeps flooding back in tsunamis and raining down in monsoons and now you're dripping in memories and lost causes. You know that they've been lost for a reason but you can't seem to figure out why and nothing seems to make sense except for *when you're there* in that little college town… but *when you're there* all you see are ghosts and all you hear are their whispers and all you want is for it to *stop stop stop* but they keep pulling you *back back back*.

And in your head you aren't driving home anymore. You're back at the bar and you act like you aren't looking for him but you see him in every single face and you're scouring the room for the pair of eyes that are his and the music is blaring through the speakers and they're playing that one song and the liquor is hitting you and your friends are asking if you're okay. You say you're ready to face him but you know that's a lie because the minute you do you'll be nineteen again and it will all rush back and it will all spill out and you'll be the reason it all goes wrong for the second time.

This is what it always comes to. The boy with the celestial eyes and the worried heart that you held in your hand and crushed just because you knew you could.

Hands on the wheel at ten and two. Change the song. It does you no good to dwell on the past. What's done is done.

Foot steady on the gas. Leave it all behind you. Burn it and scatter the ashes out the window.

Deep breaths. Remember who you are. Deep breaths. That isn't you anymore. Deep breaths. You did what you had to do.

Deep breaths. Deep breaths. Deep. Breaths. And drive on.