

during the days we loved each other,
we always met up in this secluded area in the campus.
its on the 4th floor,
its this rusted ledge next to the fire exit that i swear to god is always in the brink of collapsing by
each step.

it sways in the slightest movements and i always teased her by shaking my body so me and her
both felt the swaying of the ground below us.

we used to meet up here when we first fell in love each other because our relationship was first
a secret we kept to many people. it felt embarassing to say we were in love with each other just
because of the complete opposite way we acted and looked, but somehow we clicked.

we would talk in this ledge for HOURS, i felt like we could talk forever. it was this weird feeling i
never felt. i finally met someone that liked the way i talk, that liked the way i spoke about certain
things, that liked the way i just discussed about really mundane stuff, and she even kept the
conversation going!

how was your day?
oh, how was my day?
im glad you asked!!

i always got made fun of for just talking about my interests, or just when i accidentally let things
ramble when i answer in class cause the topic interested me for a bit. it meant alot to me

we always talked about music, and the songs we liked but one of those songs stood out from
the rest.

Jeff Buckley's, "Lover, You Should've Come Over"

what an amazing song.
thats what she said when she first brought it up to me in conversation, and thats what i said too!
the lyrics resonated for the both of us, and how Buckley sang it with such passion and rawness
that always touched both of us dearly.

"im saddened he died so soon though", she said.

these conversations went on for the whole junior year and as the school year ended, i felt the
fallout.

i dont even know why this happened but we just inevitably fell apart. not that we had this huge
argument or whatever, but we both felt that it wasnt really working out and we slowly stopped
talking.

as the senior year passed, we never talked to each other.
we never went back to that rusted ledge, at least *i* didnt. i never went back to that place.

we both moved on and had new relationships, i saw her in campus with a new boy. while i was in a relationship with this other girl.

life happens, you know? it felt like we never even had those conversations in that rusted old ledge, like it was some distant memory.

i tried so much to spend my time with this new person, she offers and i accept. but everytime i hanged out with her, things felt weird and incomplete like i had this hole in my heart left empty. it needed something to patch that hole up, but nothing was working.

we would try this yogurt place down the road, didnt work.

we would try to be intimate with each other, we held hands and what not, didnt work.

we would try to just do anything, didnt work.

i felt empty, like this husk of a person i once was, and she always shifted the blame on me.

how could you?
you know, YOU were the one that was supposed to book our seats
you never even try
why didn't you do that?
how come you didnt do the things i told you to do!
you're so forgetful
you will never be that someone i dreamed of
i hate you
you never did anything to me
back the fuck off

well that last statement was what she said when we broke up. "back the fuck off".....

i dont know why she said that, cause of course i would! who wouldnt back the fuck off?

well it was over before i could ever even say it began for me, and she broke it off.

at this point it was nearing the end of our senior year, and we were already graduating. so at that point, i just accepted what was in front of me.

i wanted to say so much, i wanted to just communicate how i felt. but im scared it wouldve turned into a huge argument, considering how she broke up with me after classes, in campus. i wouldve made such a messy scene.

i hid my face and walked away from that whole ordeal, and i just thought of how much of a horrible person i am.

i turned to what i was most familiar with,
that same rusted ledge.

i walked up the stairs to the 4th floor, and everytime i stepped up my body felt numb, i was realizing the weight of what happened after each step, and it was building up to my body feeling unwell until i finally made it to the floor.

i made a left, then a right, then walked straight then a left again. after every turn, i was reminiscing of how i once was so happy making these turns to that ledge, and after i made one final hard right.

i saw her.
the one i loved dearly.
the one i loved so much.

i saw her, sitting in that rusty floor.
she was crying, not in a loud tone but more of that sort of crying you would do when things got personal after an argument

the sniffing, the shaking of your body after every sniffle, and that weird crying noise you make when doing that.

i saw her.
like I SAW HER.

i called her name, and she was noticed my presence by the way she stopped crying and just sat still. i then took a seat next to her, and we sat in silence for around 15 minutes.

i dont know if it was in shock after not seeing each other for the whole school year, or from the stuff we went through after the fallout, but we sat in silence like we understood each other and had this telepathic conversation.

she then stood back up, and glanced at the railing and looked at the not-so amazing view this ledge had to offer. while sitting down, i could hear her struggling to mutter a word. and then i heard it.

she started shakily singing the lyrics to the song we both loved. it was incoherent at first, as she was stammering and stuttering but she still pushed through with this strange acapella performance.

i sat there in awe, in many meanings. like "why is she doing this?" to "shes fucking amazing".

after all that, i just mindlessly stood up and sang along with her. it was very embarrassing for the both of us, but it felt very right in the moment.

thank god no other person was in that floor, it was hours after class, and we were already in a very secluded area.

i put my all in those lyrics, like how Jeff did. and all the pent up frustration i had made me scream those lyrics even more.

at this point we were singing those lyrics like we both had some fucked up relationship behind it, she was singing it with such passion that she looked at me and started screaming it at my face. i turned to do the same, and then we both started swaying our bodies and moved around mindlessly, very much swaying the entire ledge with us.

this once beautiful song now had these two teenagers flopping their bodies around in a sobbing mess reciting the lyrics one by one

then, i heard it.

i heard this click of the metal and a very loud CLANK!

as what ive feared, the rust gave in and the ledge fell below us. it felt so sudden when the ground suspending us from death finally gave in and we now are falling 4 stories down.

i managed to catch myself before the ledge fell using a loose pipe, while she wasnt so lucky -- she tried to catch herself using my arm, i tried to help her up while struggling myself but i eventually lost my grip. i saw her body fall down the height of the building -- it felt so unreal, just thinking about how that clump of flesh that we call "bodies" can act that way.

then i heard the immediate splat her body took to the ground, it was morbid. that splat replays very loudly in my head, echoing every time.