

Without You

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A short piece about my character, Triste, and what happens when his lover dies.
Rated PG 13 for suicide.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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"This is for someone who will never read these words, will never hear them spoken. I'm sorry... I never could do anything right. And I don't expect you to forgive me, for how can you forgive me if I can't forgive myself? How could you love me when I have no love for myself? I never thought I was good enough... not for you... not for me, nor anyone else.

"We were so alike in that respect, always thinking we were never enough.

"I've cried rivers for you, and though it feels like I'm dry inside, there are still tears waiting to spill. I've cried rivers, but I'm still stranded in this desert. I wish I could stop crying... It does nothing for me, for us! I will not let your death change my love for you. I am not alone, for you reside, now, in my heart.

"I refuse to allow you to disappear from my life! I refuse!! I REFUSE!! I refuse to allow the Fates to control me... I will not play in their charade of destiny...

"Oh, Goddess, moon above, why couldn't you spare my love?

"I would have died for you, love... I would have given anything, just for you, my love...

"You always looked so wonderful... beautiful and perfect...

"I can still see you now... Your sexy emo hair... Your beautiful, icy eyes... The way you focus so completely and totally on a person 'til it's like you can see right through us...

"You spoke of your many "imperfections" that, no matter how hard I looked, I never saw... You had no imperfections, love... You were perfection incarnate.

"You were amazing... from your full, tantalizingly sensual lips to your fragile throat, scarred more than once by me... scars that shine whiter than your alabaster skin... Your torso covered in the remnants of a thousand fights, and my moments of sadism...

"I always told you that you were amazing, and I never once lied. So lightly muscled and luminescent, you shone with an inner light...

"You moved with the silent grace of a cat...

"Your hands, beautiful, sensual artists' hands, were always a pleasure to feel trailing down my flesh...

"Just thinking about you makes me shiver with anticipation...

"You're so beautiful asleep. You look like an angel, so fragile... It was always a joy to watch you sleep... the gentle rise and fall of your chest, lulling me into a sense of security, and my own dream world.

"My beautiful Angel, how easily you broke.

"I am nothing without you. I have nothing without you. I gave all I had for you, and I am left so empty... without you...

"It is such a mystery to me... Why you? Why you, out of so many other people there that day? If one of us had to go, it should have been me. I was a failure... The only thing I ever did right was love you.

"You were always so compassionate and caring... Devoting time and money you didn't have to charities... Always sticking up for the underdog...

"And all this time, I was always just a worthless piece of crap. Never caring except when you looked at me with those wide, innocent eyes... I've said it before; I'd do anything for you.

"You were so wonderful. I tried too hard to love you and to show you how I cared... In the end, all I got was pain. But I wouldn't trade it for the world...

"I have no idea what I should say tomorrow for your eulogy. I'm still scared I won't make it 'til then... I'm terrified to go to your funeral... If I see you buried, you really will be gone. I couldn't bear to face the world without you by my side.

"I can't live without you, Dante. You were my world, and now that you're gone, I have nothing left. Baby, I'm joining you tonight... I love you, Dante."

As the frozen words on the heartless screen haunted him, Triste raised the gun to his head, and it was over in a flash... so much blood for such a tiny, little hole.