

Never Because of You

It happened the day before.

I was alone on my lunch break, sitting at my favorite fountain underneath the shade of one of the hundreds of honey locusts as the Eiffel Tower stood in front of me like Anouk Aimée. While I picked out the arugula from my sandwich, I watched two little boys run around their mothers, throwing rocks at one another. The sight of them made me think of you. Quickly, I thought of fresh lavender - as I have trained myself - and looked up at the highest point of the Eiffel. The tower stands 984 feet, yet it looked out of place that day with its three shades of bronze against the iris colored sky behind it. I was wondering how many times she received a fresh coat of paint and who did such a job when a tiny speck began to fall from the top platform.

I knew it was a person and that they had killed themselves. The only way to fall from the Eiffel Tower is to climb. I put my sandwich down and watched the body fall, rigid and still, rotating slowly forward in a circular motion as blonde hair bloomed forth like a budding sunflower. Screams started behind me, but I didn't make a sound, for as I watched their body plummet to the Earth, never taking my eyes off of them, I thought of you and your broken promise. I saw the letter you wrote me next to the razor that sat on the edge of the bathtub, filled with hot water,

candles lit, with my sullen note in response beside yours. I saw this as clear as I saw their body hit the ground like a soft tomato and splatter.

After the ambulances came and took what was left of them away, life had not stopped, only theirs had. They were now a whisper in the library of the living. I decided to go home, texting my boss on the metro that I would need the afternoon off. She did not respond. When I arrived, I found your letter, read it one last time, and burned it.

Then, I drew a bath.