

Through No Way

inspired by Ain't No Way by Aretha Franklin

Constellized gates hinged on a singular night.
Muted yet ferociously radiant, it mirrored my own.
How long has it been?
Four feet planted as if the soil had been just right.
How long has it been?
An oasis of brilliant greens and feisty reds encased two bodies and a horse.
Mud clung to our denim, oh, indigo, how vivid you are.
It, however, clashed with the brilliance of our emotions, hitched onto our sleeves.
Passersby stared on in a challenge, curious about this strange standoff, though we hadn't noticed.
All we consumed was the tempest raging in our eyes.
Those constellized gates.

I was the first to look away, though not before I saw
How his jaw clenched, my God.
How his nose twitched, oh Love.
How his Adam's apple bobbed, ... He was near, I felt it.

It was night out, though it seemed as the day.
A disconnected connection, one that seared my soul, and
Broke my ribcage open to shatter my heart.
Head spun, eyes wet. I saw the stars as pearls on an open voyage, pulling
A voice of no-reason to curdle into somethin' sour, no venom necessary.
The 'motions played like a film upon those plates of iron,
That was his face,
Gripping me by my spine and spiking my blood with a stilling agent.
My joints locked.
How long had it been? Us standing in this fire of agony?
Of hurt? Of realization?

Of quit?

Ain't No Way.

There was no way that he could stare at me with
Such pity and
Vitriol.

Not when we were just banking on joy.
Not when we had just danced until our feet burned.
Until the stars hid &
The sun shone.
I was honest. Ain't that what relationships are about?

"Why do you insist on punishing yourself?"

Is what he asked me.
I answered the way I knew how:

"I'm just protecting myself."

From what? Maybe from happiness or failure,
I can choose tomorrow.
That's how I remembered us last, but as I stare at him
And his lady, dancing 'til their feet stung, I can't help but wonder.

Why had I punished myself?

Does the weight of my insecurity outweigh that of my joy?
Without a doubt.
Damn my desire to be perfect, and even my wish to be normal,
For I want to be loved like a dream girl.
How can that happen if I'm not her?

Through No Way.

He wished to love you as you were.
Yet you felt worthy of less.
Maybe that's what you deserve.

Because
Through No Way,
Would you have been ready.

