

# The Breakup

*by* Jennifer Donnell

At midnight he climbs the distance between us and asks what I'm thinking. I wake up, sleepy, my braids akimbo. He says he can't wait. His brown hair feathers around his mother's eyes. How could I do this, I wonder. Is she watching me from heaven, or is heaven as impossible as love. The couch becomes cluttered with blankets. He leaves the pillows on the bed. Leaves his broken heart out of view and I can't see the future any longer. If he was my future, what should I do with this new, unorganized abyss? At half past three the window shatters and I run from the room, phone in hand. It's okay, he calls out. He threw something and it shattered, but the window didn't actually break. Why are you breaking things, I demand. Don't break things, I add. And he looks at me like I've broken everything else.

