

# The Escapists

*by* Marda Miller

The last time I saw her she had a flaccid cigarette hanging from her mouth. We were both killing ourselves, yet somehow made it excusable. “Everyone has to go sometime” she used to say. I hated her for that. I hated that I wasn't enough.

I sought to feel something. I hunted my mortality. I craved that rush of life pulsating through my veins. I wanted very much to spill myself over the edge; instead I just dangled there, dangerously enough without actually going over.

She was the reason I existed and she was the reason I wanted to die.

