

Tales from the Friend Zone

by Rudis Muiznieks

It is a grey November morning, sheltered by a weeping sky.

I have been awake over forty hours, mostly staring at my ceiling, head cradled by dampened pillow. Surely, the signs had been there. I must have willfully blinded myself as I barreled along toward the pedestal upon which I would lay my heart. The pedestal that, ultimately, turned out to be a cutting board.

The blade was wielded by a spunky brunette with a German accent and a laugh that made me weak at the knees. Crafted through years of what I, in my ignorance, foolishly regarded a mutual intimate affinity, the piece of me she carved away is crushing in its absence.

I can no longer imagine her laugh, once considered the sweetest sound, without its focus turned to me. Cackles of accusation; you fool, you idiot.

The clarity depletes me, and I sleep.

