

The Morning After

When I wake up I know he's still gone, but my arm absentmindedly reaches for him. But of course I am met with nothing but the feeling of my cold sheets. As I move to face my ceiling I realize my pillow is damp as the memory of me sobbing myself to sleep comes back, something I hadn't done ever since I met him. I knew this was going to be tough, I once had constant company to love and cherish me at any moment I needed, and now it was gone in an instant. It felt as if I had lost my partner, but when it was time for me to grieve, no one could comfort me. The world would go on as normal for everyone else, while mine had just come to a complete halt.

'Stupid' I thought to myself, it was stupid that something that wasn't even real in the first place could affect me in this way. Despite the fact that the whole time I knew he wasn't real, that he was only something from my head, him being gone felt like a real break up. A break up where we would see each other the next day and make up, realize that we were both just blinded by anger when we said we hated one another, kiss then make up. 'I'm doing it again.' I caught myself over romanticizing how all of this was supposed to end, but if I wanted to get better I needed to stop. But a complete stop to the romantic mindset would be difficult given that for the past couple months I had spent my time in a self built fairytale that was constructed in my head, but I had to try. Constant reminders and hyperfocusing on my real life daily tasks would be my start, working against what I had been used to was going to take a while.

As I get up from my bed and head for the bathroom I'm already dreading the way I'll look, I know the bags under my eyes will be prominent just based on the fact that I can feel their weight. I look like a mess. Even the things that hadn't changed about my appearance felt wrong, it felt as if my features were somebody else's, they didn't fit right on my face. Due to my horrible appearance I would have to come up with excuses to tell my friends, they would all greet me with concern painted all over their faces. I couldn't blame them though, none of them had seen me like this in months. A nightmare is what I would tell them, make up some horrific story then hope everyone would brush it under the rug. 'I'll come up with more excuses later.' This would have to be a constant lie I kept up till I started looking better.

While getting dressed I try to remind myself that I'll get better, that I won't feel like this forever. I hope that one day I'll look back at this and think that I was just being a silly kid, that what is now my daunting reality will be nothing but a joke to me in the future. 'I'll get better, the hardest day is always, the morning after.'