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Broken, Yet Found

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Nighthawk

Olivia Marcus

His vision was blurred by tears, hers was unaffected.

He was in love, she wasn't.

"Simple as that," she said.

"It's not anyone's fault," she insisted.

He knew better.

He knew it was his fault.

Four years, and he could no longer see her eyes with their vibrant green, but with a dull gray. She would tell him she was having a tough time at work. He would brush it off.

"How could I be so oblivious?" he said.

"You were always thinking about a future, and I am not ready for it," she replied.

"The future is inevitable," he said.

"Not with you," she said with now glossy eyes.

So he left.

She didn't call out for him.

With tears streaming down his pale face, he ran.

As fast as he could.

She was the love of his life.

She was his rock.

She was his home.

He had nowhere to go.