

Bury Me

We fit too perfectly in each other's wounds.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. We weren't meant to find comfort in decay, to learn the rhythm of poison like a lullaby, but somehow, here we are. I think about it often, the way our hearts collided, jagged and raw, and the way we clung to each other as if survival itself depended on the shared pain. And in some ways, it did. Because when I'm with you, I feel alive. Not the kind of alive that comes with sunlight and laughter, but the kind that thrums beneath the ribs, sharp and jagged, reminding me I exist.

You are my mirror, and I hate what I see. I hate the reflection staring back through your eyes, twisted by the same fears and regrets I thought I buried deep. I am your ghost, haunting the edges of your life, your mistakes, your dark thoughts, and yet, you refuse to let me rest. I should hate you for that, for trapping me here, for keeping me bound to a place I can never leave. But I don't. Because even though it hurts, even though every word tastes like ash in my mouth, I still choose you. I still let the claws find their home in my chest.

Every "I'm sorry" we speak feels rehearsed. Every "I love you" hangs in the air, heavy and weighted with guilt. And still, we say

it. We say it because the silence is more unbearable, because the truth is a void we cannot stare into without falling apart. We both know it: we are not healing each other. We are rotting together, learning the curves of each other's darkness until it becomes familiar, until it feels like safety. There is a rhythm to our chaos, a pattern in the destruction, a comfort in knowing exactly where the pain will strike next. A bed of nails would be softer than this, yet somehow, we still choose it. We still choose each other. I remember the first time I realized it, how dangerous you were to me, and yet, how necessary. It was late, or maybe it was early.

The distinction doesn't matter anymore. I was sitting in the half-light of our apartment, the city stretching out beyond the windows, and you were standing there, silent, leaning against the doorframe. There was an anger in your eyes, the kind that could burn everything it touched, and yet I didn't move away. I couldn't. I wanted it. I wanted to feel the heat of your presence, even if it meant I would bleed. I wanted to know that you could hurt me, and I could still remain, still choose to stay.

We talk about love sometimes, but it's a strange word between us. Love here doesn't feel like warmth or safety. It's a tether, a cord we cannot cut without risking ourselves. It's in the way we hold on during arguments that escalate too quickly, the way we fight and make up only to fight again. It's in the whispered apologies at 3 a.m., in the touches that leave bruises both literal

and invisible, in the way we know each other's weaknesses and exploit them, then collapse into the arms of the other as though collapse itself is an expression of devotion.

And maybe it is.

We are each other's monsters. That's what makes it so inevitable. We see the worst in ourselves mirrored in the other, and instead of recoiling, we embrace it. We breathe it in like air. We have learned the shape of pain, the contours of fear, and we fit together so perfectly that leaving is not an option. I think about trying to leave sometimes. I imagine what it would be like to open the door and step into a world without you. But the thought is unbearable.

Without you, I am incomplete. I am hollow. Without this shared suffering, I am nothing.

And so we remain.

The days blur together, stitched by tension and need, by silence and confessions too heavy to speak aloud. There is a familiarity to our destruction. I know when you will lash out before you do. You know my words before they leave my mouth. And yet, somehow, even knowing all of this, we cannot stop ourselves. We are drawn together in a gravity of hurt and desire, a dark orbit

that spins faster with every argument, every stolen kiss, every broken promise. We are addicted to it.

Sometimes, late at night, I watch you sleep. Not in admiration, not in the tender way one might gaze at someone they love with innocence. I watch you because I need to see that you exist, that the chaos is tangible, that the person I love and fear is still breathing, still here. And when I look at you, I see the monster I love, the reflection I can't escape, the part of myself that I cannot bear to face alone. And I reach for you anyway.

Our bed is a battlefield and a sanctuary, an altar to everything wrong and everything necessary. Hands clench, bodies twist, and yet beneath the bruises and the whispered curses, there is connection. Not the kind that heals, not the kind that saves, but the kind that reminds us that we are alive. That we exist. That we are capable of feeling something so intensely that the world outside ceases to matter for a few stolen hours.

I think that's why we stay.

Because the pain you give me feels like proof. Proof that I exist. Proof that I can still feel. Proof that even in the midst of rot and decay, there is something undeniably alive between us. It is fragile. It is dangerous. It could shatter with a single word, a single wrong look. And yet, it persists, as relentless as the tide.

And I cannot imagine a life without it, without you.

Even when we fight, even when the walls of our apartment echo with anger, silence, and regret, there is a rhythm. I know where to place my hands to soothe, where to press to ignite. You know when to hold me and when to let go, when to yell and when to whisper. We are entwined, caught in a cycle of destruction and craving, of breaking and mending. And though I know it is toxic, I know it is consuming, I cannot turn away. I do not want to. I think about the future sometimes, though it is a terrifying place.

What happens if one day we cannot bear it anymore? What if the delicate balance we have built, this equilibrium of pain and desire, collapses? I imagine a world where I walk alone, where the air does not tremble with your presence, where the nights are quiet and unmarked by whispered apologies. And the thought terrifies me. Because without you, even a world filled with sunlight would feel cold and empty.

We are doomed, I realize sometimes. But it is a beautiful doom, in its own way. There is art in the way we hurt, poetry in the rhythm of our chaos, music in the way our hearts clash and catch fire. And we move through it like dancers on a stage of knives, knowing each step could cut, could destroy, could end everything and still, we move. Still, we breathe. Still, we cling.

I have learned to read you like scripture. Every sigh, every glance, every small gesture speaks volumes. I know when you are retreating, when the walls are closing in around you, when the fear is too much. And I can reach in, gently, because we know each other's fragility better than anyone else ever could. And when I am in pain, you reach back. Not with gentleness, not always with love, but with understanding, with recognition, with acknowledgment that the world outside does not matter. Only this. Only us. Only the claws that keep us tethered.

I am exhausted and exhilarated all at once.

Because to love you is to risk everything. To stay is to risk everything. To leave would be unthinkable, because nothing in the world could replace this entanglement. And maybe that is why it is inevitable. Maybe that is why we are bound here, in this imperfect, rotting, necessary hell. Because there is no one else who could mirror me so perfectly, who could see every shadow inside me and refuse to let me go.

Some nights, when the city sleeps and the quiet presses in from all sides, I whisper your name into the darkness. Not for reconciliation. Not for hope. Not for longing. But because saying it aloud reminds me that you exist, that we exist. That our chaos is not an accident, not a mistake, not a punishment, but a testament. A proof that even in our ruin, we are alive.

And so we continue.

We say the words we need, even when they taste of guilt. We reach for each other, even when our hands leave bruises. We cling to a love that is broken, that is dangerous, that is beautiful only in the way it defies reason. And though the world would call it madness, though the world would say leave, though the world would say we are wrong, we stay. Because somehow, in the claws, we have learned to find comfort. Because somehow, in each other's darkness, we have found a kind of home. Because, in the end, there is nothing else to choose.