

I was leaning back, looking up at the sky. It was a gorgeous day, the sky was bright blue, and the sun was out. There was a slight breeze, enough to make it feel much cooler than the eighty or so degrees it actually was. I looked around and could only see the ocean, all around us. The sail was fluttering in the breeze, sometimes noisy, sometimes quiet and relaxed. I looked at Sandy, and realized I didn't do that enough. She was beautiful. Not just her physical beauty. But the way she was there, by the wheel of the boat, looking out over the ocean, she looked self-assured, and comfortable. It was as if when she let her hair down, she let her guard down as well. Every now and then she looked over at me, and I could see the smile on her face. But then she would turn back and look out over the front of the boat, turning the wheel to the left or to the right. She reminded me very much of Vicky, when she drove us to the hall by the lake where we told each other of our undying love.

The fact I felt this relaxed surprised me. I hadn't been relaxed in a long time. There was nothing particular going on at work, and aside from the occasional errand for coffee, Sandy and I had settled into a routine I considered to be comfortable. And yet, at the same time, I felt a storm churning inside. Like a real storm, I didn't feel I had any control. When I said the things I said, and did the things I did, it was not to feed the storm. It was not my choice to feed it. I wanted the storm to go away so the blue sky could come back. But I couldn't. Every little thing fed it. Every single word, every single action, every single thing I would use to spew out negativity. So far, most of the time, I wanted to stop it. I didn't want this. I wanted to love, and I wanted to be happy. I had no idea what was stopping me. The fact I had no control over my anger left me feeling confused, and in a way, even more angry. There were many times I was able to stop it. But there were more and more times I was not. It was as if there was a different person inside of me. Maybe not a different person. Maybe just a different personality. A different side of me that I could not envision and could not quantify, but one who would take control of me and lead me down a path of destruction, down a path I would have never consciously chosen to go. I didn't see myself from the outside and I never saw that other personality looking on. But whenever there was good, whenever there was hope and happiness, there it was, and it would take control of me and take that hope and happiness and good and use it to feed itself, and make itself stronger and bigger.

I dropped my arm down the side of the boat and touched the water as it splashed up from the bow. It was cold. It was fresh. I tasted the drops on my hands, and they tasted salty, but at the same time they tasted clean. I wondered if that water could clean me. If it could go through me and wash out the storm, and make it go away. I imagined standing in the water, and feeling it all around me, and having it accept me and make me feel good. But there was no bottom, and I couldn't stand. I was sinking, deeper and deeper, until the ocean closed itself above me and all I could see was the boat slowly moving away as the light got dimmer, until there was nothing else. The water was rushing through my mouth and into my lungs, and it filled them up, until I stopped inhaling. The boat was gone. There were no bubbles. There was no light. There was nothing.

I looked back at Sandy. She was good. For me, and for herself. It hurt me I could not accept her for who she was. Not that I didn't want to. I wanted to so bad it ached. But there was yes, and then there was no. And I had decided on no when Vicky died. Could I ever change? Could I switch from no to yes? Wouldn't that be hypocritical? After all, I had already decided, hadn't I?

But she was right there. She was smart, and she was caring, and I was the primary reason she was there. She wanted to stay, with me. And I was treating her like a... I was treating her like shit. I ignored her when I wasn't using her to feed my storm. Why the hell was she still with me?