

I'm Sorry

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I think I lasted about a week before the dreams started. I've always been a dreamer. Not in the sense that I have grand dreams and a vision for myself, or that I want to touch the stars or anything. I just have a lot of dreams, and they're usually crazy or weird, and I typically remember them the next day. Ones like these I remember for months.

I had dreams about you. Dreams where you were angry, dreams where you were sad. Dreams where we were together, and of course dreams where I betrayed you. In one of them *I* even cheated on *you*. Crazy. I know.

The dreams lasted on and off for weeks. I felt like the guilt was eating me alive. But of course, in therapy I said it was you haunting me. Not my own self-doubt and the constant wondering if I did the right thing. I said it was you, holding me back. Even in dream form, you didn't want me to succeed! You wouldn't let me get a night's rest! When would I be done with you?

No time soon.

I celebrated after I went a few nights in a row with no dreams. I told my friend it was because of him. He had literally saved me from you in one of the later dreams. It felt a little on the nose, but I'm not one to ignore a sign.

He's no savior. He's not perfect. He's sweet and very understanding, and that's great. But in my efforts to push you away, stifle you, bury your name in the pits of hell, I praised him to the heavens. He was God-like, I told him. He thought it was sweet, he laughed. With the precious gift of hindsight, I realize how troubling a mindset like that is. I was replacing one fallen God for another. I was trying to replace you. Of course he ended up disappointing me. He's not you.

Yesterday, I unblocked you on Facebook. You were home now from basic training; had you posted anything? Your page was private so I could only see an updated profile picture. It was the one you took the day of your grandfather's funeral. I remember the day he died. The night before, I had fallen asleep on our virtual movie night, and so the next day I was on punishment. You had told me not to text or call, and you would not respond if I did. While I was at work, you called and texted me over and over, but I didn't see until I was on break. He had died. You needed someone to talk to. I was sorry.

I want to send you a message and say sorry. I am so sorry for blocking you and not trying to talk through it that day. It feels petty in hindsight. Worse, I feel stupid for getting the no-trespassing

order. I would've loved to see you before I left campus. If you had been allowed to come, would you?

But then I picture it. Me on my knees, begging for forgiveness, telling you I'm sorry, and breaking the long silence between us. For what? To be ignored again, to be yelled at, insulted and degraded. To be treated like I don't matter, like my boundaries don't matter. I would be making myself vulnerable only to be run over again.

I say run over, and not stabbed in the back, because I know how much you love that car. Remember how I wrote that poem about how you loved your car more than me for class, and we both hated it? It was right after that weekend when we went on a date to that Mexican restaurant by campus. When we left to go to the army surplus store or whatever it's called, you hit the curb, messed up one of your rims, and then decided to just drop me off at home and cancel the rest of the date. Because that scratch on your rim mattered more than being with me. Do you remember?

I think about how you called me after I blocked your number. You called several times. You must've known you were blocked, that I didn't want to talk. You must've seen we weren't friends on Facebook or Snapchat. I wonder if I was only valuable enough to call because I was gone. If I had been there, had I answered, would you have wanted me?

You emailed me later (how did you get my email?). You broke your hip in basic training (allegedly). I emailed you back to tell you to stop. You said, no, really, lol, it's broke. And I said, no, really, stop talking to me.

Oh shoot. I'm sorry. Idk what I did but I'm sorry. I'll leave you alone.

You don't know what you did? I told you over and over again what you did *while* you were doing it. It's not my fault you didn't listen. Sometimes it seemed like you understood. Sometimes you said sorry, and that you would do better. Is it that you don't know what you did *this* time? This most recent time? To make me leave?

Well I don't know either. Maybe if I left after you put the gun to my head, or choked me and told me to get out your car, or when you kept having sex with me after I told you that it hurt, maybe then it would make more sense. Or maybe I should have left after you were messing around with your ex, or after you had a threesome the day before you left for basic training even though I was begging you to stay. You told me you had a family thing to get to, and didn't tell me the truth until months later. Maybe then it would've been clearer. Maybe then I wouldn't have so many doubts.