

We sat on the swings, because the AC at my apartment blew out. The sunlight was sickeningly bright, and the air felt hot and sticky. I dragged the toe of my scuffed converse slowly through the wood chips. The ground where I pushed the chips away was dark and damp, and it stuck to my shoe in small brown clumps.

"I kinda hate living," I said, just because, and I heard you make a noncommittal noise in the back of your throat.

You looked worried. But you were always worried about me, no matter how much you tried to hide it.

"Sorry," I said, and I laughed a bit, though it was a small, awkward thing, "I didn't, I don't, you know. It's just— just, sometimes life's boring." I dragged out the last word in an imitation of a lazy drawl and I watched you slowly smile back at me. You didn't believe me, yes, but I knew you always understood me, the same way I understood you, and when everything goes to hell— if everything goes to hell— you'll be there, waiting.