

One

Like most souls dragged into this mess of a world, my childhood carried legacies I never consented to.

My mother was seventeen — barely more than a child herself — when she carried me. A girl unloved. Untouched by kindness. Spoken to in commands rather than compassion. Her own mother had cast her aside. My father? A phantom. A rejection so complete it lingered like smoke in her lungs.

She once told me something I still can't let go of. That while I grew inside her, I flinched whenever she cried. Moved when she felt alone. As if, even before birth, I already knew the taste of abandonment.

I was six the first time I met death. Not heard about it — met it. I didn't understand it then. I only remember the weeping, the silence afterward, the hole no one knew how to name.

My grandmother — my tether to anything warm — died of cancer. I watched it take her piece by piece. I watched her disappear while she was still breathing. That broke something in me.

Crying became as natural as blinking. Depression nested. Took root. The suicidal thoughts came later — not as drama, but as logic. A conclusion drawn from a life that made no promises and still found a way to break them.

I'm older now. I've read the books. Chewed the ideas until they lost their flavor. Philosophy? It's like drinking sand when you're thirsty. It looks like it might help — until it doesn't.

And still the question echoes:
What's the point?

Right now, I'm standing at the edge of a cliff. Literal? Maybe. Metaphorical? Certainly.

I feel the wind — cold, clean. One step, and it's finished. No more hunting for answers in pages. No more trying to pour meaning into a cup cracked all the way through.

You're probably thinking it. **Love**. Or **God**. Or some shimmering thing we pretend will save us. *Hope*. That lie we tell ourselves to keep the blade from pressing too

deep, or the pills from going down too fast.

I used to believe it.

Or at least I tried.

Maybe you still do. And if you do... I'm glad. Illusions can be beautiful. Sometimes they're the only things that get us through.

But for me?

There's nothing left.

Just a count.

The count.

Three...

Two...

...

Wait.

That's the thing about cliffs.

They demand a decision.

And sometimes, in that final second before the step, you remember the weight of existence.

Not as a burden.

But as proof.

Proof that you were here.

That maybe —

just maybe —

there is still something worth finding on the other side of the ledge.

One...