

## Broken Daydreams

Pictures of the party cloud my vision. Laughter fills my ear. Memories bombard my mind. A frown sits recognizing on my face. Last night has been injected with regrets. Rose has not been there today to clear things up. She didn't show the light. The girl who has always been there to help the pain has now done far worse. Tears slide down my pale face. They pass freckles now with a muddy expression could be mistaken as dirt. I look like a mess.

I guess I've always looked troubled. Dark and on the wrong path. (And to most a poetic pussy) Now I look almost evil. Hatred speckles my broken, vague, black eyes. Long, rain drenched hair hangs on my head. It sticks to my cheek. I looks down to my feet. Rose, the sexy, nice, perfect girl who lives in Apartment 605, must be in the party, having the time of her life. Without me. With Daniel, the bastard of the century, under the mistletoe.

Rose never dated me, Sebastian. I never bothered to ask nor did Rose. And the question will never rise. Hell no. This is enough to break my heart. To tear some heartstrings. But to kiss the enemy. Her friend's arch nemesis. The one who bullied me from second to seventh grade. The one who got the job, money, and pretty much everything else. The one whose mother stole the heart of my father. That was far, far worse. Rose has burned Sebastian to ash. I am the distant memory that clings to the remaining flesh.

Broken shards of glass lays at my feet. It used to be a flower vase. The remains make a scratching noise at my leg's movement. Some blood shows on the leather couch. This is a product of my anger. Screams echoes the torn wallpaper.

The neighbors don't know what to do. They rarely know who lives in Apartment 602. I guess they know the basic stuff. Me, a man in his dried mid-twenties. Me, with no visitors nor friends. Me, who always walks out of the apartment at exactly 10 'o clock in the morning. My hands are in his pockets. Eyes cast down getting ready for another day in another job. Some odd job that I handled to get with a resume the side of a business card. Mostly because they usually are business cards. Why get involved in someone else's life? I'm sure I wouldn't. They think my life is wasted. I thinks so, too.

I walk from living room to the bathroom. More dirt and dust meets the eye. It looks just like any bathroom. A shower with hot and cold handles. The hot only works on summer and cold water flow is stubborn until winter. I can't afford a new one. The crappy manager requires a payment, a bunch of papers, and other bull shit. A toilet sits near. It seems as if it's a magnetic vortex to all things that fall. And in only one flush they disappear.

A small mirror stares back at me. Water and smudges fill most areas. Dust lays at the metallic plastic border. How would Rose respond to me now? She'll say some words. Try to stitch the wounds. But the scars she put have already healed wrong. Nothing will bring me back. As long as my red Rose is away. But she was with Daniel now. I open my eyes. The reflection in the mirror has changed since last year.

Wrinkles are slowly creeping their way inside. Some have showed around my eyes. Others grow near my lips like pinched clay. The anger in my eyes didn't seem so young. It was Hell hard, but I have to admit it. I've started to look like my father.

My father, the cruel man he was. He left his mother to make life alone. And he made some life as well. With Daniel's mother. He visited on weekends. Saturdays and Sundays always have been my least favorite. My father would scream at me about weakness. Maybe that bastard was right. Anger was so intense it blurred his heavy, deep words. Whenever my mother would see him tears fell down her face. She looked so weak and fragile. Her brown mousy hair fell loosely. Dark, sagging shadows made a permanent stay under her hopeless eyes. I could never forgive that douche.

I miss my mother. I miss her a lot. She was a strange kind of loving. She wasn't always there for me. But she gave good advice, sometimes. Most of the time she stayed in her room. Muttering regrets, her eyes shut tight. Her hands were clenched in tiny fists. I hoped he wouldn't become like either of his parents. Cruel and heartless or broken and miserable.

I remember when they divorced. I was in the corner. My scrawny arms were held tight to Mr. Snuggles, my fluffy teddy bear. I was only four, it was my birthday. My mother was pressed to the wall as if nails held her in the awkward position. Mother's eyes were dilating, spinning madly around the room. Dad had a knife in one hand, a gun in the other.

His voice spat curses at her. I tried using Mr. Cuddles to cover my eyes and ears. But mother's screams were too loud. With a peak I saw the knife wiz over to my mother's body. It missed by inches. I never felt so scared. My father shot at random objects until his bullets were drained. With only blaring me some words I would never repeat and his middle finger at us both he left. We stayed in the same place as if it would be forever for almost two days.

Finally reality hit us both and we had to live our lives. With the court seeing my father was not in his best mental state I lived with my mother. But he had to visit. We (me and my mother) didn't have a good lawyer. And he spent most of our money for a lawyer that practically threw our out of the court.

And only five years later, she died. My mother left out of depression. She died because of metal pain and anxiety. My father's blade missed her by a nail. It hit her far deeper. She was mental and I knew that. I didn't know it would've been then end for her.

My father, four years later, committed suicide. He jumped the Niagara Falls. He showed on six different newspaper articles. My mom got a small corner for a poorly written obituary. But being a somewhat moral human, I hoped at least Daniel's mother was fazed by his death. Just as my mother would. But no, that stripper was back at the club only days after. Bitch.

I turn on the water faucet. The water flows with a good rhythm. I dunk my head. The sound gets louder as it floods my ears. Tears and tap water mixed together. Water was good in times like these. I was away from the world for a moment.

Images blazed harder and harder. I let out a short scream. Just to let out my anger. Crushing my head with the mirror glass shattered. If I wake up tomorrow, I'll buy a new one. I look around. I need to get a lot of more things. It looks just like mother's house that night. Damn, my mind was really out to get me. Doesn't want to stop remind me, does it.

I turn to face the bathroom cabinet. It's white with paint peeling off. The handle is rusted. Opening with a loud creak I pulled out a bottle. I'm a light drinker, like my father. This was a big, dusty bottle of Whiskey. I drank the last one three months ago.

I took it out slowly, to not drop it. With a breath sucked in I opened it. A smell drifted from the mouth. It was sweet. Like Rose. Her full lips, flowing red hair curling in thousands of

twists and locks. Rose's curvy figure down to her long legs. She always wears red flower patterns on skirts and dresses. Her tops would be covered by a light peach-ish colored blouse full of frills. She was a business lawyer. Her apartment was twice the size of mine. Without any regrets I raised the bottle. The syrupy liquid fell down my throat. It was like a river, rushing down. With a coughed choke it spiked up. Then hurried back down to drown the broken daydreams.