

One

Like any other soul dragged into this mess of a world, my childhood bore the weight of legacies I didn't choose.

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 forget. That while I grew inside her, I flinched whenever she cried. Moved when she felt alone. As if, even before birth, I already knew what abandonment tasted like.

I was six the first time I encountered death. Not just heard of it—met it. I didn't understand it then. I just remember the weeping, the silence afterward, the hole no one could name. My grandmother, my tether to anything warm, died of cancer. I watched it take her piece by piece. I watched her disappear while still breathing. That broke something in me.

Crying became as natural as blinking. The depression? It nested, grew roots. The suicidal thoughts came later, a logical conclusion to a life that made no promises and still managed to break them.

I'm older now. I've read the books. I've chewed on the ideas. Philosophy? It's like drinking sand when you're thirsty. 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 can feel the wind, cold and clean. One step, and it's done. No more searching for answers in pages, no more trying to fill a cup that's 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.

You still do, maybe. 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 with 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 that you were here.

And that maybe...

Just maybe...

There's still something worth finding on the other side of the ledge.

One...