

Ten Thirty PM
By: Melissa Lee

I hate my bedroom. I know this is different. How could anyone hate the place that is supposed to be the most relaxing? My bedroom became a battlefield. I'm not talking guns and vests, but rather a clash of hearts and minds. We were just two souls entangled in hope and fear.

It always began innocently enough, with the day filled with shared moments. Everything we did was together. We worked together then we came home together. So why would a storm be brewing in the horizon? If I knew this, I wouldn't be writing about it.

But as the clock struck ten thirty, the tranquility would dissipate like morning mist, giving way to the tempest that brewed beneath the surface of our relationship. Words, once sweet and tender, turned sharp and accusatory, each sentence a dagger aimed at the heart of the other.

In the dim light of the bedroom, illuminated only by the faint glow of the moon filtering through the curtains, we would grapple with the demons that haunted us, grudging up past grievances and laying bare our deepest insecurities. The air cracked with tension, thick with the weight of unspoken truths and unresolved emotions.

It was in those moments, amidst the chaos of our arguments, that I felt the true extent of our connection. Despite the bitterness that tainted our words, there was a raw honesty to our exchanges, a vulnerability laid bare in the harsh light of conflict.

But as the night wore on, it became painfully clear that our love was no match for the destructive force of our incessant fighting. With heavy hearts and tear-stained eyes, I reached the painful conclusion that we were better off apart.

In the quiet solitude of our once beloved bedroom, now tainted by the memory of our shattered dreams, I felt a deep sense of loss wash over me. How had we let things come to this? How had the place that was meant to be our sanctuary become a battlefield, where love lay bleeding among the ruins of our broken hearts?