

Peace in Endings

This morning, I watched the sunrise. It was spectacular to see the oranges, purples and blues mix across the sky before the bright yellow broke the horizon. I've seen the sun welcome the day before, 10,823 times to be exact. This sunrise was special; special and sad. Terrifying if I'm honest. I would've watched the moon rise tonight if there had been one. If I had of known where I would be right now, I wouldn't have taken the glow of the last full moon for granted.

It's funny how, when faced with our final hours, our minds find the peace it hasn't known for quite some years. Maybe it was just my mind though? But I'm sitting here feeling the warm breeze as it lifts the long brown, matted mess of curls from my shoulders. I'd neglected the well-being of my hair for some time, there little point in putting effort into my appearance now. Just one of the things I've long let go in my life, proven to have little meaning. Not that such effort helped me before.

A cloud of cold, white smoke puffed out of my mouth as I laugh to myself, finding irony in the little things that had blindly lead me along the path that arrived right to this moment. My earliest memory I have is fear. I can thank my mother for that one. After my father had died, mother had gone off the rails some. Between her personality disorder and her drug and alcohol abuse, I practically raised myself. This mix however was also a perfect storm for a shitty childhood. Often she would stumble through the door, the stench of whiskey and a cheap men's cologne radiating off her seconds before the dark, male figures that belonged to said cheap cologne, stumble in after her. This frequently occurred right up until I left home and those men wouldn't always stay in mothers bed.

I left home, couch hopping while I could, when I was only 15. Another tiny thing that contributed another paver to my neglected pathway. I often used my body to ensure my safety... or at least a roof over my head. It wasn't until I was 21 that I found Jace. At first he treated me like a queen. Well, as close to a queen as I could ever possibly get. The sour smell of the ice he smoked frequented our small, mouldy apartment and the coming and going of visitors often had me on edge. Things started to change though, I mean obviously otherwise I wouldn't be where I am right now.

Jace and I began arguing over stupid things like him thinking I was cheating because I took too long at the shop to pick up cigarettes. We all know how this part of the story goes. One fight it was just yelling and name calling, the next he had put his fist through the rotting dry wall of our bedroom narrowly missing my face. I wish I had seen the little signs, the small red flags that would've indicated that bigger things were yet to come. Jace had given me some beatings and often forced me to do things I didn't want to do with him, but I'd never thought he had the ability to make me believe death was an option.

Earlier this week, the fight had started over some undercooked potatoes. He must've had enough of me, enough of my mistakes. Because tonight, he beat me again. This time I was begging for him to kill me, anything to stop the burn of the venom in his words and pin of his punches as they connected with my body. I just wanted it to end. I could barely breath, even now, through what I assume are broken ribs. I can barely see out of one eye and the cuts across my legs from where he had dragged me over the broken glass on the kitchen floor is starting to ooze pus and burn red around the edges. These past few days have given me the time I needed to reflect. Reflect on what lead me here, what I can and cannot change, what parts of me will never heal.

Sitting under the cover of dark on the broken wooden steps of our back porch, I can't help the laugh bubbling in my throat. This is it for me, I'm at least able to recognise this as my moment. My moment to do the right thing for me to find my peace. I lift my hand to wipe the cold sticky mess from my cheek, my hair is now sticking to it. I look back into the house as I stand, I can see Jace sitting there at the table. I walk over to the cupboard and pull a glass from the cupboard, fill it with water from the sink and take a small sip. This is that moment of peace. The noise in my head is quiet now, satisfied that it's over and my decision is final.

I reach into the kitchen drawer on my left, third from the top. It's 7.30pm, time for my medication. I can never sleep without them, sometimes they're the only thing that quiets the noise. Hastily, I unscrew the cap and drop it allowing it to roll off the bench, empty the contents of the full bottle of sleepers in my outstretched palm. One deep breath, allowing myself to feel the air fill my lungs before I throw back half the handful with a gulp of the water followed by the rest. It's well and truly enough for my small frame, it shouldn't take long now.

I walk around the front of the kitchen table, pull the ashtray from the centre closer so I can reach it. I look up at Jace, his eyes white and empty. Slouched over in his seat, his blood sprayed up the wall behind him and across the fridge to his right. So now he has nothing to say, no insult to throw at me, no fist to throw and no force he wants to put on me. The gun I had taken from underneath the coffee table in our lounge now sits in front of him where I had sat it after making sure he wasn't breathing anymore. He had been though, still breathing. Though he made no noise as the remaining blood in his body had pooled underneath him.

The laugh was threatening to escape from my mouth again. The stupid bastard hadn't seen it coming and the look of shock on his face when he registered that I had fired the first shot into his gut brought an indescribable joy. I would be surprised that I can't hear sirens but he had also been paranoid enough to get a silencer attachment from the dealer he sold for. I can feel the heaviness in my eyelids take over now, I didn't realise it would happen this quickly. I stand to walk over to the couch but my legs are jelly, my knees giving way beneath me. My face connected with the linoleum of the kitchen floor, I can't seem to move now. I'll just lay here and let the peace overcome me. I'll finally say goodbye to those little things that lead me here and welcome the peace and quiet that will soon be all I know.