**We’ll be a Fine Line**

**Two Ghosts**

It’s the two-sink set up in my ~~parent’s~~ mom’s bathroom that gets me. Old products and lasting imprints remain scattered around the newly bare sink, ones my mom has tried so hard to scrub clean. The dusted lamp on the bedside table is remnant of a separate life I so badly want back, yet it also casts a new light shadowed with lies and false perspectives only now coming into view. These realizations that have come with age and unkept secrets are only slightly deterrent of this longing I feel for my former family, and selfishly so, as if the word ‘former’ that now precedes what I knew to be ‘family’ isn’t telling enough.

Sometimes I go into my ~~parent’s~~ mom’s room and I’m suddenly sick to my stomach, the newfound emptiness of the room suffocating. The fact that everything in the room comes in sets of two is a constant, cruel reminder causing the sickness in my stomach to swirl deeper the longer I tend to think about it: two sinks, two towel racks, two nightstands, two dressers, a king- sized bed made for two happily married people to sleep at a comfortable distance (and perhaps sometimes with two scared children in between) now all take on a different meaning, a different feeling. The thing is, that *comfortable* distance left between a couple while they sleep on their king-sized bed can grow until it is infinite, something people don’t necessarily think about when buying their king-sized bed to share with the person they love in which their kids will eventually squeeze into the space between them. It’s one of those realizations that is revealed following the unveiling of those now unkept secrets.

To be completely honest, I've always hated the number two. Maybe it's because I’ve always been told that “good things come in pairs” and have experienced quite the opposite. Or it’s because comparison takes two, and when people compare, they soon realize that what they already have isn’t nearly enough. Either way, my family is now closer to that number than it ever was before, and awfully enough, sometimes I just wish the secrets were kept.

**Promises Are Broken Like Stitches**

Like so many couples whose marriages are struggling, my parents tried to patch it all up with a vacation. I’m not sure if they hopelessly thought sun and sand paired with bottomless drinks would be the answer, or if at that point they already knew what was coming and thought this would soften the blow. Well, surprisingly enough it accomplished none of the above, and I now hate Puerto Vallarta.

**Tell Me Something New**

It was a really beautiful day, one of those transitional ones between summer and autumn where you could taste the fall festivities beginning to brew but the salt air of summer still lingered. My feet were on the dashboard as my mom drove us towards Michaels so I could get supplies for a school project. I was blasting music (probably some classic rock song as all of junior year I had Bon Jovi radio on repeat) and singing along as my mom suppressed a secret that was likely tearing at her insides. I wish I had looked over to her because I’m sure if I had I could have seen tears threatening to escape, and maybe then could have been able to begin to prepare myself for the news that was coming that afternoon. Barely into my project I was called to the dining table. Little did I know that was one of the last times the seats would be filled.

**My Hand’s at Risk, I Fold**

***“****I didn’t say anything... earlier because it just didn’t feel right to say it there… but I wanted you to know my parents told Jacob and I today that they are getting separated. It is just important to me that you know.*

Send*.* Copy, paste, send. Copy, paste, send. Copy, paste, send.

**Staring at the Ceiling**

It was a really sudden change. I can’t even remember the last dinner we all had together as a family, and I hate myself for it. I wish I could remember all of our lasts, like the last movie we went to, the last day we spent at home, the last sleep. It felt like one night we were watching our weekly t.v. show as a family and the next my mom was referring to my dad as “your father”. My home became a house for a little while and my room felt like a bomb shelter after the bomb had already gone off. The worst part was I had no answers to any of the hundreds of questions whirring through my head as I urged myself to sleep each night. All I had were nightly texts from my dad, pictures of the new room he was renting each night. It felt as though I was getting the ending to a story that I hadn’t even reached the “acknowledgments” page in yet.

**From the Dining Table**

“I love a big table. Don’t you love them? Twelve people. That table over there, it’s just so inviting”. This quote is written in the note’s app on my cell phone and was said by my aunt a few weeks ago while I was at dinner with her and my mom. I immediately looked over to the table she was referring to, a dozen seats at a large wooden table set with silverware and white, porcelain plates. My immediate instinct was to agree with her, nod my head and move on with the conversation. But the second I looked over to the table, a feeling of disconnect and sadness caused me to pause and rethink everything she had just said. The *big* dining table sitting readily left a bad taste in my mouth, one not even my strawberry lemonade seemed to be capable of washing away. The *big*, *open* dining table that reflected youth and love ridden memories onto the faces of those around me, and may have once done the same for me, now brought a sour look to mine. The *big*, *open*, and *empty* dining table bound to be filled again before the night’s end caused my heart to sink. No matter how hard I willed myself not to, all I could see were empty seats.