runaway

It's late May, the seasons are changing, and I'm off again, headed as far away as I can stand to go on my own. Honestly, the destination couldn't matter less at this point. All that matters is that I get away.

I figure that if I flee as soon as things aren't working, then maybe I'll be all right. Maybe everything will become good again if I run away to somewhere better. By going to a new location on a new day in a new time zone filled with new people and new experiences, maybe, just maybe, everything will turn out better. Maybe.

This isn't my first dramatic escape. If it were, I would be much more frightened and damn near crippled with anxiety. This is, however, my first time leaving the country to do it. I've never fled so far. Typically, I'll go

somewhere like the Northwest to visit my brother (did that twice) or home to Minnesota to be in the comfort of my parents' home (did that twice as well) or to New York to get caught up in the busy city life surrounded by strangers, but hey, at least I'm not alone (did that once). But never before have I gone as far as London. That's quite excessive, especially from Los Angeles: eleven hours by plane, five thousand miles away, eight hours "into the future." That's, um, a lot. Even for me.

As per usual, I've convinced myself that I'm leaving for a good reason: to be with friends, or to take some time off, or simply because I want to. Sadly, those are lies—deep-rooted lies told to myself and everyone close to me. They're all bullshit excuses that further distance myself from the truth. Deep down, only I know I'm running away. Nothing feels right, or the same, or good at "home" in Los Angeles anymore. It's shit, continues to be shit, and I need to get away from this shit. I need to leave behind the constant reminders of what was and what will never be. I have to escape the pain that bombards me from every direction and haunts my mind with lingering questions. I'm sore from thinking, and my senses are numb to reality. It's not even about a broken heart anymore. I'm back to where I was in college, reverting to the depression that cripples my everyday existence. Everything is shit or, at least, that's what the depression convinces me is true. It's like looking into a foggy mirror that won't clear up. No matter how many times I try to wipe it away, the haze returns.

In a way, this is my version of fight versus flight. I'm not a fighter, as you might very well know. I hate confrontation in any form and avoid it like the plague. But I do fly when the going gets tough. Liter-