

To Be Your Mistake

I wanted to be your biggest regret. The most crooked decision of your life that you'll end up having alcohol with your college buddies just to get through the night of passing your exams and crying up your night in a very manly way. That psychotic lover who always accuses you of cheating while throwing to you everything that she can grab. Tell them how I'm such a clingy girl who always demands your time. Laugh how peculiar and weird your life has become since the day you met this crazy little girl who always wanted to talk to you but hangs up once she heard your voice. Maybe I stay on your mind every time.

I wanted to be your unsure answer on that exam that you studied throughout the night, that one word being composed of any of the 26 letters that will make you palpitate in the most unusual way. I wanted to be that answer that you will write on the blank. And when I'm on that blank, I wanted to be the first and last thing that you'll think before the examination time is over. Once checked, I wanted to be that word that will keep you from passing. Maybe then you'll look at me more than once.

I wanted to be that very first tattoo on your skin, the thing that will amaze you because for the first time in your life you didn't regret being dirty. I wanted to be your very first alcohol intake as a minor, something that your Mom warned you about. The thing that your friends forced you and the thing that you will regret the first thing in the morning. I wanted to be the companion of yours when you jumped over the window and sneaked from your house. Maybe then you'll remember me when you talk about your adventures.

I wanted to be that fat, bully kid that you punched in the face when he tried to grab your lunch. And as you walk home, you'll have this worry in your heart that I may follow you and beat you to death. That kid that will ruin your weekend social life with your friends, that kid that will make you watch the TV even though there are no good shows aired. I wanted to be your "What if I didn't punch him?" question. Maybe then I'll make your heart race even once.

I wanted to be your little things that you'll keep in mind most of the time. The simple moments that turn your life upside down. I wanted you to remember me as much as I remember you. I want to be counted in your life no matter how bad my presence is. I wanted to be your what ifs, your how abouts, your every whys. And to be your mistake, I won't be forgotten. Well, at least.