

Michelle Godoy

Illusion Died - December 31, 2020, a final blow
The spark that started it, was not wind resistant
The very first injury being that one September
day in 2005, in which what was supposed to be
a magical encounter turned into betrayal. It
traveled far and wide, finding places to attach
itself. Hotel rooms, back seat cars, parks, beaches,
schools. They say when you're intimate with
someone, the brain releases a hormone that makes
you feel attached. Illusion must feed off of that
hormone. The beginning of anything is always
exciting, even blind siding. And romance is like
the engine that could, until it can't. Does effort
count if nobody knows you made it? Who finds
out about all the things you do to try to make
someone love you? Illusion took its second blow
January 5, 2013, in a clinic in Riverside. On the
way there, we stopped to have breakfast, and for a
second, it felt as though we were a family.
Secretly, illusion took a mental picture of 3,
although we were only two. So perverse. An
attempt to file away a hidden long for
stability "Count backwards from 10-1" the doctor
said. A tear streaming down my cheek. Woke up
to a woman on the phone, screaming "NO!! I'M
NOT GONNA KEEP IT! YOU THINK YOU
CAN PLAY ME??" Pain is like a water drip. It
seems harmless unless you're stuck under it. And
suddenly, all you feel for what seems like an
eternity is.. drip...drip...drip...

On September 12, 2020 everything seemed perfect.
Losing a part of your dignity doesn't seem like a
high price to pay for love. Neither does throwing
feminism out the window or yielding to
misogynistic views. Dressing in a costume...at his
request.... Styling your hair curly... (which you
haven't done for years because you hate it)...at his
request. The eyeliner...The lip stain.. The blush.
The perfume... The hideous playlist of the 90's, to
remind him of your first kiss back in 1999. Now it's
2020 and illusion believes it will play out different
this time. Deja vu, the spark, part two, or so it
seems. Until three months pass by, and as the ball
drops at midnight, you realize you've been ghosted.