Things Fall Apart … No, Love Falls Apart

Kendall Driscoll
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“When a mommy and daddy love each other so much, they decide that they want to have a family together.”
This was how my mom’s speech began the day she announced she was pregnant with my baby sis, Annie.
At the time, she was convinced the four of us would make one big happy family.

Five years later, my mom’s speech began the exact same way,
But after five years of late night fighting, a layoff from work, and a hell of a lot of bills to pay,
So much has changed.
A cavernous whitened sheet is my mother’s face
With two darkened pits for eyes.

“When a mommy and daddy love each other so much, they decide that they want to have a family together...

...but things fall apart.”

Toothpick bridges fall apart.
Apple pies exploding in the oven fall apart.
Newspaper articles, five year old tennis shoes, and bikes crashing down steep hills all fall apart,
But we can still find a way to mend and preserve them and continue with life as it is.
At seven years old, I had a hard time believing marriage and love and every fairy tale I had ever hoped for was capable of falling apart.
“Can’t you just say, ‘I’m sorry’?”
“Sweetie, things don’t always work that way.”

Things fall apart.
They fall apart and they can’t and won’t ever mend no matter how many stars we wish upon,
No matter how much glue and tape we lather on to make things appear repairable,
No matter how many birthday candles we blow out or child’s dreams we dream,
Things fall apart.

We all must come to the realization that those great pillars we once imagined would hold up
Aren’t impervious to time, hate, and feuding.
Love can fall apart.
I learned this when I was just seven years old when my parents got that divorce
that was “better for everyone in this family.”
I learned this when I was just seven years old, and I look back on it at age eighteen
as a college freshman experiencing the ache of a breakup.
Love falls apart when we least expect it to.
It falls apart like a baby grand piano set on fire from the inside.
Passionately with intensity, it burns and deteriorates from the inside out
Charring our heartstrings until they play no more.
Things fall apart, but what can we do except cut our losses and move on?
Things fall apart...
Love falls apart.