

Ignorance is bliss

She knew he wasn't okay.

She knew from the way his hands wouldn't stop fidgeting with the hem of his unusually wrinkled shirt.

She knew from the frustrated sounds he let out from the back of his throat when he thought no one was listening.

He wasn't okay, and she knew that.

She knew from the way his gaze refused to meet her own, like a child who disobeyed his parents.

She knew from the mess he made of his hair by running his hands through it and tugging at its ends as if it were the straw that sticks to his clothes after having laid on the meadow by his house for hours on end.

She knew he wasn't okay, she just didn't know why.

She wished she did.

Talk to him. Conversations are always dangerous if you have something to hide. She wished to know the culprit of his behavior, his uneasiness, for the person he once was, was now gone, and from the looks of it, he wasn't coming back.

She didn't know why he wasn't okay.

She didn't hear the sound that rusting pipe made when colliding with his skull.

She didn't taste the blood that splattered across his face and settled on his tongue.

She didn't witness the sight of his head bashed in, an array of crimson rivers seeping through the cracks, and onto the rough concrete.

She didn't touch his now cold skin when lifting his limp, lifeless body.

She didn't smell the pungent scent of gasoline and burning flesh.

And she, most definitely, didn't feel the guilt in the pit of his stomach, eating him from the inside, taking over his body like a filthy parasite.

The guilt that caused a number of sleepless nights, tossing and turning in bed, his limbs getting tangled within the bed sheets.

The guilt that created the darkness under his eyes, mirroring the feeling of his now tainted soul.

The guilt that made the gears in his head get stuck with the same thought, over, and over, and *over* again.

The guilt that forced him to spend hours in the shower, frantically scrubbing and scraping at his skin, hoping to get all evidence from that night off his body.

She would never know, and he was going to make sure of it.