

DECEPTIVE NOSTALGIC EUPHORIA

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I love her but I don't like her. We had been married for nearly 2 years. Ours was one of those impulse love when you just know that you have to marry that person when you see them. And we were as impulsive as we were young. Our youth didn't get in the way of our passionate love.

We were engaged, we were married. We were inseparable. But then.....

But then began the tiny tiny things.....

The incidents themselves were not isolated.

At first, I would ignore thinking them to be the rambles of an immature young girl. But then, it wouldn't get any better over time.

The first time I lost it was when I bought that expensive shirt. I nearly threw a tenth of my salary down the drain that day. I felt guilty even wearing it. But the silk and my skin felt so good and not to complement myself, I did look pretty good in that. I couldn't hold my excitement as I wanted her to behold the majestic view as well.

I stepped in front of her accessorizing my best smile.

"What do you think?" I asked expecting her to praise me to the clouds.

"It looks amazing on you!" she replied. I smiled humbly inciting that I had nothing to do with my good looks but it was all God. But my smile wasn't ephemeral.

She followed up her complement with, "You look just my daddy now. The color matches your eyes!"

Although I realized that she wasn't mocking me, and that her excitement was for her genuine appreciation of her dad's style and my close encounter with it, it annoyed me deeply.

"I don't want to seem like your old man!"

That was the last I saw of the garment. Come to think of it, I still hate that shirt and her words probably might have saved me a lot of money.

The next incident was a few months later when I got my haircut. It was supposed to be one of those hipster cuts that the college kids were donning those days. The barber even said I looked dashing and I tipped him a little extra.

I went straight home to show my love, well my wife, the mane.

"Oh babe," she began as I twinkled, "Wow! Just wow! I love it! You look just like my brother. He just got the cut last week when he came home for the holidays."

Needless to say, I trimmed my hair the next day.

Her antiquities were overwhelming me. And not in a good way.

Perhaps it was my childishness too, but my wife was beginning to annoy me.

We began having frequent fights. Sometimes they would last a day, sometimes a week. But despite everything, we continued to stay with each other.

I had been increasingly affected by similar feelings for a while. Some days it would reach the point where I would open my bag and get ready to pack my things and leave. I would stop. Not because I realized that I possibly couldn't leave my own house, but a single feeling of deceptive nostalgic euphoria would tie me down with a smile.

But that particular morning, was different.

It marked our anniversary and as part of the occasion, I wanted to do something out of the ordinary. Granted we had our problems, and we were sure that we would split up soon, but the both of us still remained.

I had decided to shave off my 1 year old beard. It was a hard decision, but I decided to welcome the change.

I had walked over to surprise her while she diced a few veggies in the kitchen.

She let out a slight scream on first sight as she covered her mouth with her hands. Slowly, she began to feel my hairless chin with the innocent giggle of a child that always made my heart skip a beat.

"You kinda look like my uncle now," she said cheerfully.

Contrary to her feelings, it pissed me off and my heart rate elevated again.

"I always have to look like someone, don't I?" I shouted back.

"Why can't you ever see me for who I am? Sometimes I have to look like your brother, sometimes your uncle, sometimes your dad.....why can't you see me as your husband for a change. God!"

She did not say a word but began her never ending sobs.

I walked out of the room unaware of my unwarranted outburst's impact.

I packed my bags justifying my actions with her wrongs from the past. As I had everything put away in my suitcase, I picked up,

ready to leave. I walked down the stairs and made my way to the main door.

She called my name.

I turned around to look at her face, all red now from the tears.

"Why did you even marry me?" I asked tired.

She paused before she replied, "Maybe I married you because you never had a stranger's face....."

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