

Blame is a strange concept. Something easily placed yet hard to understand. It always feels as if it has to **be** somewhere. It is easiest to place it on my past, but every decision made is present. A victim complex would consume me. I let distrust in myself become contagious. Like a virus eager to spread I gave my cold to you. Distance worked as lighter fluid to my match, sparking hate that had yet to come through. "He made me this way," I had liked to believe. But now he's nowhere to be found, and I'm still a liar. You weren't there either. I'd tell myself that made it easy, but beside me or not, trust and truth were nowhere to be seen. Blame can be strange, but this time I blame me.