

PEANUT BUTTER

Miles Patterson

She chose him over me like bread chooses peanut butter; they complement each other; they taste better together than apart; in fact, they're so delicious together you might be tempted to take a bite, unless you're allergic, then you're most likely going to die. Anyway, they're a natural pair . . . unlike her and I were: we went together like bread and gravel pretending we were tasty. Hell, we weren't even edible—not even the birds would eat us, and if they did, they would choke and die. Yet, I tried to spread myself across her life because I thought gravel complemented bread like monogamy complements polyamory . . . and that's where it all went wrong.

I wanted to be polyamorous even though I suspected this pile of gravel was destined for a one-way road; I wanted to know for sure, so I acted like I came from a jar—simply because gravel. is. crunchy. I didn't complement her in the slightest; hell, we didn't even like the same music; and we would always be a threat to someone's airway as long as I believed bread and gravel went well together. And once I accepted I was gravel, I realized I didn't want to be on bread; I wanted to be somewhere I belonged. She found smooth peanut butter and I ended up on the road where I belonged; and I don't mean in a bad way—I give traction where it's needed. I'm meant for someone else like gravel is meant for the ground.