All's Fair

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There are three sides to war.
   Your side.       My side.       The right side.

What triggers the battle?
   Random.       Trivial.       Anything, really, a call to arms.

We fight this war on many fronts. The conversation, a minefield.

I tiptoe through it dodging your bullets, your arsenal of
   adjectives       examples       fact and fiction.

I, armed with my foggy memory and perception.
   I trip, I slip.   I stumble and stutter.   Flustered, I fall

on a landmine.       Shit.

You erupt. A torrential barrage of words spew forth and
   shrapnel rains on my brain       and slices my skin.
   Death by a thousand cuts.

Your honesty brutal, pounds on me like truth on steroids, relentless, aggressive.
   Bewildered,    tired,    embarrassed    pissed.

Through clenched teeth I raise a white flag. Unacceptable.
   Why?

You demand the perfect story-book surrender and appropriate reparations.

Survey the damage, Shwartzkoff.
   Broken promises.   Bruised Egos.
   Bleeding ears       and       battered hearts

litter what remains of our relationship.

Does this seem perfect to you?

   We fight a war with no winners, just casualties.