

## The Edge of Chaos

*(She stands on the edge. She stares out blankly. She is playing with a coin.)*

Heads or tails.

Heads or tails.

Fifty-fifty chance, approximately.

One or the other. This or that. Right or wrong. Chaos or order.

Such a big difference. Such a big chance. Such a big change. But it's separated by so little. A quarter's just over a millimeter thin. That's a millimeter holding back the chaos from the order. The right from the wrong. This from that.

Stretched so thin. So pivotal, yet so underappreciated. When you call heads or tails, you don't call the edge. You aren't meant to be on the edge. The edge isn't an option. You can't stay between. Stretched thin. Underappreciated.

Heads or tails.

This or that.

Chaos or order.

And I'm tired. I'm tired of the middle. I'm tired of standing on the line of good, fighting off the chaos of bad in the space in between both. Unappreciated. Picked apart. Never enough. The eye of the storm, but only just. I stare into the storm, pushing it back, pushing it away from everyone, pushing it into order, while those behind me in the safety of the eye pick at my flaws. Point out my shortcomings. Poke me full of holes. They stand with heads held high while I stretch myself thin to keep even the tails of chaos in order.

Heads or tails.

If nothing I do is good enough for good, would I be better at being bad? If striving for perfection and order lead you only to disappointment and failure, why not aim for chaos? There are no promises in chaos, no lines to fall short of, no rules to restrain you, no expectations to let down, no standards to hold to. There is possibility. There is release. There is freedom.

Heads or tails.

The edge.

Chaos or order.

The edge.

Heads or tails.

I will no longer be the edge.

Heads or tails.

*(She flips the coin, slapping it down and covering it before she or anyone else can see. She doesn't need to look. She's made her choice, and the rules of this game don't apply to her. She smiles.)*

Tails.

*(Blackout.)*