

A Final of Sorts

There's this odd thing that flies in the face of rational thought, and it's called hope. A long time ago I had an almost relationship - one of those where you look back and point at the places where you went wrong. Based on feelings and interaction alone, we should have been a magical couple. But somehow by the time we figured that out it was too late and life got in the way.

He moved city and he cut off contact. Being the persistent soul I am, I tried. Every year I got in touch. In response I received a resounding silence.

Out of the blue, nearly two years after last contact, he got in touch. "I'm alive," he said. "Let's talk." Somehow this reignited old feelings. I remembered how well we connected, the laughter, the caring. This man, who rejected my contact for so long, quickly wormed his way back in. Am I soft, or could this be fate? Stranger things have happened.

He left me standing in front of a precipice. We spoke on the phone. "Why?" I asked him. Perhaps the real question was "Why now?"

Horrified, I discovered that my heart harboured secrets - little pockets where parts of him were stored. All it took was the tiniest reminder and there he was, back in my life, as if two years had evaporated. I disappointed myself that I was so quick to forgive. But I missed him. I longed for the friendship we had. I wondered how I could

have feelings for an invisible man. Was it because he disappeared when I wanted him most? Or was it hope based on memories I had that were frozen in time?

My travels took me within an hour of him; the closest I had been in three years. He could not free up his time for me. He tried. I divided myself between relief and disappointment. In the end perhaps it is this. This, that is the straw. It's ironic - our timing was never quite right. Just as I missed him, somehow I suspected that this may be the real end of our saga.

At least now I know the end of the story. It no longer trails off with dots and question marks.

