

## Someone I Used to Know

"I knew this boy once," I thought as I searched his face for clues. I knew this boy and he knew me. But that was twenty years ago and now we are sitting at a table eating dinner and chit-chatting, searching for a commonality.

He's very serious, this man I knew as a boy. He's spiritual and deep and intense. It's somewhat familiar, yet different. Back then I laughed at him. Now I can't. I don't know him well enough.

I used to cut his hair. I would give him massages. He waited up for me when I went out with my friends. He would fall asleep with his arms wrapped around me and I would lie perfectly still, not wanting to ruin the moment. When I was young and foolish I cared a lot about this man. Now I barely know him.

I was nervous about meeting him. Back then and now. Then I wanted him to love me, but I didn't think he would. Now I want him to remember who I used to be, and not be disappointed by who I have become or how I look.

At the same time I am searching for what I thought we had.

In University, when we were together, I couldn't see what he could see in me. He is one of the best looking men in my world; is and was. My younger self was scared to tell him how she felt in case he walked away. My older self wants to tell him that she adored him. In case he didn't know. Now I think he walked away because the younger me couldn't find the words. Or the courage.

My older me now knows what he saw in me. He was not the perfect person I made him. He was a boy. And he liked me because I was a girl.

Now I look at him. The man I once knew. I wonder if he knows.

At the door we hug goodbye. We pause, a little awkward in our farewell. We are strangers who knew each other, but life moves on. My greatest happiness is that my memories of the boy I knew stay true. The man he has become does not change the boy that he was. And that boy keeps part of me with him.

I might not know the man any more, but the boy remains.

