

Convincers

It's been one of those days that empties itself out right in front of you- less the teenage girl imitating the stomach flu and more the toddler who has spilled the milk, just learned how to say sorry, and does not yet know how to sound like she means it. Clumsy, forgivable.

If a dream can be a prophecy, the one I had last night is coming true: two girls I love faceless and noisy on our walk to anywhere, saddened and arranged like the difficult lullaby of a mirror-shard windchime. They are heartbroken and I would like to leave this heartbreak we are living on. We settle for telling each other what we are not convinced of. I tell them I feel lonely: an easier way to say selfish.

But today, the prophecy is coming true, I've been granted a revelation, or at least a revelatory feeling, and I do not resent the promise I made about staying, as many days I often do. Tonight my dream will offer no such revelations and tomorrow I will once again feel lonely (that other word for lonely, too).

But today, oh, but today, a stranger handed me a bundle of an herb I now smell like and have already forgotten the name of, I am a little less quiet than usual, and all there is to attend to is the walk home after this one.

Convince me that this is all it takes to make it through our respectively-minted heartbreaks, very much the same.