

## Musings of the Silent Histrionic

I am driving home in the early morning dark. A man and his dog turn to look at me as Time begins to chime. I am surprised, round a corner and am suddenly again alone.

I reel as his eyes light up with the hope that I put there—my jaws ache, and I am aware that the one who will extinguish it forever will be me alone.

He's kind—a bit loud—and befriends with a smile and chocolate. My eyes begin to burn as he lowers his voice and says that what he fears most is to ever be alone.

A feigned shift in focus before eyes can make full contact. Too late. I'm already designing a white dress and our matching headstones to be together and alone.

He's lovely and brutally wrong, but the curiosity throbs and my skin burns, and I wonder how I can still—in the gaze of this apathetic, beautiful, blue-collar boy—feel lacking and alone.

Four years are gone. The clock's gears are crushing as I assure us both that it was not a waste of time as long as neither of us had to be alone.

It looks easy. It screams of insurmountability. How can I choose when in every happenstance I feel fate and the stars and the promise that no one should be alone?

—*Patricia McCambridge*