

7 PM

Written by Cate Lee

I was supposed to meet him at 7 pm. I waited for 1 ½ hours and left. He had done this to me several times before. Maybe he thought that I wait for him or pity him enough to take him back. My life changed and there wasn't a reason to go back to anyone in my past. Yet he felt that he could come back right into my life and pick up from where we left off.

I waited for another 15 minutes in the cold to catch a cab, forgetting us and starting over again. Just when I opened the door to my apartment, I got a phone call from his mother. She told me that he died in a car collision on his way to see me and how he missed me terribly. She said he changed so much over the years and he anticipated meeting me again.

I got a little drunk and dug out the picture box I saved of all the pictures we took together over the years. I cried horribly. And still I couldn't understand why it took him so long to come back to me, or at least to say he's sorry for having hurt me so deeply. He really did it this time. He really, really did it this time, and he's leaving me behind. I felt empty inside and broken to pieces. I drank the last bit of wine there was left in this black apothecary bottle and sat motionless on the couch for awhile. Absurdly, he used to get wine in black bottles too, and I cried hideously over that thought. Then the throbbing bounce in my head took over. It must have been 3 o'clock in the morning when I dozed off.

I have woke up and went out to the lake near my home to get some air. I looked out into the horizon and let of him. He had hurt me so much while we were together. Yet I still parted with good thoughts and hoped he would become the man I knew he could be. It was hard to forget him because he had been such an important person in my life. Now, I'll never be able to tell him that it was okay, I survived and he's not to blame for hurting me.

The End

