
Imaginations

A Storm

The day was grey. This little day of, "something else just come my way." I hitch-hiked home. Alone. I wanted to stop at my friend's house. But then I realized my friend wasn't truly my friend anymore. I had decided that. There was no use changing my mind now. Otherwise I'll just change it back again when it's too late and I am already at his house. I will flounder back and forth like that for months and then nobody will take me seriously.

It seems that all you can really hope for is a little bit of recognition. Underneath the black clouds I wasn't getting much. The cars whizzing by. Zoom, zoom. People pointing to where they are planning on going. Showing they are sorry but they are going to turn off the main road soon. At one hundred and ten kilometers per hour and without hesitation they do this.

After an hour I began to walk. The sky was a cruel painting. I flashed with anger seconds after each car rumbled by. Underneath it all was the sound of my footsteps. Pounding, pounding. Rain began to fall.

"Whoa!", says I as the car slides by, coming to a stop. My pant legs mop a path to the car door. Smoke and nylon upholstery settle their smell into my sinuses. The guy wears a greasy ball cap and a white t-shirt. The lines of a scattered life are dug into his face which points straight ahead. I feel guilty about doing up my seat belt.

Immediately, I start in about the weather.

"Some shitty storm we're having here."

The guy's eyes remain fixed on the windshield which is cutting a swath through the downpour.

Desperately, I cough out phrases familiar to me as examples of the local smalltalk.

"Gets some slippy on those hills."

"Guess the farmers'll be happy."

No reaction. Like a woman, plying for this unreachable man's affection I flailed about, my mind moaning, losing power all the while. I looked out the window only to feel the tug of this presence next to me. Turning back I shrank terrified of his wizard's eyes mocking me. Why did I want this guy to talk to me. I wanted this guy to like me. Why? Why?

"You getting off soon?" clipped the guy.

"Yep. Right to the left here. There she is. Hope this rain stop soon 'eh. Have a good day now."

The car door slams. The world changes completely. Rain runs in rivulets down my glasses. Not caring if I get soaked I walk home. Dreaming about what I could be, I walk home. Dreaming about what I will be, I walk home. Alone.

-Anonymous

