

Did You... Do You... See Me?

Sitting on the edge our bed, you stared at your iPad.

‘What?’ you said.

‘I said... can you give me a lift?’

‘Yeah, yeah. Just don’t hold me up.’

I paced around. *Would I say something? Better not.* My intestines churned; lava rose behind my eyes. I grabbed my shopping bag, slamming the door behind me. *Deep breaths.* The cool air slowed my pulse. Raising my arm, I looked at my watch. *I should have caught the bus.*

‘So... where do you want to go?’ Your attention was fixed on the rear-view mirror.

‘Not far...to the...’

‘Where?’

‘To the corner of High...’

‘Just tell me... Fuck you too!’ You glared at the driver in the adjacent car.

‘Let me out here...’ I turned my head away, my cheeks tear stained.

Did you see me on the day we said, ‘I do’? Do you see me now?