

Crossroads

Trees melted into sky. The leaves of green were now nothing but cloudlike swirls flashing against a hazy blue background. There were thoughts- fragile thoughts- glimpsed briefly by my mind. They fell deeper, where I felt them without certainty of what they said. Illusion. Eluding my grasp.

But real. More so for having been felt and not seen, touched and not held. Pain only internal. Suffering from something that had not happened. Would not happen. I know now.

The dusty path that never had been taken. It wound out of my sight. Although I strained, I knew not what lay there. Do regrets fade into horizon? I looked behind me. The things I had left were obscured effectively by distance. I didn't recognize the road. We could have been anywhere. Or nowhere at all.

"Hello." Eyes like a mirror. Glasslike surface in which I saw reflected the best of myself.

What did I see? Was there really something there? Or only a projection of desire? Dreams and dazzling hopes of beauty.

"Hi." Smiles exchanged. I glance at the ground. Waiting. For what? I don't know. This feels different. Imagination perhaps, but there is something... somehow.

There is nothing to tell. No story. And yet the landscape in my mind is rich: rolling hills and petals swept into the breeze in tumbling paths. Water that bubbles, caressing the shore. And trees that are gentle in sway. I venture there alone.

Maybe there are beauties no less beautiful for remaining unspoken. Unshared.

Across a table. In a crowd. I feel things I haven't given him reason to know. But maybe he does. I'd like to think he sees a little more. More than what could be.

"I wish you could stay." I wish I could go. With you. But sometimes the moments are wrong. Not lined up for long. And that is right. In the end.

We rattle to a stop but only for a moment. Another road rises up to meet mine and then carries off into the horizon. The sun sparkles in the distance and then we start again. The other road disappears. The pavement ahead is all I see.

No ending. But then, it never really began. It wasn't a story. Yet I think on it still. Fleeting beauty. Is there any other kind?

The sky glows pink and violet. Brilliant. Bright. Before me. We approach it with a gentle hum, these shining folds of cloud.