

Still Strangers.

by Anthony Van Hart

I talked to this girl ... Or should I say I crossed paths with a stranger on Saturday.

She snaked up to me, grabbed me by the arms and started shouting in my direction.

Inaudible for most of it - I couldn't quite make out everything she said - but from what I can gather 3 days later — I'm pretty sure she was yelling me her bucket list.

In between weird smiles and drunken slurs she talked about fly fishing in Montana and some of the things she said she'd always wanted to tell me.

I didn't question any of it and instead sat motionless as she dropped my wrists and walked away seconds later.

Still strangers.

* * *Omitted last line

Oddly, she told me the exact same things last week.

