

Moving On

by Ben White

The untouched stir fry is melting a hole in the plate, its steam rising from a silent table: two dishes, two cups, two chairs, one person.

She hung up the phone slowly and went online to proclaim her status to the world. I am young! I am single! And my life begins again, now.

To Paul: It was your touch that taught me I was weak, your head on my shoulder like an addiction, signs of imminent withdrawal in your eyes.

The errands, the rushed meals—all a blur. Before she knew it, she was airborne, half-finished soda stuffed in the seat. Goodbye, St. Louis.

Though anxious, Paul couldn't bring himself to open the letter from her. She had left to find herself in Chicago. It was postmarked France.

Dear Paul: I'm happy. I can't even remember what your body feels like. I don't remember our times together, and you never cross my mind.

He smiles because there was some fresh green in the backyard. She would have liked to see it, but it's too early. It will freeze again.

