

# Dramatic Effect

*by Cheryl Anne Gardner*

You wanted transcendence, wanted height, danger, the tracks blurred into murky distances behind and in front of you. You slipped, reached for it, starlight shining in your eyes, something you didn't have when I held your hand.

We didn't fold the laundry this morning, or straighten the tussled sheets. I picked up the mail, but you never opened it.

Yesterday you forgot to buy the raspberry tart I love so much, and I forgot the green tea with jasmine you drink from that old flowery teacup I broke last week and didn't tell you about.

How could I forget your eyes are blue??? the concrete beneath you, dingy, muddled with oil.

I hold your hand now and wonder if you can hear me; was there ever a moment you could?

I suspect there was, but there's blood in your hair, and I'm sorry...

I'm sorry for everything: for you, for me, for us.

