

The Love She Can't Find

Pt. 1

by Christina Meyer

She's a woman who travels often. Maybe for work. Maybe for mischief. She's a "free spirit" trapped by her desire for love. But she numbs it with the warmth of a new man's touch. She leaves herself reminders that often fail her or remain inconsistent. She wants to forget it all, but she can't let go. Afraid she'll lose the part of herself that remains able to receive the love she doesn't know how to find. When the loneliness is overbearing she pours her pain into bitter gin which she hates the taste of until the third glass. Then it becomes sweet like honey and she's elated with the foggy lens that begins to cover her eyes.

