

"Don't look so sad"

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

I don't want to see her again. No more pain. This one has barely healed. It hurt too much on that grey day when she said no to my longing eyes. "Don't look so sad," they used to tell me. I'm taking a different road now, I make a detour, I avoid her shop and her silhouette in the window. How I used to love her flexible waist, her wild perfume, her crooked mouth ... I don't want to meet the small golden spots in her hazelnut eyes. It makes me unhappy. "Don't look so sad." I know, I have to pretend that all is well to reassure the others.

