

Him

by Erika Byrne-Ludwig

Ever since he left, I have been alone with the tree. We had planted it together. A green twig in the middle of the garden and a knotty stick, running around. Fingers and branches have grown. Very fast. Too fast. When he left, I sat in the shade. There I started writing, and I'm still writing. Lines of waiting and of illusions. His image a little crumpled on my page. From time to time I confide some past thoughts to the tree. I like to believe that it shares my rather delirious words. I raise my eyes. It is tall and robust. Like him. In the rusty green of its foliage, the berries hang like tears. I pick one every morning which I keep a moment in the hollow of my hand.

