Micro Trilogy

by Foster Trecost

1. Disappear

She was with me, right next to me, but when she wasn't, I felt alone, the solitude so powerful, I wondered if I'd been alone all the while. I didn't occur to think about where she had gone; it was as if she'd never been there to begin with.

I'm not insecure, nor am I one to arrive at absurd conclusions. We came together, I'm sure of it, but with just the slightest bit of separation, I questioned everything: was she there, had she ever been?

The tug on my sleeve brought me back, and I felt silly for allowing such thoughts, even embarrassed. She'd been there all along, of course.

That's when my *Guilt* begged me to wonder: did I want her to be?

2. Dark

We stood on the seawall facing the water. Wind whipped waves at our heels, but no higher than that. To talk would have been to yell, and neither of us felt like yelling, so we looked at black water that blended into black sky, a giant sea of darkness that stretched in front, above, behind.

Because she knew me, she knew my thoughts. Because I knew her, I knew her thoughts were of me.

When the wind eased, she asked why I brought her there, and I answered by looking at her, then the sea-sky. I walked to the car, and she followed. Sheltered from the wind, it was quieter. “Because,” I said. And wished she would *Disappear*.

3. Guilt

Should her nakedness have mattered? Should have her tears?

She wanted a connection, for me to become her, one with her, that's what she wanted. She wanted me to love her.

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But I couldn't, and so she wept, not because I refused her, but for the reasons I refused her. She shed clothes and tears, but nothing could get me there, nothing could entice me to where she needed me to be. I saw only a strange.

I recall the image often, but not because I miss her, and not because I enjoy the thoughts. I do it because not only was it the last time I saw her, which would've been okay, but it was the last time anyone saw her. In her own way, she granted my wish. She disappeared.

And that changes things.