

Things Left Unsaid

by Kim Conklin

I wish I had told you this story. When you died, there were so many things left unsaid.

There is much that feels like someone else's life. So much time was wasted waiting for my life to begin.

Waking hours were sleepwalking. Reality only pierced the fog in my dreams.

About a year before you died, I dreamt I was standing alone on a dark corner under a streetlamp. There was nothing as far as the eye could see.

A bus pulled up. He was driving. He waved angrily for me to hurry and embark.

Reluctantly, I got on and sat beside him. The seats behind us rose in a theatre formation. They were empty. The house lights were on.

He drove down the deserted freeway like a maniac. The billboards flashed rolling computer codes. We passed too quickly to be able to read them.

I knew I was on the wrong bus, but jumping off was a death sentence. I was afraid, but by then I was used to that.

That's where the dream ended, barreling down a dark freeway on an empty bus, trapped with a driver full of anger and hate, no signs to guide the way.

I woke up next to him. I never told you. Anything.

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