

Now and Then

by Marda Miller

I traveled back in time today. The songs and pictures made it effortless.

“My God, you are stunning” he said to me, as he drove me home that first night. Mr. Brightside was playing on the radio when he kissed me. I bought that album the next day.

We wore cowboy hats and jeans in the pictures. They both came off once his camera disappeared. Eventually, he made me want to disappear and I tried very hard to do just that.

The songs got better. I bought my own camera and became the one who took the pictures. I took one of you while you were sleeping, but you don't know that I did. I saved it and titled it “Dream” because that is what I do with you; I dream of all the things you are not.

Within moments of glancing into mine, his piercing brown eyes found the weakest parts of me. All it took was ‘that’ look and my mind raced around his existence. He wouldn't call for days. There was nothing I could do so I imagined terrible things. That is when my thinking broke.

I have an iPod now and it has 1607 songs. You stopped calling so I started staring at your picture. Now your brown eyes stab me all day long.

Sometimes, time traveling is dangerous.

