

flash non-fiction

by Ryan Parks

I met her on a train to Philadelphia. We drank together before she got off in Westchester. We got in touch when we were back in Boston. We made plans to see each other. I broke my neck the night before we were meant to meet up. She visited me a week later. We sat on my bed and watched movies and she held my hand. I never saw her again. It was the sweetest relationship I've ever had.

