

A Tinder Ghost

by Shawn Misener

It can be dark in the daytime. She said.

But can it be light at night? I acted snide. Like I knew what I was talking about.

She called me out. Don't be a dick. Don't speak of that which you know not.

You always talk like this? She just stared back. Chewing on a grape. You sound biblical. That's odd for a first date. You know? Continuing with the glare. Not evil. Ancient maybe? Full of judgement.

She spoke again. If you can talk with yourself you can create many worlds. Any worlds. But you still act like I'm real.

I lost my phone. And everything on it. I padded my pants. All of my known pockets.

She laughed. It sounded like a goat. The goats who talk on the internet. Do you know if you were actually speaking to me there? If you lost it you never had it. She reached behind and retrieved a red rotary phone. Handed it to me.

She didn't use words again. It can be night or light. She informed me. Your choice.

