

New Year

by XXXX

It was New Year's Day. My cousin and I were having coffee. It was about ten at night. We were outside the establishment. She said: "Sometimes I think you're not happy. I see it in you."

There were people smoking in front of us by the door and the smoke smelled like fruit, for some reason.

"You're right," I said. "I'm not happy."

"Why?" she said.

"There's nothing in my life to be happy about," I said. "And there's a lot of reasons for me to not be."

We were beside a curb. I watched the cars' headlights rush toward us and swerve to the left at the last moment. I imagined us getting hit, and dying while looking at the stars.

"I really hope you finally find happiness," she said.

"Thanks," I said. "I do, too."

