

“So we're friends then?”

She asked the question with more than just a little smile. She asked it with the sincerity of a used car dealer. There wasn't so much as a hint of hope for the future in her voice or actions. Instead, like the car salesman, all she wanted to hear was "yes" so she could move on to the next sucker. And I played right into it.

I knew full well what she was doing. However my mind was stuck on one small, but important, thought: why was this so easy for her? She wasn't feeling the requisite heartache that comes at the end of any relationship, romantic or otherwise. She seemed detached. Not that she hadn't a little bit since the beginning, but more so then. Perhaps she was trying to numb herself as to not show emotion. She deemed emotion something only possessed and displayed by the weak. Ironic if you ask me. I always thought that it was a sign of maturity to show how you feel when you are feeling it. Then you can deal with it in the appropriate manner and figure things out. We'll just add that to the list of things that show how different (in a negative way) we really were.

I answered "yes" to the question, but not without what I hoped appeared to be deep contemplation. I knew in the back of my mind that she was going to ask me. I was almost expecting it. I just didn't want to hear it. And I sure as hell didn't want to answer it. But it was asked and I had to say something. So I lied.

I'm not a moron. I understand that the situation wasn't healthy for either of us. And most of what I'm feeling now is simply the loss of someone who wanted to be with me. Funny thing is that she never really made an effort to see me. Come to think of it, she never really made an effort for anything. I never got so much as a Valentine's Day card. (I got flowers delivered to her work and took her to dinner) Nor did I ever get a real, honest "Thank You" for anything nice I did for her, which was a lot.

Wow...the more I think about it the more I realize how unhappy I really was. And, to tell you the truth, I'm not nearly as unhappy now. I still don't think she and I will be friends. I simply don't do that. Trying in the first place is a fool's errand. Fate will do what it will do and maybe, a long time from now in a galaxy far far away, she and I may end up back together.

But come to think of it, not even fate is that fucked up.