

Just then, out of the corner of my eye, a shadow moved. No, it didn't. It was light in the mirror skating across the glass. I'm not sure that's right. I hope so. If you're there say your name.

It's not tangible, a silence, unbroken but threatening a decision, a final decision. It's irrevocable, perhaps impossible to recover. Better to hide in the silence.

Something moves again. Light fleets from under the doorway. Is it light from cars outside or is someone here? Someone with news? I'll wait a little longer.

If I wait in the silence my body will still. Still to nothing. A little stitch in fabric. Inconsequential by itself. Let me be nothing while I wait.

The stranger that looks like me is the other side of the door. Then, reflected in the mirror, he calls me by my name but we've never met. He says that he's come back to find me after years of being apart. He's saying it's so easy to lose someone, all it takes is a moment.

I never knew I missed you until you were here. Were you here? Just a reflection? I'll press my bare body against the clay sods, melt into the earth. And not a soul will know I was here...

-Clover Peake