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Why Not

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Why Not

By Celia Gonzalez

I see you sitting alone, writing furiously into a dark blue notebook, with a coffee cup on the saucer next to you slightly off balance.

I see the aging waitress who was fidgeting with the frayed, beige apron of her uniform looking up in surprise as you ask her for the check.

I see you smile graciously as she brings it to you, and while fishing for change in your pocket, you meet my eyes.

I see you walk through the maze of people, toward my table to introduce yourself.

I see your hand toying with the button on your worn corduroy jacket.

I see you pulling the jacket closer to your body as you ask me for my number.

I see you brushing the hair away from my cheek as we sit in the darkened intimacy of a near empty movie theater.

I see you holding my hand tightly as we walk down the street, dodging the puddles that glitter beneath the lamp posts.

I see you bringing me a dozen white orchids with glossy green stems that smell like the perfume that I wore on our fourth date.

I see you leaning towards me, and your eyes drifting closed as your lips draw nearer and nearer to mine, and your arms pull me gently against you.

I see what could have happened if only you had called.