
It Starts Like This

by Scott Spinola

It starts like this...

You think you can but you won't. You know you will but you don't. You think you must, but you can't, and even though you know, or think you know, how it will end up, you don't.

It starts like this...

You see her. She smiles. Smiles because you looked. Or at least you think she does, but maybe not at you. Maybe not at you at all. Maybe she just smiles. Smiles because she doesn't want you to look again. Or does she? Hard to tell, so you smile back.

Should I? Could I? I must. Will she? Why would she? She couldn't possibly. She must. But she won't. Why would she? She won't so you won't. Or at least that's why you think you won't.

After all, she didn't. But, then again, neither did you because you couldn't. Wouldn't. Didn't.

It starts like this...

You look. You shouldn't. You look. You shouldn't keep looking but you do. You must. She looks.

Oh God! She looked! But she looks away. She smiles. Did she smile because you looked or

because she looked away? Hard to say, so you look though you know you shouldn't.

You don't say what you want to say because you can't because she looked though you don't know why she looked. Why won't she look? You look away. You can't look. You wonder if she's looking so you look to see. She's not looking. She'd never look.

You drink. You drink because she looked. You drink because she didn't look. You drink so you can look, then you drink so you can look again, but you don't, so you drink again.

There'll be no more looking.

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