

Feeling the Mojave

For the hundreth time, he looks at his watch.

The minutes last longer than ever before.

This drive seemed to him like a static movement towards a center which no longer existed.

This is where he was supposed to meet her.

Out here, in the desert.

He had anticipated this moment of reconnection for months, days, hours.

Day after day, night after night, he had seen her.

He had pictured her in her white dress with a wilted gardenia in her hand, waiting for him.

He knew about the terror inside her.

He knew about the demons in her head.

He knew her.

And he knew that there was a part of her which she wouldn't show him.

He believed he could help her, but she refused to let him see.

Miles upon miles of desert stretch in front of him.

When the call came, he lay down on the floor.

He felt the cold of the granite under his head.

He pushed. Hard. Fast.

Finally, when his head started to swell, he could concentrate.

He would concentrate on the last trip they had done.

He would concentrate on the warm colour of the sand.

The air flimmers in front of his eyes.

He would concentrate on the color of her eyes.

He would concentrate on the way her hair clung to her face.

He would concentrate on the soft curves of her mouth.

He would feel her cold after the sun had set and dark shadows embraced the world.

He would feel the salt on her lips.

Less cars pass by.

He could no longer remember their dialogue.

He could no longer remember what she had written into her notebook.

He could no longer remember the color of the wall.

As he opens the window, hot air gets in.

He should remember the color of the wall.

He should remember it because it had seemed important to her.

He should remember.

The canyons turn into sharper, more rocky shapes.

He remembered the sound of the air conditioner.

He remembered the fading shine of the candle.

He remembered the cold of her hands on his skin.

The vehicle stops. He can feel the gaze of the driver in the reflection of the front mirror.

He feels the heat.

He feels the pull.

He feels the pain.

Finally, he does remember it all.

The silent cry echoes his void.