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creative writing  
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## Reversals

by Miriam Silver

Seeing your face usually brings me so much happiness that I fumble and fall. I frequently remind myself that you promised me you would come, come to meet me, when was that?

I'm waiting here, safely inside, hoping you know where to find me. Did I give you a rendezvous? A time? No I think I was so overwhelmed by your attention, all I could do was to gaze into your eyes.

That was wonderful, meeting you in the park, your Summery outfit, so pretty, made me ignore the rain. I should have arranged to meet you inside the coffee shop I didn't even make another date I was so intent on keeping dry.

Forgive contacting you this way. I feel I can be more performative this way. I know your social reality approach is to be commended and you will allow my inclusiveness to colour my passion for you.

It was very WOKE of you to contact me by snail mail, free speech and all that, I understand thoughts of you pervade my every moment. While you live there and me here I must speak to you this way. I only hope you'll soon be on my wavelength.

You caused me to hide my increasing love for you. You should not allow such things to interfere, I must tell you I feel betrayed. Meeting at your parental home was not a good idea.

I know from everything you have said, your gestures, your kisses are all exactly right for our developing relationship, my mission in life belongs very much to the future and you make it clear you are needing my response now.

Of course I listen to you, I think I love you, I went to see that play even though I disapproved of the content. You must understand how tolerant I am. No, I don't approve of abortion or divorce in any circumstances.