

Letter To the Missed - E. Alexander

I still sit here 3 years later, I don't wear my silk dress that often anymore, and got rid of those rags I bought at the thrift. Looking 20 years younger, or at least my own age, I'm 21 and wearing camisoles constantly now.

3 years later I'm waiting here thinking you'll reach out again. On a hot July day, in 98 degree weather. I sit away from the searing sun's heat, taking refuge on a rock in the shade. I wonder what you're doing. If you still go out for hikes. If you do better for yourself. If you're doing better without me. It stings, both these thoughts and the sun, but soon I get up and press on.

You took me here a little over 4 years ago, and we left some sort of sign that we were here. Where was it? I have no idea. What was it? I can't remember now. But without any rationality, I search the 264 acre park for whatever it might be. A needle in a haystack. A needle I'm not sure is even in the pile. A needle that may have not withstood the test of time and forces of nature.

So I'm looking, scouring, sifting through the rocky landscape, field flowers, foliage and bugs. A large variety of Texan flora and fauna welcome my presence. I'm burning in the heat, still being as stubborn and slightly careless as 3 years ago, I still forget my sunscreen, and never bring enough water. I'm down to my last few sips, and go down a path I'm all too familiar with. This path I've taken each time I visit, it was the one we took of course, 4 years ago, but somewhere here was a turn I've been missing, somewhere along here you took me past these unmistakable hills and we rested in a dirt trench to catch a break. It's there I knew, I would find what I was looking for.

But soon it will be dusk, I'll have to start walking back. The trek is not long, 15 minutes from the furthest point of the park. I haven't found what I'm looking for and usually never do, but something that bothers me is that I feel... guilty I haven't found it. While I never show it to anyone, not even myself, I feel desperate to find it. The feeling of not wanting to give up, knowing the chance that it was a possibility, was strong, my discipline feeble, but my yearn to find you was strong.