

Leaving Montreal by DM Denton

Still, I believe you knew what I knew.

The view from the bridge was a beautiful morning, lifting a city into a mountain of green and the sunlight of God. I floated across the river on my way to where you were waiting to say hello and goodbye.

Had I lost you where I found you, the cross on the mountain a prayer into the sky never heard except by those who needed it?

I almost didn't see the traffic stopping, the memory still in my eyes so I wasn't looking ahead. No damage was done and without taking my eyes off the road again, I followed your directions and found my way.

It wasn't a detour through Chinatown and a few more moments with you tuning the instrument of your heart to play with the attention of mine. Just a quick bypass of reality, between us an early lunch of Vietnamese chicken and too many years since my youth, our conversation reassuring and ridiculous, though you probably didn't realize how I felt. Or if you did, you were kind enough to let me be fooled. And linger.

As long as you were speaking of love and doubts, long after lunch was finished and the weekend lost forever. Until it was too late to delay any longer, leaving you leaving me.