

GREENWICH VILLAGE – 1967

We were talking about distance – logistics – how hard no car dating was - and more deeply about her desire for other men in her life. We were by a big window in a coffee shop and outside – between looks at each other – we noticed the snow was falling just beyond our words. She loved me – she declared just loud enough for each uniquely shaped flake to hear – but there was Dennis and Roy and somebody else whose unimportant name I've forgotten – and she loved them too.

“Hey, the fleet's in,” I said, “there must be a coupla guys you missed from last time.”

It was cruel – overly cruel – but I was young and hurting. How could she spread her love around so freely. How could she love us all – and the others who had come before. There would – of course – be more to come – but I was having too much trouble dealing with the present to worry about any future – especially one I was rapidly realizing – only seconds after the joy of hearing her say she loved me – would no longer include me