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What I Didn't Say By: Abby Leatherwood

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My dearest,

When I look at you, I no longer feel love. I no longer feel giddy, nor comforted by your smile. You are my home, my adventure, no more. People grow and mature everyday, and we chose to grow together. But we did not mature in the time our love cultivated. The differences that once made our conversations so exciting and engaging became what tore us apart, and tire of talking. What was once dancing in your driveway to Frank Sinatra at midnight became avoided eye contact and ignored texts. Pushing me in a cart at every store we ventured to and laughing every time I gasped is now walking out alone.

Of course I'm okay without you here anymore. I always knew I would be. I've got my future ahead of me to focus on. But that doesn't mean when we ended our relationship, that I didn't miss you. That was as inevitable as needing to end things was. But, life goes on. As did we. And as we will continue to do. But I'll miss your smile. The one where I could physically see love in. The way your lips curl at the corners of your mouth, before giving into a full smile. Your soft, gentle eyes looked at me in a way that made me feel like I never wanted to be looked at by anyone else in the world ever again. I'll always love how they crinkle in the corners when you laugh.

Thank you for pushing me for an hour straight on the swing when all you wanted to do was go down the slide.

Thank you for listening to me tell you the same stories time and time again.

Thank you for riding bikes with me, and the shaved ice we shared together.

Thank you for holding my hand all the way to Zip's when I parked miles away in Hyde Park, and walking to my right so you were the one closer to the road. And never once complained.

Thank you for being a terrible navigator, and a good one, too.

Thank you for buying me Graeter's a million times for me to only eat half of it.

Thank you for showing me the best way to cross any street.

Thank you for carrying me anytime I wear heels.

Thank you for the best impressions of any and everyone.

Thank you for all your forehead kisses.

Thank you for always being willing to dance with me.

Thank you for surprising me with an expensive headband, and then denying you bought it.

I could write off a million more, and some extra. But I stop here, and leave you with the most important one. Thank you for showing me the true meaning of love. Though it was short lived, what I learned from you is what I will take with me long after we will both have gone elsewhere. Thank you for giving me an entirely novel perspective on life, and teaching me about new joys I had never experienced before you came into my life. I can only hope I was able to provide the same for you and more. Showing my gratitude is all I am able to do now, as the tension has eased. Following our love, I take the high road, and wish you nothing but the best. I am always here, and I will always care.

Yours,

Abigail