

Reunion

Ella twisted her wedding ring and looked out the window at the mountains below. Others were sometimes frightened by the frosted expanse: so much wild space, so little human activity. To Ella, the view sparked excitement. It signalled a return to her spiritual home.

The plane swept earthward. Ella pressed her nose to the window. Her rings felt tight: swollen fingers.

She hurried to disembark, striding toward arrivals. There he was, waiting, watching her with a slowly spreading grin.

As Ella's heart surged, she managed to slip her wedding ring off and into her pocket, and ran into his arms.

30 Summers at the Lake

Bill rowed to the centre of the glittering lake, oars slicing the surface as cleanly as sushi knives. Martha jabbered opposite him, sunhat shielding her leathery face.

Bill was used to tuning her out, but all the same he indulged a brief fantasy of standing, reaching across and shoving her overboard.

He stood up. Martha's mouth slackened mid-flow. He took a step. The boat wobbled; he waited a moment. Then, he lunged.

Down he went, deep into the serene, caressing welcome of the water. Down he went, thinking, with irrational glee, that he might never return to the surface again.

Afterlife

When the white sheet came over me, I thought we were back in the cabin that bright cold winter morning, playing at bed tents. Our love made us children again.

We didn't care snow piled so high it blocked the doors, that ice clamped shut the windows. We had music, and a bottle, and the cupboards were full. We had a fire that burned high and strong, sending its plume into the vast blank sky like a signal.

Now I am snowfall, dawn frost. I am the hail tapping at the window, unheeded. Your bedroom heart cannot warm me here.