

The Decision

By Lo-Arna Green

His lashes sweep downward. Lashes longer than mine.

Pink stains his cheeks, my lip curls up, his shyness fuels my confidence. I don't want to speak. I don't want to ruin this moment. I want to bask in it.

I want to imagine this moment is a warm blanket, draped over me in all its comforting glory. I want to roll around in the loveliness of it. I never want it to end. If this moment was a person, I'd marry it.

He makes a strange sound from the base of his throat, sort of a clearing, sort of a grunt.

"Can I help you with that?" He points to the plastic bag full of vegetables I picked up for a stir fry.

If I speak, is his illusion of me shattered?

I'm not a confident sexy woman who can entice men from the entry of an elevator. A few seconds ago, I feel like I was part way to fooling myself I can. But in reality, that's not me. That will never be me.

I shake my head, my lips feel fused together, painfully so.

"Sure?" He asks in a croaky voice.

This is it. This is the moment. My last chance. I'm on the edge of the knife.

Which way to go. My eyes dart back and forth to the bag, to his green eyes and to my feet. The elevator door threatens me. I take a step back and let the doors close in between our faces.

I let the doors close.

Writing Raw

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Decision made.

Made for me.

By a door.

The End

Lo-Arna Green bio: Lo-Arna lives with her husband, two children and pet hermit crabs in Perth, Australia. When she isn't writing or daydreaming, she's usually found at her day job or on the beach, which both involve daydreaming.