Endings

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Abstract
In lieu of an abstract, below is the essay's first paragraph.

"The night we met, it rained. A gentle summer rain as the lights from the yacht club twinkled in the distance. The masts chimed in the wind. We sat on the bow of the boat as you moved closer to me until our lips met. A sweet kiss as the world changed around me."

Cover Page Footnote

This prose is available in The Angle: https://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1992/iss1/43
The night we met, it rained. A gentle summer rain as the lights from the yacht club twinkled in the distance. The masts chimed in the wind. We sat on the bow of the boat as you moved closer to me until our lips met. A sweet kiss as the world changed around me.

My footsteps echo on the cold marble of the city court. I watch you on the other side of the room. Our names are called and my heart pounds as we enter the final goodbye. Dry eyed, I state the facts as I watch you die before my eyes. Only an object, not a person. It is too late for second chances.

In the distance, I see you on the pier. Storm clouds blow overhead and the waves dampen the walk. The girl at your side is only a distraction. A friend’s arm guides me to the water’s edge. I watch the waves splash below in an angry storm. As I turn to look back, the glow around you is gone. There is only another body that I pass. I turn and shut the door of my fairy tales.