

Spring 5-1-1995

See You Later

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Recommended Citation

Reedy, Brian (1995) "See You Later," *The Prairie Light Review*: Vol. 14 : No. 2 , Article 21.
Available at: <https://dc.cod.edu/plr/vol14/iss2/21>

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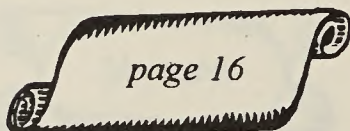
See You Later



I know that somewhere in the world, at this very moment, is a hand I will someday hold. Right now I wonder, as I sometimes often do, what she may be thinking or doing. I wonder about little trivial things. Like what she enjoys to do, or if she likes walks in the warm summer rain as much as I do. I wonder if she feels alone? Little does she know that at this moment there is someone thinking about her. I'm certain there have been times that she has thought of me, yet I had no clue to the matter. It was probably at the height of me doing something stupid and dangerous. I'll have to ask her when I meet her. Innocent thoughts and wonderings invade me when I least expect them. Catching me off guard and tipping my balance ever so slightly that I have to push them away and embrace the true reality at hand. It's strange to think that she has probably seen many of the same things that I have, yet the commentary on such matters remains mute.

For now that is.

The time will come when I will meet her, and I will look at her through



the eyes that I lost when I became an adult. Eyes that hold no prejudices or preconceived notions pertaining to her. Astonishment will rocket through my being and follow in my heart for a memory of our first meeting. I will know her when we meet. There will be a secret understanding between us that only we will be able to see and appreciate. Something will be there the same as the spark that appears before the blaze. Her appearance will be as instantaneous and wonderful as a surprise present, or the sudden laughter that sometimes catches me for no apparent reason. The reason is known really, but quite personal.

Usually I'm just laughing at myself. I wonder if she's learned to do that too?

I will be awestruck by her presence at first and maybe even a little frightened. Not a bitter dark fear but a cautious good fear. The fear will melt and give way to a delicious curiosity of the other that will engage us for the rest of our lives. It will be an incredible experience that can never be translated essentially into written words. It will exist as a silent meaning that can be heard and understood only by two.

Occasionally I wonder if I am too much of a romantic by the fact that I feel this way, but it is all that I am and know. My friends (?) by and by slip comments as to why I live my life in solitude, but they truly don't comprehend the cycles of my life.

I've always believed that we have different clocks in us as to when things will happen. Mine must be pretty damn slow.

So as I write this to you now the clock is ticking down, and the distance between our lives is slowly evaporating. Every second, every thought draws me closer to you as I wade through the stale air of time that my soul now occupies.

That stale unmalleable time will shatter though and be cast anew.

The old ways will vanish and then a new time will settle upon us. A time of togetherness and wholeness. Devoid of the apprehension about the future that I now feel. So I guess I'll just keep going about my business the same as usual, but I have something to look forward to. You.

"Everything happens for a reason," my friend Kris once told me.

Those words have burrowed themselves deep in my mind and have poured me the foundation for hope in many areas of my life. Kris is pretty smart and I take his words quite seriously. I guess you'll eventually meet him and discover that out too. There is so much of our lives that will intersect and the connections that lie between us will guide to a common direction. I really enjoy my friends and I can't wait for you

to meet them. It should be interesting. I wonder what your friends are like? Probably no different from mine.

I remember these hopes and thoughts when I feel overwhelmed and confused by doubts that I will ever meet you. I know that's not true though. Sometimes I just get so tired and forgetful in this life, but I always remember you. Then things become instantly transformed from heavy and lethargic to light and energetic. As I travel in the world that I now find myself in I wonder if I am to forever remain a silent observer. An apparition that has broken through and made itself half real but not fully. I remember you at the times when the lonely is hard to face, and coming home alone every night leaves me feeling empty and used up. Waking up alone and running through the day with no one to share my secret thoughts will fade from a reality to a recollection. Everything happens for a reason. I guess there is a reason that I am thinking about you right now. Maybe you're thinking about me too. Reasons can be so simple and easy to overlook sometimes. I'll see you later.

By: Brian Reedy

"Love is to the moral nature exactly what the sun is to the earth."

- Honore De Balzac

