

SW
London, England

July 2015

Dear S

Facebook tells me you're away for a long weekend with your new lover. She's your type: sporty, long hair, average height, nice smile. You look happy in her photos.

I've been worried about you since B. Her death left you rudderless. All I could do was watch each bout of grief and hope you would feel better once you reached the time I was at when reading your updates. I sent positive thoughts from my hemisphere to yours, willing you to make it through.

And so you have. Your tone has changed from sombre to joyful. You've even been willing to be photographed on the odd occasion, so I see your smile again.

I remember when it was for me. That sly sideways grin you flashed me as we sang along with your music. Does she share your love for Billy Ocean and Whitney Houston? Does she harmonise with you too? Harmonise might be overstating things slightly, but you know what I mean.

You made me look at the world differently. I questioned everything and tried different things because of you. I took risks and became brave, but I was never brave enough to tell you – until now.

Remember that night when you took me out in London after my disastrous relationship disintegrated? I had too much to drink so you drove me home and stayed the night. Do remember what I said?

The next morning I stared into your mascara-smudged eyes seeking positive confirmation that your feelings equaled mine. You thought I was too drunk to remember. I went along with that because I didn't want to face rejection, but I really did want to kiss you. Actually I wanted you to kiss me (I'm a traditional girl), but thought you could do with a prod.

All those miles as we drove north, fighting M25 traffic snarls, pointing out the cute white sheep dotting the green hills, chatting and singing, what I really wanted to do was touch you. But I kept my hands folded primly in my lap. I wanted to feel that electric buzz as you took my hand in your slightly bigger one, entwining our fingers. When you dropped me home and I reached up to kiss your cheek, I really wanted you to turn and find my burning lips instead. But the buzz lay dormant in my fingertips, and the heat dissipated from my lips.

I wanted you to choose me, not her.

But it wasn't to be. I don't know whether you thought our relationship would be too challenging for me (I've always believed you love whoever you love) or maybe the timing just wasn't right. It won't be now, of course. You have a new love and I've created a family of my own, on the other side of the world.

But, S, I wanted to tell you we would have been fantastic together. I know.

Love, M

Tasmania, Australia

About the Writer:

Johanna Baker-Dowdell is a storyteller who writes wearing a number of hats: business book author, freelance journalist, PhD candidate, PR consultant and blogger. She also loves to write fiction, read, bake sweet treats and explore new places on foot and via plane, train or automobile.