

## **TROUBLES**

So there I was. On the social media. Looking up old school friends. And I find her. *Her*. That girl I once loved.

## **TREASURE**

On a friend of a friend's page, a group photograph. And there she is, her face surrounded by the little white box as I move the pointer over it. My heart bangs. The distance of memory, the closeness of feeling. Did she ever love me back? I thought I might never know. Now may be my chance to close time's distances.

## **CONTEMPLATION**

Her name's in the box and I contemplate that face, frozen from forty odd years ago at a party I was never invited to. I was a mess. She was just...glorious. I really wanted her...and I never let her know. I click the link to her name and it does its magic and I see her page...still beautiful.

## **REVELATION**

I see her children. Her husband. Her life. How she has changed in the years since I last walked out those school gates.

I see her. And I see her friends. And her groups.

AYRAN WOMEN FOR FREEDOM  
PAKIS OUT OF BRIXTON  
THE PATRIOTIC SISTERS OF ST GEORGE  
ANTI-MOSLEM DEFENCE FRONT  
COMBAT 18  
NATIONAL ACTION

Fuck.

I could have saved her from all of this.

This is why I never look back. Never regret. Walk away smiling.

I miss her.