

“The Ride”

I remember the first time he took me for a ride on his motorcycle... I was scared shitless. I went to get on the bike and I froze. My heart was beating out of my chest and I couldn't move. He must have felt it, my fear, because he turned around. He walked up to me, got real close, he looked me in the eyes, gave me that smile... you know... brushed the hair out of my face and he said, “Don't be a wuss. Get on the bike.”

I did.

It was exhilarating. I've spent my whole life being cautious, being careful, not taking risks. That was a moment for me.

He had a way of making me feel safe, of making me feel alive.

Were we ever together? No. Not like that. He was my best friend. I guess I just, I never wanted to risk that. I think I was afraid of ruining what he had. I didn't want to risk it. Maybe I should have... I miss him. I do.

Anyway... How do I look? The service is about to start.

It's just so strange! It's like, why am I here? I wouldn't ever wear THIS if he were here!

OK. It's time.

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