

We used to tell each other we could hear the trains from our bedroom windows at night, open and ready for the menace of the sounds that came with them.

I think, sometimes, I shared everything I ever enjoyed with you. Every movie, song, meal, book, phenomenon, headache, joke, etc. I gave them to you and that is where they remain, that is where they are buried and every time, I try to tend to their graves I find myself looking at my own name on the headstones. I engraved it, I must remind myself. I placed it there for eternity the moment I told you about the vacant lots in my mind.

I recently drove across town to your old street, parked in front of the house you grew up in, the same one we shared a bed and a couch and a hundred cups of water and probably a hundred more beers. The place we shared a life and, as small as it was, it was ours.

I waited until midnight, until the neighborhood was asleep, until I felt like it was around the time you would have called me to tell me about your day. It was so strange, sitting there alone. I heard no trains.