

Closure

Lizzy Lee (2012)

A quick glance across the room, maybe he wouldn't notice. No, he didn't. His focus was on the salad bar where he prepared the lettuce for the dinner rush.

Her heart skipped a beat, planning her next move. She needed to talk to him; it was becoming a matter of life or death for her. She was breaking down each night, beating at her pillow. It had gone on for a year now, and she wasn't over him yet.

Kyle! Please, just talk to me! her mind begged. She wouldn't be able to rest until he did.

It's not like she hadn't tried to forget about him. There were other guys. First there was Robert, the first one to see her. She was an innocent girl, but his sweet talking got her to do things she wasn't ready for. She left before she gave anything other than sneak peeks. He didn't want love, only sex.

Then there was Michael, her first kiss. He was sweet and straightforward, something that came as a relief to her. She tried her hardest to reciprocate his feelings. She kissed him, trying to create something between them, but it didn't work.

As she picked out a soda from the cooler, she stole another glance. He once made her feel secure and safe. Now, he made her want to cry and break something. But she couldn't help her eyes. She still had feelings for him.

After Michael was Tyler. The first month of their flirting took place over texts as they met through a friend. She'd fall asleep each night and wake each morning to his text messages. He was amazing, and she even had real feelings for him. But when they finally met, he wasn't the guy she thought. Their friendship faded away after that.

She had accepted that another guy wasn't going to help her get over Kyle. So she tried the ignorance way of getting over him. She blocked every memory from her mind, got rid of things that reminded her of him, and avoided friends she met through him. Since he graduated that previous spring, she didn't think she'd have to see him again. That almost made her feel optimistic; she'd never have to see him again.

What she didn't realize is that he took up employment at the café on campus. It wasn't until late September of that fall semester that she actually saw him.

It was February now, and she was trying to build up the courage to confront him. Whatever was going on between them had to come to an end. He had gone to extremes to ignore her and refused to give her closure for long enough.

"Kyle," she whispered as she walked up to the salad bar.

He didn't look over at first, just continued with his preparation. When he realized she was actually talking to him, he looked up.

"Can we talk?" She expected him to immediately shoot her down.

"About what?" His tone was dark and cold; it made her want to burst into tears, but at least she was getting somewhere.

She remained calm, despite the racing of her heart. Her hands shook, but she hid them under the coat she was carrying. "About this. What's going on."

"Why?"

"I... Just need to. Please."

"Maybe."

"Kyle, please. I need this."

"It depends on what's going on tonight."

"Can you text me then?"

"I don't have your number."

She sighed. Maybe this wasn't going anywhere. "If I write it down, will you keep it and text me?"

He seemed to give in a little, though he was clearly frustrated. "If you have mine, text me."

She sighed again, this time with frustration. "I've only tried that a few times, but sure," she muttered, then walked away.

Immediately she regretted this. She was begging him for an audience. Getting mad at him wasn't going to help her case.

She suddenly realized he hadn't shot her down like she expected. There was possibility. For once in her life, she had a goal and was actually approaching it. Now if only she could convince him to reconsider their friendship and that they could actually be friends.

A week later, she still hadn't heard from him. She had texted him to give him her number, but it never amounted to anything. It didn't surprise her, actually. But she couldn't give up. She'd gone this long without a word of closure. Since September, six months ago.

She sent him another quick text: "Can you either acknowledge that you got my number, or be honest about giving me five more minutes of your time?" Maybe not such a quick text, after all the thought she put into the wording of it.

Why was it so hard to get something out of this man? Just last year, he filled her with laughter and security. They never had a relationship, but the unofficial fling between them led to an unofficial breakup.

Over the past summer, he just completely cut all ties with her. Blocked her online, removed her from friends lists, deleted her number, ignored her texts. He avoided her around campus, and had someone else serve her at the cafeteria. If there was a way to make her completely disappear from the face of the planet, she was sure he'd do it.

He did all this without a single reason; not one she knew, anyway. She tried, but he never responded to anything. He almost gave her hope that she'd finally get an answer when he half-agreed to talk to her. But now, that was ending up like the rest of her attempts: futile.

A couple hours later, she was waiting for her friend to get out of work. Her phone vibrated, and as she checked to see who the message was from, she almost went into cardiac arrest. It was from him. Kyle. She half-expected it to say something like, "I'm sorry, but you must have the wrong number," like the last text message from him said.

"I'm going to be completely honest and straight forward here. I haven't been into you in a long time, and it hasn't been fun in a while. It got annoying fast. I just want you to leave me alone. This is the last text I'm ever going to send you," the message read.

She stood in shock for a moment, just reading over the message a couple times. She was relieved. There was the closure she'd been searching for, for six long and painful months. She was also hurt. There went any chance of a friendship. But as those words sunk into her mind, and

as she processed them, she realized a friendship *wasn't* what she wanted. She didn't hate him because he rejected her. She hated him because it took so damn long to get such a simple thing out of him.

"Thank you, Kyle. I just needed you to tell me that. That's all," she honestly replied. Tears threatened her eyes, but she felt better, freer. For the first time in six months, she felt like there was hope for the future.