

Kaleena Deshawn

Too Cool

She stood only a few feet away, her black pumps clicking the yellow kitchen tiles as she shifted her feet awkwardly. She acted as if she didn't know me. I suppose at this point that was true and to be honest I didn't know her either nor did I really want to.

Time doesn't always make things easier, sometimes it just pushes people apart.

Her hair once thick and arranged in puffy braids was now slick and glossy, I suppose the result of her straightening it. She was taller now, more womanly, but for the most part her face and body looked the same, a little plump, but not fat. She stood near Danielle and Lillian. I had known them just as long as She had, the three of us were still fairly close, but She didn't seem like She was at all aware of that, or maybe She just didn't care. That seemed like her, the her that existed in the present anyway.

It had been a few years since I had moved to Florida and this was the first time I had visited my home town for more than a few hours. Danielle and Lillian were twins, both incredibly kind. Everyone liked them, but unfortunately they were a little oblivious sometimes to put it nicely, like right now for instance. Anytime either of them spoke they looked around at each other and both of us engaging everyone, smiling as they reminisced. However, anytime She spoke she made sure to only look at them, trying to change the subject to things that had happened long after I had gone.

I rolled my eyes and observed them, sipping my drink slowly and casting a smug look I was sure would make her as uncomfortable, as I thought She was a bitch. As Danielle began to speak cheerfully again, I knew it was working. She shifted under my

stare and her pumps continued clicking against the floor. My smirk only grew bigger as She tried to pretend she didn't notice a was looking at her.

I wondered what was going through her head really, what I could have possibly done to make her act this way towards me. All I had ever done was leave, and it's not as if I had any choice in the matter or that She'd ever tried to keep in touch the way Danielle and Lillian had. Knowing that it could be nothing that warranted this behavior, I continued my quiet assault, ignoring all the things I could have said to make the trunk of the somehow partly invisible elephant in the room sound off noisily and startle everyone. Like asking if She remembered when She first moved here and I had been the first one to talk to her, or when I'd introduced her to Danielle and Lillian, the first time She told me I was her best friend or the fact that I had lent her the necklace She was fiddling with and never gotten it back.

All those things made me laugh internally, for now that was enough and my smirk continued to grow even bigger, as I continued to watch her squirm before me. I knew that somewhere She knew exactly what I was thinking and She was ashamed of herself. Even as Danielle and Lillian turned their attention to me, suddenly realizing how quiet I had gotten, I never stopped looking at her even as I answered them. Now She was the one who had gotten quiet. She was looking down now, her arms hanging behind her back, shifting the hem of her navy mini dress. Her feet had stopped tapping as she looked only at her pumps, the patent leather reflecting her sad face back up into her pupils. My smirk softened as now, I was sure she felt it.

I looked up at Lillian and smiled as she asked about my parents and my smile brightened as I tell her what she wants to know. I forget her like She's tried to forget me

all this time, turning away and pretending I never knew her. I still don't know why that is the way She wants it, but I let it go and I stop torturing her. We have out grown each other, like the jumper I loved as a kid, the onesies from my grandmother I used to wear to bed or my first pair of shiny black pumps. If She honestly believed She had gotten too cool for me or the memories we shared, I had to be okay with that, but not before I let her know what She had given up. I'm sure now that whether She says it or not that She remembers, and I am content knowing however sad it is that it's come to this, in some twisted way we've both gotten what we wanted.