

"Plexiglass Possibilities"

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The phone is stubbornly silent and that hurts.

Not that I expected it to ring. I'm familiar enough with the human species in general and the male gender in particular not to entertain such foolishly romantic notions as the phone's low growl against my bedspread would imply.

I suppose I was just hoping to be surprised.

But I am more aware than ever of this plexiglass possibility cage I'm trapped in, now bruising my fists where I would usually pace. As shocking a revelation as it may be, I'm *furious*. After all, I'm supposed to have *options*. In theory, I could have anyone I want; I know all the right moves to make, all the right phrases to say, just the right balance of accessibility and challenge to offer.

The problem lays in that I cannot think of one person it might be satisfying to have. (It is not enough to want and it is not enough to be wanted.)

I guess I've been around just long enough to be jaded.

So I offered him a challenge. Because things can never be so easy as 'yes' or 'no' and 'happily-ever-after.' Or even 'happily-three-months-after.'

"Are you asking me out of genuine emotion or out of a sense that you should?"

(If nothing else, one should always be honest, even if just with one's self.)

And now my cell goes silent and my anger (why must I be so much more than *average*?) kicks and screams and rages at these plexiglass possibility walls and I try *not* to cry over this all-too-anticipated non-answer.

Yet there's still a stupid, silly spark of hope, wanting to be surprised.

(Plexiglass is see-through.)