COME BACK YESTERDAY

His throat was burning and the world around him was out of focus. He didn’t even know how he had managed to crawl to the hotel’s bar, didn’t remember asking for the first drink. And certainly had no memory of asking for all those that’d followed.

Girls would approach him sometimes. Pretty things with bright smiles and tight clothes that had surely seen the cash he had on his wallet when he had bribed the bartender to keep the alcohol coming. But he would send them all away, sometimes with polite words, sometimes screaming so loud that the bartender had threatened to kick him out. Money had fixed that too.

And he would send them away not because he didn’t like them, not because he wasn’t sure he would enjoy their company, but because they were wrong. Their eyes were the wrong color, their smiles didn’t fill him with joy, and he didn’t feel the need to run his fingers through their hair.

He drained yet another glass of bourbon thinking it would bring her back, praying it would take her memory away. But she didn’t come back and he didn’t forget her. How could he when she had proved to be the only thing in his wretched life that was worth remembering?

The glass in his hand fell on the counter and his vision blurred. And the floor was suddenly oh so close. He felt the fall but not the pain as he hit his head against the ivory floor.

Darkness came to claim him soon after that and he welcomed it happily. He had been waiting for it the whole night.

Laura Ciriza