

A Thousand Miles

The city lights blurred as she watched them from the passenger seat. "I will stay," she whispered, not to him, but to the promise she had made herself. "I will not go anywhere." The silence in the car was heavy, a physical weight she felt pressing down on her chest. "You're killing me," she said, her voice barely audible.

He didn't reply. They had been driving for hours, the distance between them growing with every mile, even though they were in the same car. "Alone," she thought. "I am alone." The words felt truer than any she had spoken in a long time. She looked at him, searching for a sign, for something to hold on to. "Do not leave me alone," she wanted to scream, but the words were stuck in her throat.

He turned the radio on, a desperate attempt to fill the void. A slow, melancholic song began to play. "We are too far," she finally said. It wasn't just about the physical distance, but the emotional one. "It doesn't work," she added. The car continued to move, a silent journey to a destination they both knew they would never reach together.