



Volume 18

Issue 1 *Do I Dare Disturb the Universe?* (2009-2010
Issue)

Article 4

5-1-2010

Lonely Night

Rebecca Carlson

Concordia University - Portland

Follow this and additional works at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean>



Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Carlson, Rebecca (2010) "Lonely Night," *The Promethean*: Vol. 18 : Iss. 1 , Article 4.
Available at: <http://commons.cu-portland.edu/promethean/vol18/iss1/4>

This Story is brought to you for free and open access by CU Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Promethean by an authorized administrator of CU Commons. For more information, please contact libraryadmin@cu-portland.edu.

Lonely Night

Rebecca Carlson

I need forgiveness, someone to tell me that it's okay—all humans are broken. So I call him late in the lonely night.

"Hey, it's me. Umm, sorry. I mean it's Anna."

There's a long pause on the other end. All I can hear is the rough in-and-out of my own breathing. I wonder, is this a mistake?

I had laid in bed, watching the bright numbers on the clock change in time with the hot tears that burned down my face. My pillow was damp before I got up and moved to the dark living room, curling up on the couch in a fetal ball.

"I had no one else to call, so I just thought I'd see if you were there. Sorry, I know it's been a long time."

I pick up my cell phone from the cluttered coffee table and cradle it in uncertain hands. My address book scrolls by in a blurred list of names. I reach the end. There is no one I can call, no one who'll listen when I'm not sure what to say.

Finally, I input the digits I still know by heart; but cannot quite force myself to call him. Is this even the right number? I haven't tried to call for three years; he could easily have changed it since then.

"I don't blame you if you don't want to talk to me. I know I haven't called since I left you. But you were always there for me, and I thought I could, should apologize for everything I said."

Before pushing the green-glowing call button, I hesitate for one final moment. It cannot hurt to call him more than my splintered heart already aches, so why has my stomach turned to stone? I hold in a shaky breath as it rings.

"I don't expect you to take me back; I just wanted to talk to you. We used to spend hours just talking. I miss that."

He had been the first person I'd think of to call, instead of my last chance. That was before my world turned grey and cold, a lonely island surrounded by people and places I could only strain to reach.

"I was stupid, I see that now. I thought the whole world was waiting and you were holding me back. I never thought...I didn't know...that it would end up like this."

I draw in a sobbing breath and brush away the new tears. I look around at the shadowy room, the curtains letting in arms of yellowed light that reach toward me. Then I try again.

"Thanks for listening. It shouldn't have taken me so long to call you."

I'd forgotten how good he was at letting me talk, spill out all the hurt and frustration that well up inside me—like boiling water in a too-small jar. A twinge of old, buried love makes my throat tight.

"Maybe I'll see you around some Sunday? I'd like that. Goodnight God."