

She asked if I loved her.

I didn't know what to say. The truth, I suppose.
But how do you say 'no' to someone you'd been with so long.
And it wasn't her fault. Or my own, I don't think. It just happens.
It just happened.

It wasn't rooted in infidelity.
There were no other men in her life or women in my own.
And it didn't arise from a falling out.
Oh, we had arguments, about all those seemingly critical yet petty things ...
No, it just happened. And I'm sure she felt it, too ...
I'm sure we both felt the lack of connection between us.

She was beautiful. Everyone agreed. Her hair. Her face. Her eyes. Tall. Erect.
A certain confidence in her stride ... her manner, calm, yet assured ...
caring, not self-absorbed ... and smart. She was very, very smart.

But none of that equals love. Lust, maybe ... physical attraction, and, if reciprocated,
all those other attributes formed bridges upon which to cross for an all-too-frequent tryst ...
and, if in those crossings, a sharing of values arises ... the deeper "stuff" of life,
then, perhaps, yes, then, maybe, love.

A sharing of values.
Yes. That was it.
And it seemed with didn't share many values any more.