**Texts**

by Paul Hetherington

Her text message sounded as the flight to Tokyo skidded a little on the runway before starting to accelerate. They had spent two days discussing their unexpected meeting in her hotel room, and now she said, ‘see you in some future world or time zone’. He considered texting her about the zones they’d already crossed— having met at primary school and reconnected in an astonishing way—but couldn’t think of the right phrase. His phone rested in his hand as he hesitated, eventually turning to the novel he’d promised himself he’d complete. The main character was a thirty-something woman on the wings of an affair, writing to her lover about the distances between them. ‘How do we travel back,’ she asked, ‘to those luscious and hazy beginnings?’ He immediately typed her words into his phone and sent them to her, hearing the immediate ping of her reply. ‘I read it last week,’ she said. ‘But at least your kisses were all your own.’

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
|  |  |