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## The Shapes of Fate (Part Three)

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## The Shapes of Fate

(Part Three)

Liz Harbaugh

I say nothing. Stand up, make my way towards the car and sit down. He closes the door. It's sharp closing inspires a rise of interior monologue, but I fight them, because I need to ask him one question.

Matthew pulls the car back onto the motorway. Rain slaps our windshield, the wipers cutting it like knives. I bite my raw cuticles and stare out the window, summoning all my strength.

"Matthew," I whisper.

He reaches over and takes my frozen hand, brings my palm to his warm, pink, good lips.

"What?" he prods.

"Do..." I can't ask it. Inside they rise up against me, and I can't make my tongue move.

"What, sweetheart?"

"Do you love me?" I ask, barely letting the words escape, instantly regretting their release.

"With all my heart," he answers, "as truly as the rocks in the road are rocks, and as long as they will be."

His answer has strengthened me, and I press on.

"No matter what?"

He smiles, "No matter what."

*I know what I have to do. Please, I pray, please let his answer hold true.*