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Edinburgh

by Olivia Geho

Even in early morning light, the alleys trap darkness keep secrets 600 years old about battles between classes, disease, and our falling out, a dynamic muted by the ancient walls, left unsaid even after we boarded the train back home.

I don't know if it was your subtle hints or my persistence in ignoring them, but we shared silent dinners, sipped lattes in the empty café, stared out at the stone maze that swallowed our voices.

We climbed a mountain, looked down on the city from Arthur's seat, pressed our hands to the frigid compass cemented to the rock in hope it would send us in different directions on the way down but we were only hushed by the wind pushing hair into our mouths. On the train, I leaned on the window you drew magpies gliding deftly down cliff sides and never looked up because we'd spoken every word into the bricks we touched and the coffee mugs we cradled on our lips while avoiding one another's gaze.