

## Do I Want You To Say You Love Me?

The man met her several years ago; he liked her immediately, and as they spent more time together, he got to know her, and his feelings for her grew deeper. He enjoyed spending time with her; she made him laugh, conversation was easy and interesting, and they listened when the other talked. She had become a good friend, but as a man, he wanted intimacy and perhaps even her love. But when he mentioned that to her, she laughed and said, “Benefits” with a lovely smile.

She disappeared after that conversation, and while the man was confused by her absence and silence, he kept saying to himself, “If she wanted to contact me, she would.” As the days grew into weeks and still no word came, he decided she didn’t want to.

Winter was still not over in the mountains where he lived. March had come in like the oft-mentioned lion, with rain, cold, and snow, reminding him that it was still winter. But then the days warmed to the seventies, and he was out readying his garden for planting. He retrieved his grow lights from storage and other gardening paraphernalia, and, in his indoor grow room, he planted seeds for tomato plants and corn, while planning to start other plants soon.

The weather shifted again from the seventies back to freezing, and the rain turned to snow. The man loved the snow, so he decided to go for a walk. He loved walking in the rain, the snow, early mornings and late evenings. He walked when it was freezing, and even in the intense heat. He preferred hiking in the mountains, where he could find shade under the forest’s canopy, but when there was no shade canopy, he still walked and hiked in the heat of summer because he loved it.

Walking through the snowstorm, he remembered his conversation with his friend. During the conversation, she had told him how much she loved the mountain weather, from the snow to the rain, and especially the changes that clearly defined their four seasons. He recalled that she used the phrase, I love the weather here, when describing the mountains where they lived. He also remembered another conversation when he had told her that he'd gone walking one morning, and the ground was frozen for his entire two-mile walk. His friend told him, "You must be crazy to go walking when it's freezing out."

The man began thinking about his friend and her telling him she loved the mountain weather. Those were her words. Yet, when it's hot, you seek shade; when it rains, you seek dryness; and when it's cold, you seek warmth.

He laughed as he thought about her, then spoke aloud as he walked alone in the snow, "Do I want to hear you say you love me? The things you've told me you love you hide from when they appear."

Written by Peter Skeels © 3-31-2025