

Luke Evans

YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

My feet hit the ground and I stepped away from the bus. I took a deep breath and sighed out the air and all that it meant. There was nobody waiting for me. I wasn't surprised; I hadn't told anyone I was returning and I'd been away for nine years.

I grew up in this old industrial town and I loved it instinctively as the place where I had started. That was a long time ago. Now, as I looked at it, I couldn't remember why I had loved it.

It was empty and somehow lacking. The industries on which the city was founded had abandoned her for greener pastures. Shops stood empty, buildings run down. Graffiti covered their walls and marked them as damaged. And here I stood, older, jaded and lost, but for reasons that I didn't really understand; I had come home.

We were both somehow hollow; lost lovers pushed back together. I looked at the empty storefronts and I knew she was empty, too. I turned back to the bus, with the thought of riding it until the end of the line.

The bus was gone.