He Said, She Said

R.F. Tripp

He told me we had something to talk about, or he did. I asked him, what? He said I knew. Knew what? I said. He couldn't tell me—direct out—but I knew...and anyway, it should be obvious to me. Just think back, he said. To what? I said. The other night, he said. At the party? I said. Maybe, he said. Okay, I said, not at the party. I didn't say that, he said. But you intimated it, I said. That's your interpretation, he said. Is this thing really important? I said. Obviously, he said. Then just come out and tell me, I said. He couldn't, he said. Why not? I said. Because you should know, he said. So now we're back full circle, I said. That was just like me—not to know, he said. Well, I said, then I have something to talk to you about. What? he said. I'll be more direct, I said, it was at the party. What? he said. You should know, I said. Did I do something?—why didn't you say something before? he said. Because you should know by now what irritates me, I said, and because we've talked about it before. When? he said. Last week, I said. When last week? he said. I can't tell you the exact day, I said. Where were we? he said. I can't remember, exactly, I said, but that's not the point. Then what's the point? he said. The point is what you said, I said.