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What Has Been

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What Has Been

Author Bio

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What Has Been

HANNAH RINEHART

I loved her. I did not love her. I loved her homemade, whole-grain pancakes, her pillow-soft twin mattress, her original songs on the piano, her height difference, her dark brown, twisted curls, and her laugh. I did not love her; I no longer love her.

I wanted to love her forever.

I wanted to be in her company, but I did not want to replace her boyfriend. I wanted to hold her in my arms, but I did not want to kiss her. I wanted her to continue to love me. I wanted her to stay. I did not want to stay.

I loved her, but only until our eighteenth birthdays. Only thirteen years of love, and I stopped loving her. I no longer love her. But I *loved* her.

I wanted to live and breathe in her basement, her bedroom, her mother's office where her guinea pigs lived. I loved everything with her—I did not love her.

I loved her even though she never stayed. I loved her through her late promises, her late hugs, her late love. I did not love her on that day at the beach, sitting by myself on the ocean's edge as the water kissed my toes. I loved her as much as I loved our fading youth.

I loved her through tears, through sighs, through cries. I loved her through prom, through dresses, through boyfriends, through frantic belly-laughs on her living room floor.

I loved holding her hand.

I loved her. I grieved her.

I do not love her now.