Second Chance

            “Hello?”

            “Celeste. It’s me.”

            Finally.

            “Celeste, you there?”

            “Yes.”

            “I miss you.”

            I smiled…and waited.

            “You know I still love you.”

            “What am I supposed to say?” I revealed nothing of my longing for this man who abandoned our 22-year marriage five months ago in pursuit of something ‘greener’.

            “Celeste…tell me to come home.”

            I relaxed into our familiar security.

            “Well, Celeste, can I?”

 There was assurance in his voice; he would never let this happen again. He deserved another chance.

            I sighed relief.

            “Celeste, please?”

            My heart prepared to give him everything again. Something from within saved me, “No.”