

WATCHING

I saw you again today.

You've changed your hair style but I'll always recognise you. You're still looking good after all this time. Blonde suits you.

I barely recognised Sammy though. Hasn't he grown up? He's almost as tall as you are now. I often wonder how he's getting on at school. I hope he's not still being bullied? Such a great kid. We did a good job with him, didn't we?

I saw you've moved house. I guess it was to escape all those memories, yes?

I think of you all the time. Your smile, your skin. The way your eyes crinkle when you laugh.

You know, **there's no one that compares with you.**

I still remember the first time I ever saw you. It was on the train. You were strap hanging and I just couldn't take my eyes off you. You probably never knew that I followed you home and contrived to bump into you. People did that in those days. Now I guess it would be a swipe one way or the other. I'm so pleased we met in person all those years ago and not on the net.

I've forgiven you for what you did and if I could get you back I would, believe me. I've always been amazed that you got away with it. A burglary, isn't that what you said? Apparently I was trying to protect you – that's what you told them. Such a shame that I got caught up in it, that copper said. Hah. If only he knew.

Life's been good to you. You still have your looks, your boy – our son.

I know you're with someone else now and I hope he's taking as much care of you as I did. It doesn't look as if you're frightened of him the way you were of me. I only wanted the best for you and Sammy, you know that, right?

The world was no longer a safe place and I hope you know that I only locked you in the cellar to protect you. It was only when I was at work.

I still cry when I think of what you did to me. Does Sammy know how cruel his mother could be?

Do you ever think of me, I wonder? You probably have no idea that I can see everything you do. And, when I say everything, I mean everything.

Yet I can't tell you any of this. I can see you but I can't touch you. Much as I want to.

My only consolation is that you'll be here with me one day. By my side looking down at our beautiful son growing up and growing away, leading his own life as you once said you wanted to lead yours.

In My Life, The Beatles. 1965.

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