



# WHAT HAPPENED WITH JACOB

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*Brent C Dill*

WE NEVER REALLY TALKED ABOUT IT, but Jacob and I broke up for good that day. I sat on the ground outside his apartment, red-eyed, sniffing and barefoot. An older Asian man was walking by on the way to his apartment, holding his granddaughter's hand. I clutched my English bulldog, Arthur, by his collar as he tried to greet the passersby. His leash was still inside, along with my flip-flops. The man leaned down a little as he passed and silently mouthed, "It's going to be okay."

Most of that day is blurry to me, like a closeup of a watercolor painting, but certain moments are sharper than I can stand. The Asian man's reassurance, his words, might as well have been written on a piece of paper, rolled up, placed in a bottle and thrown into the ocean. That message wasn't for me. But his face stuck in my mind. The granddaughter didn't look at me at all.