

Shannon Waite

What Hints Mean

Twice we spoke after our second date and twice I tried to contact him after that but, somewhere in my adult life, later than it should have been I'll admit, I learned that if someone doesn't respond anymore then I should take the hint. It was on my couch that I sent him a text which, consequently, ended up being the last text I'd send him since he never responded to it. It said something about how I hoped he had a great time on his trip home, because he wasn't from Michigan like me but he was from Florida and he visited Florida for Christmas. The text also said that I looked forward to hearing from him because I, at the very least, did hope that I'd hear from him. Even if I wasn't sure about him, about us, because he was uncomfortably shorter than I and into unusual art and clicked his teeth when he was thinking, I liked the idea of it. Besides, he seemed really into me which I liked because I've been single for three years and that's three years way too long, if you ask me. I sent the text on a Monday night because I figured at that point he must be back from his trip. Two days went by and I heard nothing back. Then a week. After four weeks of not hearing from him despite my reaching out, I realized that a month had gone by since our last date and that apparently it hadn't gone as well as I thought. Either that or his plane from Florida crashed, but it was much more likely he wasn't interested. We'd gone to the bar even though neither of us drank, to watch a band that neither of us had heard of, but

before the band went on we laughed at the couple sitting next to us. We made up a life story for our waiter. We talked about music we actually prefer and we told each other secrets about things I won't ever admit to anyone again. Then we listened to the band we didn't know, which was okay. Afterwards, we went on a walk in the city that had just been covered in a thin layer of snow even though I knew it would soon be more because Michigan layers snow on top of snow until no one can stand it. Being from Florida, he didn't know that yet. I like people watching, live music, and walks so I thought the date went well but maybe he didn't. Maybe he was unhappy that at the end of date two I hadn't leaned in to kiss him or my hand hadn't slipped against his so that we could hold each other. Maybe he was unhappy that I hadn't told him he was beautiful yet. Maybe there's more to relationships than finding someone who spends hours talking with you like they care. With all the dates I've been on, I've realized that never seems to be enough, and now that I have so many hints I've had to take over the years that I have a collection, I'm starting to feel like, at some point, this many hints should turn into an answer. Maybe then it would be easy for me to slip my palm against someone else's.