

Another Chance Encounter

25. May 22

It was about quarter to five when she passed by me at the train station, I was heading home and she just arrived. I walked past her like in a dream, just like the many I had where we met by chance. I acknowledged her as one acknowledges an old acquaintance, nodded and passed by without stopping or turning around. From what I recall she did not do anything different, though I wonder if she did stop and wait me pass by, apparently undisturbed.

She changed, which shocked me initially. Though I recognized her by her smile. My first thought was "The moment I saw her, the superficiality of my infatuation became apparent." Though I quickly began to doubt this conclusion, wondering if I should have stopped, though I know I was too absent-minded at that point to initiate a coherent conversation. It took me too long to realise that I was awake.

One can think too much about a chance event like this one. One can ascribe significance to the many apparently random conditions that had to be in place for us to be at the same place at the same time (be it that we were heading it precisely opposite directions). Yet this accidental of the event, makes this even a matter of pure contingency, perhaps to be remembered but not to be repeated.

I have been trying to convince myself of the futility of hoping to see her again. As even when I do, I apparently cannot move myself to make use of the opportunity. No matter how much I might prepare myself, it appears we only encounter when I would never suspect it.

Yet seeing her did not only surprise me in the nature of the even, but as mentioned previously in the appearance, the superficial. This confirmed my suspicion, or rather common-sense intuition, that she must have changed since we knew one another. Regardless of what could have had been back then, it by all means unreasonable to assume one could just continue from where we left off.

I know full well that it would be more rational to pursue anyone else, to make use of the practical, yet I cannot help wondering that I might have another chance, if I take the train back home at about quarter to five.