

## Obsidian

I can't remember exactly when this was. She had shorter hair so must have been back when we argued all the time. I was going on about something at length and she was looking at me intently, stood really close - right in front of me. This look though, she was really staring through me. I was pretty confused but kept talking. She kept staring, never dropping her gaze and hardly blinking. Clearly she wasn't listening. She reached for a hairbrush and began preening herself whilst looking right at me, completely blank but absolutely intense. I was still talking but she was turning her head to one side and the other whilst keeping this insane blank stare. Apparently she'd left her compact at home and my eyes would do as a mirror.