

Swipe Right

by Jamie Steyer

“I saw you on Tinder, you know.”

He continued before I could ask any of the questions swelling in my throat.
“When we first met.”

He finally looked at me, a smile playing on the corners of his mouth. “I swiped right. We never matched though.”

I think back to those months and years ago, to the flame icon burning on my phone screen.

I remember the girl with the hurting heart, the cheesy pickup lines and cliché compliments copied and pasted to each conversation providing little salve to quell the aching.

I remember a cheery home with a quiet boy, bemused by a girl with a face full of makeup and a head full of basketball.

I remember the final flash of an ignored notification as I hovered over the flame, dragging it off my screen and myself from its grasp.

I wonder if he felt the same sense of release after returning to the real world. A real, flesh-and-blood person, placed in his life by a series of seemingly unimportant decisions. A person whose voice he knew, he never had to wonder whether she looked like her pictures.

I don't know if that quiet boy would have ever messaged me. On tinder, or a text... I did the pursuing there. When you know, you know, right? We were jaded and hopeful and lost and searching, but I knew I'd found something I never wanted to lose.

I never got the chance to see his face brighten my screen. If I had, it would have done little justice to the person I now know. The person I know drums along to every song he hears, yells at games until he's hoarse, and has an amazing way with animals. I wouldn't have known that's who I matched with. I'm glad I chose real life.

Jamie Steyer is a senior in journalism, but stays busy with a variety of other hobbies including photography, acting, makeup, sports, and gaming. These are her first published works, and she sincerely hopes that you, the reader and viewer, get something from it.