



She Came Back

A note on what the body remembers

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I.

I was walking home. Nothing special about the evening. Just another street, another set of footsteps, another day ending.

Then I smelled it.

The same scent from months ago. From a person I hadn't seen since.

My body knew before my mind did. A small pause in my step. A breath held a little too long.

She's not here, I told myself. It's just a smell.

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But the scent stayed.

Not the person. Just the memory of what it felt like to be near her. The warmth that came before the goodbye.

I kept walking.

And I thought: *This is what it means to carry someone. Not in your thoughts. In your nose. In your chest. In the way your body remembers before your mind has a chance to protect you.*

II.

She came back.

Not in a message. Not in a doorbell. Not in a voice.

Just a scent in the air, from someone else wearing the same thing she used to wear.

She came back for three seconds.

And then she left again.

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A Practice

After it happened, I stood there for a moment. I could have kept walking. But instead, I did something small.

If this happens to you — a scent, a sound, a name that stops you — try this:

Stop. Count to three. Don't try to understand it. Don't try to let go. Just let it be there. After three seconds, keep walking.

That's the whole practice.

It wasn't cathartic. It didn't change anything. But it broke the pattern. Instead of spiraling into "I miss her" or "I should move on," I just stood there for three seconds and let the feeling pass through.

If it's still there after three seconds, that's okay. Try again tomorrow.

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This piece is free. If you tried the three-second pause and want to know what else you can do when something stops you — more steps are waiting at keegou.com/after.