

# *A Day with Him*

## *Good Morning*

It is 9:30am and your eyes slowly drift open like they do every morning. You look at the clock, wriggle around for a second, and finally decide to get up, but not before you see him. He's lying on his stomach with his head tilted at just the right angle for the sun to catch a few wisps of his brown disheveled hair and for a second you catch yourself smiling but at what, you don't know. Maybe it's how the corners of his mouth are turned up slightly or maybe it's how his body looks so relaxed, he looks so vulnerable in the mornings. You manage to look away for just a second to snap back into reality to see that 5 minutes have gone by. You stretch for a bit longer before your stomach reminds you that it needs food. You take your first steps of the day, slowly as to not wake him up but quickly because the floor is cold. You enter the kitchen and you are greeted by light of the sun pouring in through the windows. A smile creeps onto your face as you bask in the warmth. After a few deep breaths you remember you have time for breakfast. You pull the fridge open to get out two eggs, butter, and cream. Oh, and bacon. Who could forget that? The stove flickers on as you set the pan atop the flame. The pan begins to heat up; you add the butter then the eggs then bacon. As the bacon begins to sizzle you hear footsteps coming towards the kitchen and you quietly laugh to yourself, it's always when the bacon sizzles. You finish setting up the coffee to be when he greets you with a hug from behind and a head nuzzle. He hasn't shaved in a while but it's ok. You turn around and softly kiss him and find

that he is still trying to wake up. He leans his head forward to touch yours and smiles softly; his eyes are still closed. He has yet to put his armor on. You ask a question you know the answer to but ask anyways, “Breakfast?” “Pancakes”. You knew the answer because that is his only answer in the morning. He could eat pancakes at anytime in the day, for breakfast, lunch, dinner, or even as a midnight snack. His sleepy smile lingers for a moment as you giggle softly. You return to your meal, taking the eggs off the heat and feeding him a slice of your bacon as you pull out the pancake mix. He asks for four but you make five knowing he will ask for another. He ushers you away to eat as he flips the pancakes, unaware of the fifth one there. You pour yourself a cup of coffee and orange juice and set a place for him. You hear his bare feet hit the tiles as he makes his way to the seat across from you with a plate stacked with pancakes and some extra bacon. Holding your coffee cup with both hands, you hide a smile as you seem him casually try to sneak a strip onto your plate in return for the one you fed him. You laugh and gently nudge his leg with your foot. He smiles and raises his utensils as if to say, “let’s eat”. Understanding this sign you begin to cut up your eggs as he carves his tower of pancakes. You glance up from your meal to see that there are only four on his plate, you raise an eyebrow and he gestures to your side. You turn and see a pancake in the shape of a heart with a syrup arrow going through it. You turn to face him only to receive a long warm kiss. You can feel him smile and can’t help but do so yourself.

*“Good morning.”*

*Good Afternoon*

There is no word that can kill a good mood quicker than “Monday”. Even the idea of Monday can destroy an amazing Sunday. Mondays mean no chance of enjoying a morning breakfast; you should have been at the office 5 minutes ago. This Monday was different though. This Monday was YOUR Monday. The boss is letting the employees out earlier than usual; he has some family meeting to go to. This means the walk home can now be enjoyed, your rush is gone and the city is beginning its morning routine. The daily rush of the city has yet to start, wives are walking around with their kids, shopping for new clothes or groceries. Even the Starbucks on the corner, usually full with businessmen, is almost empty with only a few struggling college kids with their noses buried in their textbooks remain in the chairs and couches. You walk out with your favorite drink, the cool air brushes your face; reminding you that winter is coming. You smile and close your eyes. The smell of peppermint rushes towards your nose, the feel of the brisk winter wind catches itself in your hair, and your feet feel the warmth of your favorite boots. You let out a breath of winter and open your eyes to the empty streets of your city. Times like this make you long for a scooter or maybe even a motorcycle, but only when you feel daring. You walk back to your apartment but today, with all the time you have, you decide to take the long way. Long way is another term for a way you’ve never been and you’re not really sure if it’ll take you home but you will know enough to get back to the streets you know. And you go. At first it seems scary, lots of alleyways and musty smells but then you see a new stop sign. You only know it’s new because it doesn’t seem to have any graffiti on it. You follow the street until you get to the stop sign and stop. You look left. Then right. Then back. Somehow, someway, you’ve made it home. You’re looking at the back of your building for the first time since...well ever. Who looks at the

back of their building anyways? You know this is your building because you see a familiar figure in the window. He is wearing that grey sweater you bought him from the little boutique across your store, you know because he accidentally spilled blue paint on the right shoulder and even from where you're standing you can see it. He is holding something; it looks to be a book but not one you've ever seen in the house. As you see him sitting there you remember why you chose that specific apartment. The window he is leaning is the perfect window because of the afternoon sky. The sun hits the top of the building at the perfect angle for the rooftops across the street to appear to be blank canvases, ready for your afternoon adventures. The way he lit up during the open house, you knew it was the perfect choice. He is completely immersed in this mysterious book that he hasn't noticed you yet. You open your bag and open up your sketchbook and take out your favorite sharpie. You then pick up a handful of pebbles and do your best to aim for the window. He finally hears the tapping and looks down to see you holding up your notebook,

***“Good Afternoon.”***

### *Good Night*

"He wants to say *I love you*

but keeps it to *goodnight*

because love will mean some falling

and she's afraid of heights."

- r.i.d

You stare at those words, too taken aback by their truth to speak. You are not *just* afraid of heights, you are terrified; but, when he held you, you forgot to look down, when he held you, the mountain was a hill, when he held you, you could not fall. They say that people are not afraid of heights, they are afraid of falling. They are afraid of the impact, the pain, the hurt, and the break. The break of their bones, the break of their spirit, the break of their heart, it is pain you don't think you can handle but it was something that could not have been avoided. You ended up falling but he didn't let go, you slipped through. You inhaled all of your secrets; all your fears, breathing everything back in that held you too close and let yourself slip out of his grasp. He wanted nothing more than to hold you for forever, never letting you fall, never letting you go and that is why made yourself fall; he held on *too* tightly. He whispered his goodnights too loudly, he grabbed at your secrets and made them his own, even the ones you wanted to keep for yourself and as you fell you felt them all return to their hiding places deep inside your soul, far away from his reach. As you fell you remembered the comfort that lies inside the silence, the peace in an empty room, the fluidity of an open hand. As you fell you remembered your freedom and forgot about the eventual pain. That is how you survived. You did not fall; you jumped, with a parachute and a plan. You landed as gracefully as a cat, as proud as a lion, ready for whatever you may face on the ground. You shook his handprints off your back, removed his name from your lips, lifted the burden of the memories from your mind; you brought your mind and soul to peace again. As you walk away you feel the walls come back up and with every step you take another door closes, another window is locked, another passage is closed, leaving the next traveller with a much

harder obstacle. The man who sat on the couch by the window in the apartment picked out by a happy couple does not know of the boy who whispered his goodnights loudly, he knows only of your sleepy voice and heavy eyes. He does not see the faded handprints on your back, only sees a perfect place to hold you. When he walks through your mind he cannot see the locks that held your secrets, only rooms with two chairs next to each other. When you see him you see eyes that only want to look at what you let them, hands that hold you and let you go when you need to be alone, and a smile to welcome your return. When he knows you are about to fall asleep he kisses your cheek and whispers softly...

***“Goodnight.”***