

Everything turns pink

Sometimes I miss it.

Miss what?

Loving you.

Well, can't you do it again?

I probably could, but I don't really want to.

Oh.

It would just take too much work, and I genuinely don't think you know why I left.

I know why you left.

Do you?

Yeah, I didn't call you on new years.

That's not why I left.

Oh.

I miss the sunsets in New Orleans, because everything turns pink, and I would be so tired, too tired to fight. And we would go to a bar and I could smoke and smoke and smoke and watch you interact with the world, and when I got attention you would do something, some little thing, to reinforce that I was yours. And I would feel so special. But then we would go home, and you would kiss me, and grab me, and get on top of me, and next thing I know it would be over. And everytime you started to grab me I would get excited and think maybe this time, maybe this time, you will care.

I did care!

Did you? Did you really?

Of course I did!

Then why didn't you do anything about it?

You didn't tell me what to do.

I don't know how to tell you how to care.

Come on.

No.

You just don't want to remember any of the good things.

That's not true.

Yes it is, this would work if both of us want it, but you don't want it.

Exactly.

That's bullshit. You do want it.

No I don't. I don't want to go back to paying for everything, I don't want to go back to doing all the work on my own.

But it would be different this time.

That's what you said last time.

I don't know what else to tell you.

There's nothing you can tell me. For a second I just missed it.

But you don't anymore.

Right.

