

I wait:

You're not here.

As much as I'd like to pretend and wish endlessly that you were. It is just not so.

In the summer, when we were seldom apart, I used to be able to visualize you in the many familiar places you'd go.

On your sticky summer commute to the City, petting your dog between the eyes, eating your mom's chicken pot pie on your plush and somewhat ragged living room couch...watching Sportscenter.

Now, there you are across oceans and time zones; awake while I'm sleeping, eating dinner while I crack my morning egg shells.

I can't place you anymore.

It makes me uneasy, out of touch with your rhythm, your smells, your heart's timed beat.

It kills me that you're less vivid to me now.

Every night I shut my eyes and your arm does not engulf me like it should. I sigh with a painful and saddened longing for you.

Our songs blare through speakers, and while I no longer cry, I feel an absence of the music in my heart.

I can see you every where I go that I've been with you, that you're supposed to be. That missing 6'4 figure towering over all the other obsolete heads in the crowd. Somehow, you always met my gaze. Your soul is beautiful, and mine will forever search for yours like the light house searching a dark ocean front.

I wait here, simmering in the boils of your memory. Waiting for you to return, for you to come home. Waiting to be left lonely no more.

I wait here for your tall, lean body to engulf every inch of my slender frame.

I wait to lie with you, dressed in cold sheets, letting the world pass us by,

I wait to watch Sportscenter with you on that plush and somewhat ragged living room couch.

I wait for your mom's homemade chicken pot pie.

I wait for the time we'll spend together, for the hugs when I'll

never let go.
I wait.