

The first thing I say is:

And he says:

But our eyes are still closed. It's a sweet little thing we started doing without even talking about it, kind of gross, shut up, where we say good morning just before opening our eyes so we know the very first thing each of us sees in the morning is each other.

The first thing I smell is coffee because we got one of those coffee makers that you set up the night before and can kind of use like an alarm. It feels so decadent like we're at a bed and breakfast every day and a little silver man with a faraway accent lives on our counter to get things ready for us, his guests, in the morning.

It was a birthday present from me to him but I think I like it more than he does. He's never minded getting up in the morning but I have such a hard time. I feel like I've been lying here for ten seconds but really an hour has gone by.

One more wasted hour.

Don't tell my journal, I've convinced it that I'm very productive and hellbent on achieving my goals.

Though tonight I'm going out with Sarah so chalk one more day up to wasted youth because we always get appetizer sampler platters and unnaturally colored drinks the size of my head which are two things that I'm pretty sure you can't say about Gloria Steinem.

When I get home I'll yell "I'm home honey" and then whoops ha ha it's actually "Honey I'm home" but he won't respond. So at this point I will know that something life-alteringly terrible has happened to him. And I will panic.

But it will just be that the TV was on too loud. He will be asleep in front of it, slightly to the left of the permanent indentation he's made in the couch.

I'll tell him "you scared me" and he'll say oh my god I was just watching TV I can't control what scares you and and I'll lose it. I'll yell that he's selfish and boring which has nothing to do with this moment but everything to do with the shitty couch his gaming system his constant napping his bad presents that are passive aggressive nudges for me to get a different career and then I'll say I'm sorry I'm kind of drunk I'm sorry I'm sorry I'll go to bed.

But right now I'm smelling his hair and my own breath and somehow the sunshine. And thinking that it would be so nice if time would just stop. So nice if we could stay here all day all week all month all season all year-

You're the best.

Morning.

Morning.

And we're here already.

I'm not just waking up I've actually been lying awake for one and a quarter years by the time she speaks, but she doesn't know that. It's my private thing. I pretend to sleep. I think I'm pretty good at it, she's never noticed.

When I was a teenager my father would say to me that the early bird catches the worm and I would say I'm not a bird DAD I don't want any WORMS and he would tell me I was directionless and would wind up pumping his gas for the rest of my life which isn't true because now he's dead and also I work in an office. So.

We moved to a new house when I was in tenth grade and for months I didn't have any curtains in my room because the old venetian blinds I had had before actually belonged to our old house. Not to us. Certainly not to me.

And my room had one window that was like BAM FUCK YOU I'M THE SUN the moment the sun peeked over the horizon. So I'd be like dad DAD I need blinds and he'd be like I'm going after work on Friday to Home Depot calm down and I'd be like I'll calm down when you come home with BLINDS which god knows how long it actually took him to buy because that guy was always doing something besides doing anything nice for me that's for sure.

So I tried putting t-shirts over my face to block out the light. I'd put them there the night before but then they'd fall off. So I'd put them on again when the sun woke me up in the morning and try to get back to sleep. But at that point I'd be awake. So I'd lie there. And when my dad came in to wake me up he would think I was asleep but I wasn't. I was just lying there.

I had been.

Most of the day is just blah blah blah same same and you're going and going and you look up and it's 4 o'clock already. Why? Because you're busy or interested or having a good time or just doing something so time is going to go.

But lying here awake, early, when no one knows, feels at least like what a week should feel like, and sometimes, like today, if I do it early enough, it feels like more than a year. And they're my best years. The rest of it goes by so quickly it doesn't even really count as my life.

I'll get the coffee.