

Restless

[Written by Lillian Salvatore (she/her)]

But it won't be until
The following morning
When you notice it.
It will have seeped through
Your pillows, brushed hands
With the cotton on your pyjamas.
It flirts with the empty space
Beside you until he comes home,
It kisses your mouth
And whispers in your ear
'Come with me.'

Sometime during the night
You wake to his snoring
And turn to face him,
Brushing the hair from his eyes.
You kiss him lightly
And listen to the space
Between your bodies, until
Sleep finds you.
But it is him, now.
It is his snoring
His naked torso the colour
In his cheeks.
You won't notice it until
The morning, when you pack a
Bag and get into your truck
And leave.