

It's Not Enough

by A. E. Ivey

I'll never forget the way you tasted that last morning that I ever saw you.

The blurry eyed look on my face as I searched your bed for my tshirt, and you in a hurry because you were already late for work bending down onto the bed and grabbing my chin the way that you do, kissing me goodbye. I started to turn away and you pulled me back to you by the back of my head because one kiss wasn't enough.

What were you thinking doing that to me? The sheer intimacy of that moment right there, as you kissed me a second time and I brought my hand up to touch your face as you did.

It's not enough.

You pulled away and left, and I was left empty handed - alone in your room.

But I never saw you again. Instead I see your face in the new life that came out of that last night we spent together.

And all I can think about is...

the way that you kissed me goodbye...

the way you insisted on making eye contact with me...

how you said you had missed me.

I miss you too.

