Security

by Ajay Nair

Her preferred post-coital activity is to pant, to suck in air with urgent greed. He wonders whether her mouth is open with her tongue hanging out. But he is glad to not have to know what she looks like right now - they only make love in the dark. Thankfully, she's not one for cuddling.

He rolls over to his end, reaches out for the more traditional dessert, a cigarette. He does not un-roll back fully, leaving a little more space between them than when he started.

The freshly created strip of bedding between them is the border fence that protects him. This column of thick, white, springy comfort is what keeps this marriage secure.

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