

Not Tired

by Christian Yetter

Fifteen and then a kiss, right? That's the rule?

...one...two...three...

She's sleeping now. The snow forms frosted lines and curves on the glass. She would probably roll over and wrap her arm around me if she weren't sleeping. She is beautiful when she's asleep. I probably love her.

...four...five...six...

When she wakes up, she'll smile and her eyes will explore my face, up and down. Air will slip out of her mouth and taste like the paad thai from the night before. She'll snort with laughter, so impossibly beautiful. It will stop snowing. She says she likes the crisp smell of the snow.

...seven...

I'll press my hands against the smooth space between her breasts fifteen times and we'll kiss. Then we'll slip off of the featherbed. We'll eat breakfast and she'll cleanup while I get ready for work. When I get back, she won't be sleeping. She will be awake, and she will love me forever.

Let me try and wake her up, now.

...eight...nine...ten...eleven...

Three hours isn't really that long.

Carelessly clumped powdered snow on mirrored glass. If she weren't sleeping she'd lay her thin arm around my neck. There is something beautiful about her stillness when she is asleep. I love her, I think.

She'll wake up and smile. Her breath on my face will smell like the Thai we'd reheated for the night before. She'll snort with laughter and then we'll make love, or not. The snow will go away. She says she likes the way it smells.

...twelve...

And while we are or aren't making love, I'll press my hands

between her breasts fifteen times before kissing. We'll get out of bed and then eat breakfast. I'll change into a clean shirt for work. She'll go clean up. When I walk back through the door, she won't be sleeping. She will be awake and she will be in love with me.

She should be waking up anytime now.
...thirteen... fourteen... fifteen... shit...
I'm not even tired.

Powder-white snow clings to the mirrored glass. She'd curl her bony arm around me if she weren't sleeping. She's so still it's almost beautiful. I must love her.

She'll wake up, and her lips will turn upwards. Her breath will taste like old food. She'll snort. The snow will vanish. We'll probably have sex. I'll grate my hand across the skin between her breasts. She's in love with the way winter crinkles in her nose.

...one... two... three...

My eyes kind of un-focus, and for a moment, it looks like I have fifteen fingers. We'll climb off the mattress and find something for breakfast. Then I'll find a job. She'll go clean up. When I come back, she won't be passed out on the bed. She'll be awake and she'll still love me.

I'll wake her up now.
...four...five...

I could do this forever. Not even tired.

Powdered snow forms grotesque lines on the shard of mirror. She'll dig her jagged arm in around me. The absolute stillness of her sleep is the most beautiful thing in the room. I love her so much sometimes I cry.

She'll wake up and her lips will twitch into a forced half-smile. Sometimes she won't brush her teeth at night so I can smell the decay of old food on her breath. She'll snort and the snow will disappear. She says the snow smells ungodly. Says I have to try it.

...six...seven...

She won't stop sweating while we fuck, so my hands keep

slipping off her breasts to the space in between. We'll get up and eat something. Then, I might try to find a job. She'll go clean up for real this time. When I step back into the bedroom, she won't be sprawled out on the floor. She'll be awake and she'll love me again.

This time I can wake her up though. I promise.

...eight...

Fifteen and then a kiss, right? Fifteen. Kiss. Simple.

...nine...ten...

The clock says three. I started at noon. Three hours isn't that long.

...eleven...

I'm not even tired. I could do this forever.

...twelve...thirteen...fourteen...

Almost there. It'll work this time. I promise.

...fifteen ...

Okay, one more time.

...one...two...three...

I could do this forever.

...four...five...

It'll work now. I promise.

...six...seven... eight...

Fifteen, kiss, right?

...nine...ten...eleven...

Twelve.

Thirteen.

Fourteen.

Fifteen.

I'm not tired, I promise.

I could do this forever.

