

A Sight for Sore Thighs

by Kyle G

I dreamt about you again today. While I was wide awake, I saw your face. I saw your smile, I heard your laugh. I felt you looking into me; *you* finally saw *me*.

You finally knew that every morning, I dress according to the comments I pretend that you'll think in your head when you first see me. Every Facebook status I post is filtered — I only let those through that I think you'll find funny or intriguing or charming. I manufacture problems that only you can help me solve so I have a seemingly legitimate reason to talk to you. You're always so calm, collected, and confident when you answer. I make jokes because I know that, even if they're dumb, you'll pretend to laugh, and your laugh is like a kiss to my ears.

And then I pretend to not notice you or see you because I don't know how to hide my desperate glances. I know I'm too obvious, so I scold myself by depriving my eyes of your face. Those moments of punishment without you only fuel the burning, and they make me want you so much more that I have to talk to you or look at you or listen to you so I won't implode. And the cycle repeats.

So I keep dreaming. Dreaming that you finally knew everything, and you didn't care. And I didn't care that you knew. Not only could you see through my obsession, but it turned you on. Your complete and utter control over my happiness, my movements, my wardrobe — it was like you didn't even need to want me because I was simply a part of you. You own every piece of me, yet you still want more.

So you kissed me. You kissed me, and my heart stopped beating — it didn't need to any more. I had your heart to beat for both of us. When your tongue touched mine, our souls converged. My body was powerless. Your mind was in control of both of our movements

now, and mine melted away. We fell into place like every part of us was the last puzzle piece being put gently and solidly into place. Everything fit without thought or hesitation. In that moment, I needed nothing more than to know that this moment would never end, that this was eternity. I was a permanent visitor to your body, and as perfect as you were before, you were suddenly more perfect with me inside you.

I woke up with a blink, and you disappeared. My heart began beating again, but I had to consciously force every thump, as if it didn't remember how to function on its own. I could imagine you still, your face, your hair, your lips, your — I couldn't picture your eyes. They were looking in some other direction, or they were looking right through me. I couldn't quite tell. They had never seen me at all. You had never seen me. But I kept looking.

