

Our Date Was Better In Reverse

by Kyle G

"Good to see you," he said, as he walked down the empty street. He never looked as good as he did in that moment. Right then and there, I knew I was in love with him.

There was a pause that felt so long, I could have filled it with all the other relationships that had ever slipped away from me.

"Yeah, same here," I replied awkwardly, feeling like my face might explode at any moment. I was hoping he'd make the next move.

"I can't stay out late. I have to get up early for work in the morning."

"Maybe... um... we could just grab some coffee and see where it goes?" I asked, with an unrequited hopefulness.

He paused and then looked at me square in the eyes. I couldn't tell if he was sizing me up or trying to come up with any excuse to escape me. Either way, I could tell that I wasn't keeping his attention.

"I guess," he said, noncommittally. We started down the street, and I felt like the distance between us was growing with each step we took.

There was a coffee shop just a block over. I couldn't tell if he saw it. "We can sit down and talk, somewhere quiet. You know, like we were on a normal first date." He looked at me and hesitated for just a split second too long.

"I just thought it might be good to get to know each other better," I reasoned. "I don't even know what you do for a living." I felt my words reach out and try to grab him by the heart. They missed.

"You know, I'm just going head out now," he explained as if it were a sentence that was implied but needed to be stated out loud anyway, like a legal disclaimer in a prescription drug commercial.

He turned and walked down the street, away from me; I started to follow, like a shadow chasing a body in the twilight. All I really wanted was for him to acknowledge me. The second the thought crossed my mind, he stopped.

We were standing on the sidewalk in front of his house. "Can I call you sometime?" I pleaded hopelessly. His response was a half-smile that was a mixture sinful mocking and disguised intrigue.

"Walk to the door with me," he said, more a demand than a request. As we approached the threshold, my mind was simultaneously blank and spinning out of control. I walked cautiously behind him, and I wondered what his next move was.

"You know, there's really only one thing I wanted out of this," he informed me. I tried to hide my disappointment behind a stoic gesture. I thought to myself how every lasting love has to start with a connection, any connection. I convinced myself it was all okay. Then, as if he heard my thoughts, he gestured for me to follow.

We lay intertwined on his couch for what felt like an eternity. I didn't have the courage or need to speak. Finally, he said, "Well, what now?" I looked at him and smiled.

He couldn't hold himself back any longer. Without the need for words, he took off my clothes and made love to me. I let myself fall deep into the depths of his being, giving him all control. It wasn't the first time I had fallen.

He looked into my eyes, and he kissed me, as if he were sealing the fate he had implicitly created for me.

Next I knew, I was walking back through his doorway, the happiest I had ever been.

A day came and went. I did nothing to pass the time but think of him. I felt like I could wait a hundred years, as long as I had the promise of seeing him ahead of me.

It may have been a little late, but his text had made every failed attempt at love worth the effort: "I had fun with you the other night. I'm glad you came over. Wanna get together tomorrow night?"

