

Morning Night (1)

by mourning light

Sunday Night

She wasn't hungry, hadn't eaten for days, wouldn't even touch the food I took time off my fuckin' schedule to bring her myself. I walked through puddles of dirt and dog shit, I did. By the time she opened the door after four knocks, I was drenched, patience and good manners washed away. But then I saw her and my heart plummeted down into the depths of my hell. That tough skin of hers thinks it's enough to hide the bloody flesh inside but I could see the red leaking out everywhere heedlessly.

"God. Have you slept?"

Our morning drearies of tomorrow had become her night and she woke up late afternoon when everyone else was occupied - when I start looking for other pleasures besides the stack of documents on my desk, waiting to pass another three hours.

"You don't understand," she watched the steam swimming up from the soup rather than me behind it, "Just leave me be."

"Not until you fuckin' drink that soup! I had to run to Salt Dancer's for that and it started to rain on me - God. Who the hell goes to bed so late. Go to sleep earlier! Please! You won't get better this way..."

"I know, I know, just sit here and stop nagging or get your ass out of my house."

"You know I'm not leaving, right?"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, I know. We're best friends and all that bull shit.

Just sit down, would you."

I laid myself down at her side. I could smell her from where I was, the soap she used. This lazy human has probably been wearing that same burgundy shirt for over three whole days now. What does she do besides sit here all day. God, I do really like that shirt of hers though. It looks like how she is - dark, soft, with a few rough edges, wrinkled.

"Are you going to drink that soup or not? Would you at least tell me

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what's going on?"

"Oh, shut up, friend."

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