

M+3

by stephen hastings-king

In the diffuse light of early morning you wear a sweat suit maybe and stand in front of a model-kitchen counter in a model-home kitchen looking through the smell of coffee and an array of windows with a particular expression of longing like the elusiveness that you have been searching for has been condensed onto a someplace just beyond your field of vision, a someplace that is close but you can't see it so that, when I walk up behind you and wrap my arms around your stomach, my hand finding a gap in the fabric and moving laterally lightly touching while pulling you toward me and running the tip of my nose from the bottom of your ear along your neck and with the change of electrical flows the air flowers possibilities that could transform a corner or a counter, you sigh a little and lean back into what is now a hiding place made from intimacies and for a while we balance there, you and I.

