I like that we can argue.

Your face is pressed up against the glass of a slow moving car and you are watching everything you have ever dreamed about pass you by while you wait for the red light so that you can focus in on something anything that is waiting for you back then. I wonder where you have been waiting all of these years. I like that we can argue. I like that when you talk to me, you talk to me with the stuff of pride but als o the stuff of brilliance, and also the stuff of insecurity. I love you. I cannot say that out loud because it’s something we cannot talk about, something we shouldn’t imagine anymore because it’s wrong to think about you like that, we’ve let this go on too ong and no we’re not allowed to feel but I love you and I love the way you were talking just then, using that voice that we both switch too when we’re easing into things, it’s soft, and it’s careful, and it’s the voice that was used when you were on the hammock outside of your mother’s house, with your computer in your lap and the phone to your ear and the stars winking at you, while you told me secrets about your father’s life and your brother and you, and told me about how you were afraid of things. You were terrified. It’s the same voice we both used when I read to you a story of your childhood over the telephone and the moment of silence n between the words “the” and “end” were almost like an elopement, it was hasty and almost left us a secret moment to feel something, something like safety something like regret, something like okay.

It’s snowing, and I’m trying to imagine if you would care much that it is or if you would laugh at me for being so excited and I want you here so I can find out. I am in love with the idea of you being in love with me, and the snow is just continuing to fall on the chimneys of women and children whose best kept secret is the time they forgot that they were confined and strapped down, so they ran outside without any gloves on and they rolled around in the soft white blanket on the grass and the screamed into the wind “I am home”

and the

and it sounds like eloping

there is a moment in the conversation that feels like   
eloping

and I am waiting to be absolved.