

## A Different Perspective

Ten years.

Ten years of waking up next to you. Your arm wrapped around my shoulder, pulling me close as I wipe the sleep away from my eyes, fingers dancing delicately against my upper arm, the rhythm calming, knowing, loving.

Ten years of your out of tune ballads to me in the kitchen, a shaky tenor voice rising above the whistling scream of the kettle. Wrapping your arms around my waist and making me dance, your head nestled into the crook of my neck, lips pressing occasionally against a spot just below my earlobe.

We'd laugh, act like the kitchen was our stage, the pots and pans our enticed audience who watched our every clumsy, fumbling, loving move with awe.

Ten years of the quiet mumblings of the television as we lay in bed, too transfixed on one another to notice what was lit up on screen. My hands on your face, your shoulders, then arms wrapped around you, pulling you ever closer, infinitely mine.

Ten years of drinking in the Sunday morning sun as it slipped through our bedroom window and ten years of you teasing me for once again failing to close the curtains completely because I'd been too lost in you.

What do I know?

I think I was the last to know really.

Ten years of you climbing into bed next to me after leaving her. Ten years of you twirling me around the kitchen, wrapping me around your little finger with every rotation. I didn't have the starring role on that stage, amongst the ever growing crowds of pots and pans, spectating as I became her understudy, stepping in when she wasn't around.

Ten years of sweet nothings. They meant nothing. Was it always her? Were you even at those stag parties? Or were you with her? Drumming your fingers against her upper arm, singing her some other melody, a different tune, before kissing her goodbye when you had to come back to me. *Had*. Your exact words: "had to come back to you" as if I am some kind of chore, an annoyance, getting in the way of you doing something better.

Put things into perspective, you said. But what you mean is, put them into your perspective. Well, today, I have a very different perspective to the one I had yesterday. I have wasted my youth on you.

And the sun will rise tomorrow, and it will pour in through *our* bedroom window onto *our* bed. But for once it won't wake you and you won't complain about me forgetting to pull the curtains closed properly the night before because you won't be there. And you have taken my spirit with you. I'm lost in you.