

# So close.

I don't know what to say to them. I don't know what I will do. What to do?

I can't help but stare. As their chest goes up and down, in tact with their breath hitting my naked shoulder.

I laid on my back. Trying to figure out what to feel. How to feel. Because I thought I'd have feelings just spewing out of me right now. But it was eerily quiet inside. No stirring in my stomach. No pounding in my chest.

Was I in shock? Maybe.

It was all quite shocking.

I felt my stomach twisting as they moved. Turned over. Their face now pointing towards the ceiling. Still breathing, but no longer on my shoulder.

I dared to move. Not much, just a tad. So I could have look at them. A good look.

A stream of golden light spread across their face. Bathing every crack, pore and crevice in a soft glow.

Something began to stir. I wanted to... cry?

I looked away from their face, but followed the golden light. Seeing the dust dancing in the air around us. There was a lot of it. A lot of dust, and there was an us.

*I don't know what to think about that. I don't know what to think in general. I need to clean, I think?*

*No. I know that I need to clean. Was that what was stirring in my chest? An impulse to clean this room? A deep desire to go pick up a mop of all things. I mean, with all the particles dancing in the sunlight, how could you not long for a mop?*

*Oh, no. They moved again. Do I dare to look? Or do I get up and go grab a microfibre cloth? Let's do neither. Let's just close our eyes and ... sleep.*

*Oh, yes. Sleep.*

I closed my eyes. I took a deep breath.

*The ultimate escape. The perfect excuse.*

*Wait a minute ...*

I opened my eyes and focused on their face again.

*Why did they get to sleep? Were they even sleeping? Why did I have to sit here and worry about dust, golden light and mops?*

Sleep would be a perfect way of not thinking about any of that.

They were not worried. Not about dust, or mops, or my skin. So close to theirs.

*They couldn't feel this ... heat.*

“Hello?” I whispered. No response.

I had not looked at their chest for a while, not felt their breath on my skin.

*How awkward if they were... dead...*

My eyes followed their body downward.

*No, there it was. Movement.*

So I was still dealing with someone ... alive.

*Can't figure out if that's preferable.*

I turned around. Laying on my side, my face towards their ribs.

*Had they been laying this close to me the whole time?*

I could feel the heat from their skin on mine. But there was no touch.

Just heat.

I focused on their skin. I wanted to touch it. I wanted to touch it so bad.

It was probably soft, or no, it wasn't soft. It was probably coarse. Rough. Lived in skin. Rough and warm. Yet, delicate. With little indents, and scars. Perfectly worn out.

*What if i just...*

As my hand began to move towards them, they groaned and rolled over. It was like the entire world had moved with them. And I froze. Froze as their face ended up just inches from mine. Their breath hitting my face.

*So still alive... good.*

*Still asleep though?*

“Hello?” The word was almost drowned out by their breath. But then, there was movement. Their eyes, under a thin layer of skin, were moving.

“Hello...”

I followed the movement of their eyes, as I repeated the word.

*Up, down, left, right.*

I could not see any irises. But there was still color. Red, blue, purple, even a little green. All in veins that pulsated in that thin lid. My eyes moved along their face. From the veins, to the lashes, onto their nose ...

I stopped at the lips. Those lips. I could still feel them. Without thinking my hand went up to my own lips. Chapped and dry. Kinda gross. Not like theirs. Not just beautifully worn out from being put to good use.

*Use... they had used them.*

I bit my lower lip hard.

*On me...*

*What a funny concept.*

It was funny. Not funny because it really was funny, but funny because it was so weird.

*Used their lips on me? Pressing them up against mine? Up against me? Why? Why did we do that? Why put a person in the same position as a sandwich? Only to never eat it, but enjoy it just as much??*

That was a bad metaphor. But still. It was quite funny. It was funny to kiss them. To kiss in general. So funny. So fun.

Something began stirring again.

*Why? Do I want to cry? Laugh? No... I wanted to...*

I took my hand away from my lips. But I stopped myself halfway through the movement. I couldn't do it.

*What if they wake up? Or just stop pretending... then it'd all be over.*

If those eyes opened because of my touch, I would have broken it. Broken this. Whatever it was. I could already feel the clear moments slipping through my fingers. Thoughts about veins in eyelids, dust and warm skin. They were all dripping away.

It was still just a drip though. A slow moving process, that was amplified with the sudden movement in my gut and chest.

*But if i touch them now ... it'll all shatter. Break into a million tiny pieces around me. Pieces that would never come back together again and i can't ...*

Now something was really stirring inside. And I couldn't figure out what.

*Why do I want to cry?*

Everything felt so fragile. So delicate. One wrong move and the world would come crashing down. It would, I knew it would.

So all I can do is watch.

*Just ... watch ...*

They were so close. So close. Not touching but so close.

If I reached out and my fingers met their skin ...

*I want to, I want to so badly. But I'm so scared.*

*But of what exactly?*

Worst case. They wake up.

*What if they feel the same? What if they don't? I'm so scared.*

Or am I scared? I don't know what I am anymore. I do know that I wouldn't mind just melting right now. Melt into this moment. Melt so far into it that I eventually just ... disappear.

But I cant do it. I am not able to just ... melt.

The stirring in my gut intensified as the seconds trickled away.

They were so close.

I reached my hand out. Just a little bit. My heart beating a million beats per minute. The moment. So fragile and delicate, was almost over. I could feel it.

*What if i just ...*

Then it was as if the whole world had just stopped, as two big blue eyes met mine.

“Hi...”

I froze. With my finger just two millimeters from their skin.

“Hello.”