

He went missing from me tonight.

Nevermind that we're here, bare bodies with black thighs rocking over white hips and bare palms pressing, pressing, pressing down on a bare chest while we bear ourselves in the moment.

Nevermind that I was clenching, that I let him in me even though my thoughts smother me more than his hands.

Nevermind that I let him see me. I had to search for him while I rock my pudgy hips, digging up meaning from his gaze. I ached to speak, but simply breathing makes my throat itch with a thousand nails on the inside.

He wasn't there.

Why? I rock harder still for answers stitched up in silence, press kisses to his lips with my toes pushing hard into the mattress. Every creak makes the air stretch around us until some sort of satisfaction is drawn from a conclusion that I just wasn't good enough.

Maybe I'd just never be good enough. Maybe that's why our bodies stretch and depolarize upon intimate shutdown. I sigh, to act satisfied, and he laughs like always, skin skimming over skin while his legs arch over the edge of the bed.

"Hey..."

"Hm?"

He was letting his pants slither up his waistline while we spoke, freckled back facing me. My stomach clenches and my fingers flex, but I went on to ignore intuition.

I'm just crazy.

"I love you."

"Yeah, sure, sure."

There's a wag of his finger and a shake of his head like a classic sitcom but the hesitation was real.

"Hey!"

"Kidding, kidding. I love you too."

We share one last kiss, though it's quick and his arms never leave his sides until he has to reach for his shirt and head out the door.

Too bad he was never found.