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Between Spaces

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Disappoint me like I’m planning to marry you. He speaks the words he means to think, and watches as she doesn’t react, watches as the sun aches its way through closed blinds, casting a pale glow on her bare skin as she dresses, too quickly, in front of the mirror. She leaves the lights off because he asked her to. She only stayed because he asked her to, because the nightmares are worse when he sleeps alone, because she found him crying on the kitchen floor yesterday, and she doesn’t know how else to help. For a moment, she sits on the edge of the bed, fingers rubbing her temples, and he puts a hand on her shoulder. She nods, looks uneasy, leaves wordlessly, and the door pops the air between his knuckles. In the sunlight, his mattress reminds him of the moon.