

I can't do this anymore, you said. I don't know how to be with someone who doesn't want to be with me.

You're wrong, I say. There's nothing more that I want. You don't believe me, though, and it's hard to fill the gaps when I don't want to, anymore. Come back, please—let me try again. I'll try again, and this time I'll make it right.

Sprawling out on a king bed gets old. I used to be comfortable with it. But now it gets to me—and the missing cup at the sink, and the dusty seat at the counter, and all the goddamn hairs that keep popping up when I've finally got something else on my mind.

I'm eating lunch and I realize I'm still waiting on a call. Habits are hard to break—not that I've ever been good at breaking them. Half of the things I used to do belong to you now. The other half was always yours, and mine to borrow. Before, I ran down the clock for a purpose; now I watch the world brighten and darken and wait to see it again. At the end of it I press my head into the pillow and stretch into my hallowed kingdom, twice as large and half as great.

I can't do this anymore, you said. You were never interested in doing your part. You never were much of a husband.

That's not it, I say. I'll do better. All I want is a chance.

The centre of a king bed gets tiring after a while. Empty space might be the oppressive force in the world. And I've got bottles of shampoo that smell like you. You never called me back for them—why would you?—and I can't let them go to waste, so I can't throw them out. But I can't use them either. I tried; it didn't end well.

I wonder what you're doing, suddenly, and I think I want to call you, or see you, maybe show up at your work like I used to. But we're not what we used to be, so I settle for Facebook, but I see photos of you smiling wider and brighter than you ever did with me and wonder why I ever bothered.

I can't do this anymore, you said. I hate you, and it's all your fault, and you were never good enough, and you never will be.

That's not what you said, I say. It's never what you meant.

The centre of a king bed is wide with nobody else to share it. I stretch out more now—it's gotten a little easier to remember I can. You're not going to call back for your shampoo. I tell myself I can just use it now. I'll do it tomorrow.

The empty seat at the counter is dustier than it's ever been. I don't need the damn thing, so I throw it out. But the gates are open now, and I don't stop, and somewhere along the line reason turns to passion, but I remember I can use that cup—I don't have to throw it away. Then I remember I don't really want to. And I finally get to feel a little joy when I realize I don't *not* want to—it just doesn't matter.

I can't do this anymore, you said. I don't know how to be with someone who doesn't want to be with me.

Alright.