

We will be there, in the soft glow of November, in that limbo between long bleak nights and shining evenings, and I'll be chopping carrots, humming that new song on the radio—the one you hate with all your might—and you won't say anything to me, not until I catch myself doing it again, and I'll turn to you, apologetic, a little embarrassed; you'll shake your head, and you'll tell me you loved it anyways—in that soft glow of November I'll remember the Novembers of before, and I'll feel your shivering hand in mine while we trace our steps along the boardwalk, and I'll ask you if you're cold but you're not cold—you're not even shivering, it's me: my heart's racing, beating us down the docks, and I'm so nervous that it's making me more so, but you squeeze my hand a little tighter, and I can almost feel the warmth burning my cheeks—but how the youth refuse themselves, and I can't let you know how much I adore you; I stare off into that waning sunset, those violets and oranges, and I'll remember those colours for the longest time, and I won't really remember why or where, and in the soft glow of November I show you the drying paint, and I so desperately hope you feel the love in those colours, the hundreds of sunsets that fuelled our joy and the thousands left to come, and the thousands to share with the little man—his crib seems a foreign thing in there, but this change, we embrace it—and there are so many of them, and the love morphs, and scars, and fractures, and in the soft glow of November I catch you crying—I was angry, but now the pain seizes me and I feel the moments slipping away; the light strikes the tears and in those reflections lies the history of our love, and is it enough, I wonder, and I sit with you—we stare up at that sunset and watch the fire fade; I turn to you and wipe those tears away—there'll be more to come, there will always be more, but there will always be more love.