

The world turns and Golem walks out from her room. Perryman looks from his blanket, then to Sivva. *Please wake up, I need to lie in a bed.* Milly soon joins Golem for their morning routines, as Perryman lies cold on the floor.

He discreetly turns to his belly and looks to grey light, illuminating behind the dark drapes. *When can I get in bed?...when?...* He looks to Sivva once again who's asleep. *They'll leave and I'll just get up. Patience.* He hears the shower run while bowls clink in the kitchen sink. *Breakfast bathe dress...shouldn't be long.* He moves further beneath the blanket and closes his eyes, listening to the dull sound of heels hitting the ground. Air whistles through the hairs of his nose and sweat begins to perspire. He removes the blanket and adjusts the pillow. *That was a sleeping move. I still look asleep.* He touches his elbow, which has a rug burn from bone rubbing the corner of the carpet and the wood. *Ten more minutes. Maybe twenty.* He rubs his forehead. *When did this trait start? As a boy I've always been nervous or just see how things would unfold in my head and then always waited. Or just didn't want to actually do it in reality. Like jumping off a high dive. Or killing yourself. You see it though the action is numb. No moving. Though if I do it it feels like a rehearsal so it isn't natural. Where did it start? When does it end?*

He hears the door close though still hears footsteps. He turns to Sivva who's beginning to rouse. Her morning eyes make contact with Perryman's and she smiles. *Finally.* She moves the blanket and stands. Perryman wakes.

"Can we-"

“Yes,” she says, cutting him off. He walks into Golem’s room, as she says good morning to Milly. He slides under the sheets. *So fucking comfortable.* His legs swim around beneath the soft and heavy comforter, as Sivva joins in too.

Perryman slowly breathes with his eyes closed. Sivva shakes him.

“We should go in Milly’s bed.” He slowly opens his eyes. “I don’t want to fuck up both their beds.”

“Okay,” he says, and they move to Milly’s now empty room. *This bed’s just as comfortable.*

Perryman submerges his face in pillows, with Sivva wrapping her warm arms around him...

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What time is it? We need to get up. Perryman looks to Sivva's bare body. *It's so cozy though.*
It's so soft and cold and warm. *We need to get up though. It's gotta be 2.*
He rolls over and cuddles Sivva. *You need sleep.*
You need rest. It's okay...

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Beneath the surface feelings float...
Old friends ride a bus through the desert.
“Why would you be with her that’s not who you are?”
“She’s not you.”
“You’ve changed.”

Eyes see this painting but the mouth fails to motor.
Through the window and beyond the passing cement,
stiff sand cracks beneath the sun.
An elderly woman comes up, with a scowl on her face.

“That is very disrespectful of you to wear those shoes.” Her spiked white hair sits atop her head, body draped in a vest. “Wear something else if you want to come here again. Not those dirty, checkered things.” She turns and walks off.

The desert blends and the bodies vanish.

The bus slowly drives along a narrow dirt road
between green hills covered with magnolias, as
white dandelions bounce down through the golden sun showered air.

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Perryman's eyes roll over, as he sucks up drool.
wake up.

It has to be 4 now. We need to

"Baby," He whispers, shaking Sivva. "Baby."

"Hmm?" She quietly says.

"I wanna see the time."
and clicks her screen. *12:40. Wow.*

She reaches her thin arm from the covers
Perryman lays back.

It's not even late. He looks to the ceiling then rubs his hand down Sivva's smooth skin.
"Want to leave around 2 - 2:30?" She rolls and they look into each other. She nods.

He smiles and they begin to lick tongues.

Heart

Heart
Heart

Heart

Heart

Heart

Heart

Water hits and their skin softly sending sensations off one another.

“I love you.”



