

Carry me to the bedroom/Snowboarders for Christ

Trying to remember all the preferred sides of beds I've slept on. Remember to pick up Deborah's book that I left in the cafe after I couldn't eat my eggs.

I used to be really interested in cooking until I lost my appetite.
Now I only like to eat bland things like oats, bread and bananas.

I dated an ex-christian with a theology degree. He used to carry me to the bedroom. We just went to sleep.
One night at dinner he told me that he had moved to Canada at 18 and joined a group called Snowboarders for Christ.

Digital will:
Gift you all the porn I saved to my desktop in the folder with your name on it.

We sip wine together, the bottle you brought for this exact occasion. You pour what is left in our glasses back into the bottle when we have finished and read me passages from the book on your dresser.
Later we have dinner in Sandringham and you say 'Why don't you pay for this while I go to the bathroom?'

Have you ever realised that you don't love one of your parents?

Deciding to go for a drive to calm your nerves. Ending up in the Coromandel, swimming naked in a river with two staffies down the road from the Buddhist Retreat Centre.

Slipping off your shoes and rounding your toes over the top of the accelerator. Absent-mindedly gliding the razor over a patch of eczema.

Feeling like a victim of circumstance when I fall hard for people in different cities. Enjoying it because it feels idealistic. It's good and purposeful to miss someone. It's being active without even getting out of bed or dressing myself or leaving the house at all.

I want to save our WeChat thread to a PDF file so I can read it like a book with a colour plate of nudes in the middle.

Kissing you until the toast pops up. Wanting to eat the toast immediately but not wanting my priorities to offend you.
I used to be in a relationship in which I was made to feel inadequate if I declined intimacy out of hunger or exhaustion.

Send you photos of nudist couples on beaches and pretend they are for our christmas card. Let's stay friends forever and die in a retirement home in Northland with chips and a fridge full of Double Brown.

Let's get a dog and spend the next 20 years worrying about who's looking after it at any given time of the day.
Eventually we have a giant argument about whether we pay the vet bill or just euthanise it.

I asked you to leave but now that you're gone I wish you'd come back. I want to WeChat message you and tell you that I love you and that I appreciate you holding me all night even though I get night sweats and have to use the sheet like a towel.