

A Million Little Things

There are a million
little things that
I care for:
The way a woman calls you
just to tell you
they're peeing
The way they kiss you goodbye
The late night eating out
and ordering coffee
The talks about your past love
and each other's new loves
if you got them
The feeling that is still there
The car rides in perfect silence
The small jokes between friends
The long walks down even longer drives
The sitting alone
while she's in the toilet
the afterthoughts of nice moments
The recalling of the sweet thing she said
The finding of something she left
behind on the bed
The times they say
you make them happy
Being at the clubs
but wanting to rather be at home
Talking over her new found
love of wine
Sleeping beside each other
Taking a bite of her food
and her of yours
The talks of drugs
and how she's grown
The fact that she's
engaged to a man on Wall Street
instead of someone
worse than you
Her listening to you complain
Her not telling you she
hates your compliments
The thoughts about fucking

The laughing at 2am
The late night writing
after you've gone out with her
Being together
Just two people together
The long moments of doubt
The showers together
The coming up behind and grabbing her
The nights that end at 9:30
because she has to be up for work
and you have nothing to do at all
The seeing her after long stretches of time
Sitting in the back seat of her car
talking about one another's favorite body part
The just making it out alive