

Long Distance Intimacy

We've learned to create our own form of intimacy.
Finding solace in repeated phrases, nuance in softened tones, and comfort in giggles.

We keep our beds warm with our phones on chargers while we listen to the other sleep on the phone line.

We send good morning texts when we have to leave bed before the other has woken up.

I've woken myself up to the sounds of your showers,
You've gotten ready to sleep at the sounds of mine.

You critique my recipes and help me fix kitchen blunders,
I've shown you where to draw an extra line.

I ask you what color I should use for my makeup,
You tell me orange because it looks good on my skin.

I show you everything I bought from the store that day,
Even when you were on the phone while I did.

I watch you unbox your new paints,
I listen to you type a new poem.
You gush over the texture of the paints,
We worked on each stanza together.

We packed in silence,
Stuffing our lives in suitcases too small.
We cheered when the scale stopped at fifty,
And we laughed when it did not.

We watched movies together in our rooms,
Counting down so they were synced.
We asked "did you catch that part?"
And replay it when one of us didn't.

We said a hushed "I love you" as our planes took off
And squealed when they landed in the city.

The distance between us finally closing,
And getting to hear your laugh in real-time once more.