

Eternal Life Is Meaningless

The duvet's so warm and comfortable, I feel like my alarm should be going off at any moment. Why do things become so much more pleasurable when you're at risk of losing them?

I glance over at you; still asleep, mouth open, gently snoring. Maybe I love you so much because I always fear losing you. You call it insecurity and hope that the gleaming band on my nightstand will finally chase it away, but I hope I never lose it.

I stretch my arm across your chest and nuzzle into your shoulder. I mentally freeze the moment; this is eternity. Whatever we choose to do with our lives; if it's running our own bar, travelling the world, or moving to the country and starting a family, I don't care. All I need is moments like this and the knowledge they won't last forever.