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## Goodnight of November 4th, 2009

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# Goodnight of November 4th, 2009

*Zeke Fetrow*

I'm lying in my bed, an empty desert of sheets and satin.  
This spot, always and only yours, is empty tonight.  
Pretending that if I want it enough you might appear, but knowing you will not.  
It's the absence of your warmth that forces me to wake.  
Every hue of your perfume still dances across the pillow.  
The dream of your silky skin flutters across my fingertips, a tingle of sensation.  
I am ever reminded, lying alone in my bed, how empty it is.  
I cover every corner yet it remains empty.  
I stretch and roll always finding nothing.  
Your hair does not flow where your body does not lay.  
Your hands cannot hold what is not beside you.  
My bed cannot be the hurricane in a rainforest unless you are here.  
Truly 'tis love when we lay together.  
I feel it in every thread of every sheet, pillow case and blanket.  
It's a love that fills this empty bed to the brim.  
Spilling out into the night and blossoming on the floor to bless the ground we walk upon.  
To imagine that such love belongs to me.  
Belongs to us.  
Us.  
I like that word us.  
Together.  
Goodnight darling  
Dream of a beautiful sunrise where we both can lay.  
And awaken embracing each other on the warm oceanfront sand.  
Perhaps tomorrow night.  
Yes, tomorrow night, you'll be here.