

come back for you.

by scoobygang8

Your homecoming will be my homecoming,

*my selves go with you, only i remain;
a shadow phantom effigy or seeming*

(an almost someone always who's no one)

*a no one who, 'till their and your returning,
spends the forever of his loneliness
dreaming their eyes have opened to your morning*

feeling their stars have risen through your skies:

*so, in how merciful love's own name linger
no more than selfless i can quite endure
the absence of that moment when a stranger
takes in his arms my very life who's your*

*-when all fears hopes beliefs doubts disappear.
Everywhere and joy's perfect wholeness we're*

-E.E. Cummings

I sat in the chaise where he'd dripped ice cream on me, smoking but not drinking. I'd figured it out, finally, and for some strange and illogical reason, I wasn't scared.

I was in love with him.

I said something about it being ridiculously romantic, and I started to laugh off my own corniness, when I looked into his eyes. He was looking right back at me and it was like that feeling when you miss a step on the stairs and your insides leap toward your throat. It was a look of adoration, but without the tentativeness he usually possessed when he was afraid I didn't feel the same way. It was a look of discovering the whole truth, the little branches of truth that come out of a truth you already knew. It was a look of love, and of recognition that I was looking back at him with the same fucking look on my face.

I kissed him, slow and sweet and new, like the first time you learn the feeling of someone else's lips on your own. Everything was new with him. In that moment, he was so new...and perfect and familiar all at the same time. How did I ever pretend this kind of beauty didn't exist before, when it was standing in front of me every day?

I left him to walk away, back to Daphne to live out the rest of his evening. Driving home, my skin was tingling and my heart was pounding. I got home changed into sweatpants and a t-shirt, and had been sitting here grinning like an idiot at my own demise. How could it have been that easy?

I wasn't sure how long I had been sitting there before the loft door slid open to reveal him, sans bowtie, holding a bottle of champagne by the neck.

He lit up the loft with his smile, even through the darkness as he leaned against the doorframe.

"Hey."

I sat up as he strolled to the breakfast bar and set the bottle down, tearing off the foil and uncorking it.

"Where'd you get that?" I inquired, quirked an eyebrow.

"Magic" He said, still grinning. I couldn't--wouldn't hold back any longer, so I got up and crossed the room in record time to him. He held out the bottle to me, which I took out of his hand, placed on the counter and placed my hand on the side of his face, devouring his lips. He immediately threw his arms around my neck, going up on his tiptoes. I ran my hands down his neck and across the silk scarf, the lapel of his jacket, such adult materials. He was an adult. At least, until he started whimpering against my lips. God... why me?

I dragged him by the hips toward the bedroom until he stopped me. I was only dumbfounded for a moment before he grinned at me and reached back, grabbing the bottle of champagne and then grabbing my hand with his other hand, dragging me to the bed. He giggled unabashedly like he was five again, contrasting how mature and dashing he looked with his tux and slicked-back hair. I couldn't help but just barely reciprocate a giggle myself.

I removed him from his tux and fucked him with his legs around my hips, both of us chugging champagne along the way. I couldn't stop touching his skin and learning from it like it was braille. He couldn't stop smiling, throwing his head back from time to time but always bringing it back to look at me. He made sounds pour out of me and I didn't care that he heard them. I was lost, and I was found.

When it was over, we panted, lying nose to nose, my fingers tracing infinity signs on his biceps. His eyes were closed and I heard it slip from his lips.

"Brian, I love you."

I could tell he hadn't meant to say it, and he was instantly worried about my reaction. I stared into his eyes and though he looked uncertain, he didn't look away. I kept on looking.

"Say it again."

He didn't expect that.

"I love you" he said with more conviction. I buried my face in his neck and his arms went around my shoulders.

"I love you, Brian." he whispered in my ear. "Don't be scared....I'll come back for you. I'm gonna come back for you."

What?

I opened my eyes to blinding, sterile white. I smelled blood. I realized it was because it was all over me.

"Brian?"

Michael was sitting next to me, his hand on my thigh. I felt the back of the plastic hospital chair digging into my spine. The truth hit me like a tidal wave, pulling me into its undertow.

I barely made it to the nearest toilet before I vomited.

On my knees, head on the floor, I begged...

Please...

Please.

Come back for me.