

This morning I made two soft boiled eggs with grated cheese, a cup of tea. Not rye toast with blueberry jelly. Not Kona coffee with cinnamon flavored creamer.

I am tired. The smell of coffee, the music only heard because the rest of the world is quiet, wasn't there to lull me back to sleep.

Before heading to the gym, I grab my keys from the key rack. Its pegs, all woefully full, call attention to the empty spaces in the shoe rack.

I stop for lunch, and then for coffee, procrastinating my return to the kitchen that won't have a blender half full of berry power shake, the coffee table that won't be covered in sketches, the television that won't be playing Cowboy Bebop endlessly. I have avoided the living room for the past week so that I don't have to notice all the things that aren't in it.

Dinner time has become an adventure. Finding strange exotic foods and the places that serve them. Wednesday's trip to find haggis, though successful, ended in a stop for Burger King on the way home and the lesson learned to Google foods before driving 20 miles to get them. This was still a better option than going to the spot and purposely not noticing #23 on the menu.

Better than looking across an empty dining room table.

I sit at my desk, my stomach full but my mind empty. I had never known how loud silence could be until it filled every space in the house. I can only hear myself think. My thoughts blare at me. I long for video game gunfire to drown them out.

I look at the bed. One half, a mess full of tosses and turns, trips to the bathroom or the kitchen for water. The other side untouched, a pair of earbud headphones on the bedside table. I know you found them missing as you waited for your flight and bought another pair in the airport.

I smile as I know I'll sleep well tonight. I head downstairs to put on my shoes, then drive to the airport.