

Good Morning - From Across the Way

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Boy watches a girl wake up each morning and finally decides to be honest. Enjoy.



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â Take off your colors, who are you wearing them for?

Take off your lovers, our respect was left at the door.â

Good Morning

Each birth of the new day he finds himself watching, waiting. Across the street lives a most beautiful girl. Waking up several minutes before her, he sits on his bed facing the window cross-legged. Rays of minute old sunlight begin eating up the darkness on the left side; under them two houses lay.

Mr. Hampton walks out with his coat on his left arm, coffee in left hand, keys in the right, unlocks his door, selects music with the iPod that rested in his left pocket, puts the car in reverse while pulling the wheel to the left as he backs out of the driveway, and drives off. Every morning this happens, except Saturdays and Sundays.

In the gray light of early days a boy waits to taste what heâ s been wanting all morning. Smells of breakfast each day waft up in golden streaks to his room. Each second the sun still slowly rises. Illuminate us, cry the feeble minds, show that which is. So we may escape the blurring false obscure light which that wretched moon provides. But the boy waits for a different light: A light manmade sitting high in its place on the ceiling, the room revolving around it like a galaxy. Make use of those heavenly morning hours, these types of moments are few and far between, where we see one another at best or worst, warm or cold. His truthful minutes are spent wide-eyed patiently, in worship to a maiden who dons the house across the street, number 9194.

In his meditation he transcends the balance we are all caught in, levitating in the center of the circle that is our life, our lives. He goes beyond senses by becoming senses. He no longer sees, he sees all: that which is above, below, beyond, and most fruitfullyâ lahead. With salivating lips, not in ode to breakfast prepared by mother, an anxiety creeps in....

How much time has passed? How long it been since I blinked?

At least thirty minutes screaming like trains, no doubt! She might be sick today! Or worse, what if she sees me watching? Witnesses my duteous gaze, misinterpreting it, one might think me insane! Off my rocker, or worse, even getting my rocks off to her! As if I would dare defile such art with my own hand, having the image disintegrate in orgasm bliss!

Please give me relief, whomever my mind calls to. I try to relax, to let morning air flow in. But I dare not move. For I am a statue, a gargoyle looming his building. My post is love, my anticipation enough food for thought to last eternities, and my aching legs the challenge. Dare I move? Dare I disturb this ubiquitous beauty that all men throughout the world know of? No.

Breathe, just breathe, you do this every time! She will awake, arise, golden, perfect.

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Though it has been quite a while, I feel the unbearable ticking of my heart alone. When finally, all things go quiet within - without. I know it comes now, feeling it in my bones. Light! What light doth yonder window break! My dear, beautiful, high-cheek boned girl. Look, she wakes! She stirs! Do you see how the light broke today so quickly, so firm? Her silhouette gliding aroundâ !â !â !

Welcome to that which we don reality, my love

Eyes waiting to feast, nay, merely taste of thee have long awaited the quickening of thy heart with your blinks

While you sit for your first meal in these heavenly hours under the sun

Projecting images of life prospective, and of those done

Know what circles in my brain

So that when you lay in bed, letting go to death under the moon

Replaying, drifting off to fanatical musings, breathing

Know what circles in my brain.

May our silhouettes meet just once, become one, my love. So that we are smushed so compactly together, the difference in our forms no longer existing.

I donâ t see whatâ s wrong in all this? Why should I feel guilty partaking in sight? Are eyes not made to feed on what stimulates them, a landscape, or hardens them, a car accident? Indeed, they are. Let today be different, I say. Shall a man wallow in worship, or shall he strike? To move out in hopes of attaining that which he adores describes all great men! All champions of history would not be so had they not asked themselves this very question.

I took my phone off itâ s charger in the white wall, writing:

â Hi, Joelle. I know I donâ t text you often. I know itâ s early. But, I just wanted to say good morning. Hopefully you have the king of days, where all things fall in their right place, when all words belie you. I hope that the suns rays treat you right. Your car ride on the way to school should be a smooth one of window-gazing, avoiding belittling conversation. Of course, Iâ m texting you for a reason. This morning I watched you turn your light on after waking up. Every morning I watch you turn your light on after waking up. Actually, I more so watch your shadow. Whatâ s a morning, or a man, for other than to enjoy the sights gifted to him? Each time I forget how sweet your shadow is, to be told all over again. Then Iâ m amazed at your graceful slenderness. Iâ m rambling, to sum this up, every morning Iâ m reminded of how beautiful you are. And, I donâ t think many people are given your natural beauty unless they truly deserve it. Not physical fake like those models who put more undigested meals down the toilet than the other way around, but a grace. Thereâ s something in you. I wish to be close to it all the time. Iâ m drawn to you, unable to look away, infatuated to the most sincere, uncreepy, level! To sum this all up, I think a human being like you is impossible to even be around. When you dressed up like a Greek goddess for senior dress-up

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day I found it so ironic it made my heart hurt. You are alone in all the crowded rooms, quiet yet you appear. You don't have to do anything! My desires all conclude that my hand should be in yours. My hand just wants to hold yours. My infinite eyes wish to meet your infinite eyes so we can create eternities of thought together. Okay, basically, every morning, while I am born with the sun to the East, you are the first thing I think about. The very first thing! If you ever need a hug, I'll be there. Should you ever need homework done, dinner cooked, I'll do it! I'll do it not because I want to for myself because I want you, I genuinely just want to for you! To please you! Really, all of my hope goes to one day our eyes meeting by random chance. So that words won't have to mean anything anymore.

Long he stares at the message, reading it over two then three times. A waterfall of emotion glows back. The send button could spell infinite doom, or infinite happiness. What if she's his? What if she tells the cops for Christ's sake? To catatonia, or Elysian Fields, future rides upon my thumb! Jail would be so worth it.

-Send-

Longer still he waited for a reply. Mom called up several times for him to awake, put on that which we are all so excited to take off for school. Again the post remained his, waiting, waiting. A dizzying spell of awareness in breathing of every second takes over. The suffering heartbeat within counts time. Please, please, please, alight phone, take over this slowly brightening room to end a boy's misery, cry the spirits. Darkness finally only resides in deep recessed corners of the room. As our sun, now fully born, brings truth to the world. Then his phone vibrates. Then he picks it up, to the side of his left leg. A message reading:

Haha, aw, thanks.

And that's it.

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