

Be my man

Stand back, we'll like it. Push me hard, I'll run. Let's listen to the thunder and shoot the cuckoo. No need for alarms, ticking clocks or 6am fights. No flights, no stairs, Central Station and a large sum in the bank account. A lifetime memory, a never-ending line of thoughts, a brain that doesn't want to stop.

Tears, she cried. He held her tight. She was his baby, he was her saviour, she was his knight. An unemployed warrior, a tearful granny, a hopeful mummy, a lonely child.

He'd told her his inner life, she'd kept for herself her own fights. There were no morning coffees, it was always too early or too late. Good times, hard dimes. A dollar and a cent, a shopping basket and her domain. Everything had revolved around them, it all had to end. No friend, her fiends, agents and angels, sales and dreams. Missing a dad, battling to survive, patience and love; huge quantities of them.

Two sugar spoons of honey, Christmas in July, it had all been given and some had been taken. You win, you lose, sometimes you need days, other times it's just a matter of waiting for the muffins that are ready to be taken out from the oven, eaten and enjoyed.

She wanted no more stops in her journey, tired of seeing new faces leave, broken hearts, pieces of a chess game that seemed to never be resolved. *Take me to your world, share with me your dreams. Scream and shout, hold my hand, don't let me fall.*

Sons and butterflies, grace and kings. Leon was dead, Adam delayed. A circle of peace, a crazy piece, a petite body and a long distance from home. Hurt and broken, sad and stolen, cheerful and hopeful, tired and hopeless. Time was ticking, he was dreaming, she was slipping.

Be my man, if it's not forever, just since ever.

