

It feels like it's all unraveling. Except, it happened all at once and then slowly. So slowly that you don't even notice until you're not wearing a sweater anymore, but just a pool of thread.

It's a roller coaster. Some days you're in the clouds and you're living in blue skies. And the next it's raining and you can't even get out of bed. Gray crawling into your mind, sitting on your chest. Some days are up and you get a gasp of fresh air. But then there are those days, and it seems that it's slowly spiraling down.

I'm tired. But so is she, really more so than me. She gets up every day and she goes to work. And it must feel like running in place. Like an endless spiral downwards. But she goes. And even if there is only one gasping breath, cool air into paralyzed lungs. A breath of relief. A breath of hope. Of life. She knows it's worth it. She goes and so, I stay. And we're both tired. But I can wait.

Standing outside your door isn't the same. It's better than pixels to be sure, but nothing can replace a hug. We laugh about the old days and we groan about our classes. It's almost like it's normal. But you lean in the doorway and we stand on the stones. Animal Farm is on your doorstep. Freshman English must go on! Remember when we read it way back then? How she would read it with a squeal? And your words can reach my ears. The wind blows in both of our hair. Sometimes six feet feels like miles.

He's going to college and he's maybe moving out. The future rolling on. Full of maybes and doubts. But it's moving and us with it. Today will be a memory, not just for us, but all of them. Tomorrow will come someday, I know. But I think I've grown tired of today. Each hour blurring into the next and each one feels almost the same. And I know that it's a privilege, to be bored and melting days. My mind may not always be the kindest, but I feel it growing, at least I think. So I'll wait here for tomorrow, holding my phone instead of them. The future hurtling closer.

I just really miss my friends.