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Lights Out

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J.M. Romig

Sometimes I wish for power to go out. Be it a downed power line, a blackout, or simply a bill that wasn't paid on time. That way we would have an excuse to break out those scented candles I got you for Christmas last year. The apartment will fill with their fruity aroma and I'd know why you never lit them.

We'd laugh, as we re-learn to navigate our living room, half-arguing over whose idea it was to put that table there. I'd knock over that hideous lamp your mother gave you, insisting that it was an accident, and that you didn't really like it either. So now, at least we have an excuse to trash it, 'Cause I know how much you hate to throw things away. That's why I'm still here.

Not that I'm complaining.

We'd make up games to pass the time, like "Would you ever?" "Would you ever kiss me in a dark room?" You'd ask. I'd find your lips in the abyss and show you my answer. A few hours later we'd play "Where's my pants?"

Once dressed, we'd stumble our way over furniture to get outside, where we'd lay next to each other in the grass -which is a little wet, but we don't care- and enjoy the stars without the distraction of the city lights.

We'd fall asleep this way, I'd wake up in the morning next to you, with my shirt on backwards, my frown upside down, and you still sleeping, sideways with your head on my chest and your leg wrapped around mine.

Electricity? Who needs it? We make our own.