

Can I See You?

Can I see you? I really want to see you. I know that you're out, or at Sarah's apartment or whatever, but I just, uh. *Need*. I *need* to see you. Because *I've* been sitting at *home* all night and I am slowly going crazy.

I sit at my computer and I go to Facebook: no new notifications. So, I go over to my email: no new emails. I check my Twitter, and there continue to be no new tweets. So, I cycle through a couple... dozen websites, looking for a new article or picture or video. *Something* that will keep my mind occupied because otherwise I'll dwell. I'll dwell on us, mostly. But then I follow this dark road, dwelling on all the stupid little things I've ever said and done, blend them up in a blender, and realize that you are *definitely* going to break up with me. But then I get indignant, because I think of all the stupid little things YOU have ever said and done and realize that THAT smoothie is PLENTY of reason for ME to break up with YOU.

So, I out to the kitchen to grab a glass of very vindictive milk, take swig, and remember that you said something about going to a movie. So *that's* probably why you aren't answering the phoneright now. I take my glass of milk back to my desk, sit back down and open Facebook. No new notifications.

I did all of that.... fourteen different times. *Pleeease* answer your phone, because I miss you so much. Plus, I'm out of milk.