

## **Buy The Bed**

Everyone around me speaks of the idea that someone one day will lie in my bed beside me as if it is fate. I have never desired a bedmate. I am told that, even if I never want to marry, I should think of finding some kind of companion.

/

Someone to share my life with.

/

But I bought the bed. I am gripping and clawing and fighting for that future life we talk about. How will anyone I don't already know have the grit to share it? To live it with me? I will be fighting for this until I stop fighting because that will be my death.

/

They have not fought for this life like I will.

/

I move and kick in my sleep. I talk to the void when I am between dreaming and waking. I make the room bitter cold so that I can burrow all alone. I let alarms blare and I just lay there. I twist and tangle all the sheets. I do not make the bed when I wake.

/

Maybe now I am just making excuses.

/

I want someone to love me. But they didn't buy my bed. I want them to buy their own bed, to know what it means to own your most comfortable space. But nobody has ever shown me that we could not share a bed and still be happy.