

Company

Rachel Macaulay

Kaitlyn is expecting company this evening,
someone apart from our usual crowd,
so we start with red wine, instead of beer,
in the yellow-tinted glass cups
we have not yet broken.

We have no fine ware.

I take a small sip
and set my glass on the table
where it glints, half-full,
next to Kaitlyn's almost empty one.

I take my seat next to her while she fidgets,
drumming her fingers along her leg and sucking
the multi-colored bead that pierces her lip
into her teeth where she twirls it with her tongue.
I have seen this gesture almost every night
since I have known her.

She is impatient to finish her drink, to get another glass.

I trap her hand against her soft, faded pant leg
and lean my head against her shoulder.
She returns the gesture,
resting her head against mine.
Her smooth, blonde hair falls down around me,
and we are still together while we wait.

"I don't know what to do," she whispers to me, and as
I turn to face her,
cool air rushes into the space
where we had been entwined.

I tell her that I am the wrong person to ask.

The door bell rings.
We both stand.
Kaitlyn takes her glass with her,
and I leave mine half-empty,
a ring of condensation forming on the table.