



Aux Champs Elysées

Description

So there we were. Sitting, croissant, chocolat, Nick Cave live show, Paris, everything! Sometimes dreams come true, huh .. ? So that's it. As wise man once said, the worst thing one can hope for is to fulfill one's dreams. Sometimes when dreams come true, they suddenly get sour in our hands, mouth, heart, and all that remains is just to lick the wounds and realize that there is more work to do. So we went to Paris for four days. The official occasion " a live concert by Nick Cave and The Bad Seeds. We scheduled it next to our 13th anniversary that took place in October, so we do not feel too decadent. Everything seemed just in place. Granny came for the first time in our parental lives to watch the children at home. As democratic as it may be " it's still school. We had some mileage to use up in EI AI (this may be a place as good as any to complain that miles in EI AI expire after two years only, compared to frequent flyer clubs of other airlines, where you could earn miles, leave it to your children after you're dead and no one will raise an eyebrow). In short everything was supposed to work. Work? It should tick like a Swiss watch!

But other than Nick Cave, who was perfect, nothing really did. The One made all sorts of plans, and when things started messing up he got terribly upset. I thought that when things go wrong, it's time to flow with the changes and be " now, what's the right word? " cheerful. The One however thought differently. When things go wrong then it's time to be upset, bitter and start wearing a frown, and by the way forget everything you learned in 13 years of marriage. Like, really, to say to a hurt weeping woman "did you calm down" .. ? Honey, this is one thing you study on your first lesson !! This is a fucking rookie mistake, seriously !

Last morning in Paris. Waking up into tears, gloomy thoughts fill my head. And I'd dare saying "gloomy thoughts pass through my head", but unfortunately they do not pass through. On the contrary, they set up a camp with a rather permanent look, settled down and ordered a hot cup of chocolat. Why not? The check is on me. "Am I really going to travel around the world with this rigid not flowing man? Am I mad?". This is the dominant thought, and its buddies are not much more sympathetic, and I find myself barking not very pleasant barks, including " Did I calm down !? Get lost, I am not calmed down ! " And " "My next trip is with friends ! I need a rest from all this guilt, and the fact that you're counting every single cigarette I light, and the feeling that I suck all the time ! That's exhausting ! "

Well, I told you, nice thoughts like nice black panthers.

And there we are facing that plate that seemed full only a few days ago, and now looks a bit empty and

broken.

But then came a moment. You know what I'm talking about when comes a "moment" .. ? A moment that you actually know in real time that you will remember it for a long time .. ? So, that moment exactly. A moment, that one moment before it the two of us were sitting on the bed in the hotel, just bending together over the map of the metro, and on the next our gazes locked together, and our hug became everything there is, and we held each other like two kids who do not have anyone else in the world, and The One said " Do not say that, I want to travel only with you ! I gasp into his shoulder " but I make you upset! And he answers me " I want to get upset only by you. I do not want to get upset by anyone else in the world.

At that moment , I have the part of the writer in me says , "Wow, a mind blowing dialogue! ", but I silence it and devote myself for this moment , because these moments when we choose who to get upset from in our lives are the best moments.

Category

1. Relationships

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