

Tears in the stairway

Description

Now that the house is already half packed I started getting these crazy heartbeats. It beats in my feet and my toes, the tips of my fingers and my temples. Everywhere except my heart whose one room calls and the other answers, all piled up with carton boxes.

The house is half packed, the half that is hidden from view. You can't see it, but the closets are almost empty. The fridge is not ours anymore. The drawers of our larder convey instructions and recipes to the supermarket list on the refrigerator. We cook from what we have.

Suddenly comes the rain, and winter clothes are all packed up. Only umbrellas scattered throughout the house. Who knew we had so many umbrellas. Closed. New.

When The One packed all the carpets I suddenly felt the house went away and only at night when I put the head on his shoulder pit I know I can relax and that home is always there with me.

This morning I took a few things off the walls and then hung it back.

Stairwell of a notary, it has seen tears spill out and arms sent to hold shivering bodies and sunglasses drawn off with impatient hands, today it also saw my day. It's just a power of attorney, it is just *in case*, we won't need it, but today I only need an excuse to spill myself over The One's chest.

For a week, maybe more, I'm moving between a great sense of power and a huge thrill every time I look at him and know, I do not have a route plan. My route on this journey is to follow his back wherever he goes. And between a feeling of strange weakness and incompetence, in front of the list of things I still have to do, that somehow has a life of its own.

And when I call him short of breath and flooded, overwhelmed, he calmly tells me things that are true and quiet and I relax and then think, this year I learned to get relaxed by him. He learned to calm me down, conquered the summit of *My first choice telephone in any situation*, and it's better that way.

Category

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2. The Red Pill

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