

Been a minute, my friend.  
Been a minute since we've seen each other's faces. And what a beautiful face to see.

Time. In due time. Maybe.

Been an hour since  
I've last thought about you. Wanted to text you. "Drinks?" But no.  
Can't.

Been a day since  
I've washed. I digress.

Time is relative. I think.

Been a week since  
I've worn clothes that matched because it doesn't matter, does it?  
Mixed up and mangled managing to move my body just enough to  
manipulate it into another position of motionless agitation.

Time marches on. Yet.

Been a long time since  
I've felt the full embrace of my friends. Laughed loudly and looked  
longingly and lovingly at the light laugh lines on your lovely faces. No  
light because laughter is lacking. Lackluster looming on zoom just to  
lean in and lose myself if only for a second in YOUR lives.

Lightyears away. Time.

Been seems like forever since  
We've been able to share not just an embrace but each other's space.  
Breathed the same air without worry. Sneezed because "damn how

much pepper did you USE?" Chuckled til we coughed. Without having someone back up, sanitize, drown you in Lysol.

Been an eternity since

I've had any motivation to do **anything** because I crave you. Even when I don't want you to be around. I crave you. Your warmth, smell, heartbeat, energy. God! Your energy emanates, effuses, and electrifies, and I...

Know that in war and peace, "the two most powerful warriors are patience and time" (Leo Tolstoy), so I will be patient in this time that feels like war. A battle for your life. And mine.

I patiently await the time I can return to the realm of your rambunctious revelry, reeling in the ruby rosé red hot recounting of your life, getting the T/tea poured so freely from Raku and the recesses of your remarkable mind.

I...

Know that "time is money" (Benjamin Franklin), and THAT should be our **reward**. Returning to "normal." Getting back to work. Getting our hustle on. Grind grind grind, but. No. No money, gold, glitz or glamour. No prize behind door number four. Just you. **You**, my friend, **are the reward**. Taking you away from me is...

I...

Want to stop **spending time** on things that sap my energy as I.. slowly see my soul seep out of my body as I... scream into the void of never ending demands for senseless *spending* of my time, and I...want to **INVEST my time** in you: reap the rewards of our relationship.

I learned that...

"We all have our time machines." Some take us back, they're called memories. Some take us forward, they're called dreams (paraphrased: H. G. Wells). My memories of you are dappled in the dullness of dusty photographs deteriorating ever so slightly, so I dream of dancing in the dark, drinking in the day, dabbling in the deep pools that are your dimples, drowning in the dark damning watery depths of your eyes so that I can be baptized, breathe again and be made whole in your presence.

And because of that. Because I ache for all night antics with you and aspire to ascend to astrological heights answering the age old questions of life and love. Because I know that time waits for no one (proverb) and know that one second too late is still too late, I...

Understand that... "We must use time wisely and forever realize that the time is always ripe to do right" (Nelson Mandela). I wish *other* people understood that.

Do. Right.

Wear a mask! It's not worth the **risk**. // Then, let time run its course so the universe can heal itself, and I can be **rewarded** with YOU again, my friend.