

it's late at night when you ask me what you are to me.

it's late and we're driving in your car a little too fast. we've just left the parking lot and said goodnight to your friends and now that we're alone again i feel more comfortable. the outside is cold with the promise of winter but the car is warm and i've got your hoodie draped over my legs because i stupidly decided to wear shorts tonight.

it's late and i feel sick to my stomach. i'm starving because i haven't eaten in hours and neither have you so we're both hungry. we talk about going somewhere to eat but it's well past midnight and every 24 hour diner is too far away from where we are. so instead we settle for the flat room temperature soda that's been sitting in the car all day and we share that bottle between us.

it's late and it's been a long day. i'm not sure how many times you've driven me this week but it feels like a lot. enough times for me to become comfortable around you. this time really isn't any different, except for the fact that we're both about to fall asleep. you talked about your day and you told me how boring it was without me. i agreed and said that i was lonely without you.

it's late and i don't know how to respond to your question.

it's late and a million things are running through my head because i never really considered what you are to me. i can't even find the words to describe it because it's something entirely different from everything else i've ever experienced. i don't know how you want me to respond but these few milliseconds of silence are beginning to get awkward so i open my mouth to say something, anything. i have hundreds of words i could say in this moment but i've got the feeling that you're not looking for a real answer. so you answer for me and i don't really hear what you're saying because now i'm deep in thought.

it's late and i'm starting to realize that you mean a lot to me. and i can't even tell you why. maybe it's because i got so comfortable so fast with you. maybe it's because you remind me so much of myself. maybe it's because you're here when no one else is. or maybe it's just because we've been spending so much time together this past week.

it's late and to be perfectly honest with myself you probably wouldn't say the same about me. i could name at least a dozen other people you'd rather be spending time with right now. to you, i'm probably the most annoying little brother that you've ever had to deal with.

it's late and so all i say is that you're special to me. you laugh a little at that and tell me you know. and you probably do.

it's late at night when you pull up in my driveway. it's so late that we don't even stay to talk today like we usually do. i flash you a quick smile and say goodbye before i fumble around with the car door. i shiver when the cool air hits my bare skin and you offer me your sweatpants for the second time tonight and i decline that offer again. we laugh together one last time, then i shut the car door and rush to get inside.

it's a late night and it will probably be the first of many.

*~ crowboy*