

She opened her eyes in the middle of the night and saw nothing but a candle burning softly on her bedside table. The window was open, making her laced curtains flutter in the air like the soft flaps of a butterfly.

She could hear the sound of the wind faintly humming in her ears like a lullaby. She ran a hand next to her—touching the pillow and then slowly running her hand down on the cold cot next to her. She sighed softly and placed her hand on her bare chest.

“He is gone...”

She thought aloud as the orange from the candle flickered on the ceiling. She stared up as if the world was holding her down. She wanted to get up, get into her top and jeans and perhaps take a puff on the balcony, but she was too tired.

She still remembered yesterday’s lovemaking as if it had happened just a few minutes ago. As if he was still lingering next to her and tracing his fingers along her naked back. His perfume stayed on her body like sticky clothing.

And then, it happened. All of a sudden.

A tear fell from the corner of her eyes.

He would always come back, but she wasn’t sure when...She wiped the tear with the back of her hand and sat upright. She felt the heaviness in her heart and the tightness in her throat.

She wanted to calm herself down, so she hummed a tune that she always heard him humming when he was caressing her hair, kissing the side of her nape, or pulling her into the story that he was writing under the moonlight.

Eventually, she got up from her bed, placing her bare feet on the rug that smelled of liquor and cigarettes, old books and coffee spilt from late-night fights.

She grabbed the candle and looked around. Just then, something had caught her eye as well as her ears. There was the sound of a small flap-like that of a bird stuck between a twig. She walked over to it and saw that it was a piece of paper stuck between the gap in her door.

She frowned softly, her heart beating softly but excitedly. She bent down and noticed that on the top of the paper was written in handwriting she was well-familiar with, "Pick me up." She picked up the paper with her gentle fingers and unfolded the edges as if it was something holy.

As she read the words written inside, she felt as if the walls were singing to her. As if all the moments that she and he spent played around her like mischievous children. A soft smile played on her lips as she twirled around in her room with nothing but feelings shrouding her body.

Her body took her to the bed again and she gracefully crashed on the bed. She breathed heavily as she placed the letter close to her chest and closed her eyes.

"He will come back tomorrow..."

He had promised in the note. Perhaps this was the first letter that she had received or perhaps one of the many letters that she had found.

Little did she know, that every single night, when he would unstick himself from her warm and petite body, when he would wear his shirt, jeans, and belt, and run a hand through his hair, he would then grab a pen and paper from his briefcase, write her a note, and hide it in the holes of her couch.

"She would find it." He would think with a smile and glance at her before he would leave her dim bedroom.

And every single night, he would do so, filling the hole of her couch with promises that he kept on obeying every night for her.