

Snowmelt

Last winter, I wrapped my leg around her hip while in bed. Snow floated outside her open window like feathers after a pillow fight.

She pulled me closer under the covers; I kept my cheek pressed against her red hair. I could hear her breathing, but nothing else, as I kept my eyes firmly on the book in my hands. She could hear my heartbeat.

I dared not question what it meant for the two of us to be intertwined in bed like this. We had nowhere to go. We had nothing else to do. We had nothing to say.

Looking back, it was the perfect Sunday morning. I had it all; laid out on the bed was what I wanted my life to look like.

Then her roommate walked into the room. My best friend jumped out of bed, claiming our illicit act wasn't what it looked like. The girl was startled; she kept her eyes closed. *I promise it's not what you think*. She said it so many times they both began to believe it. I was never let back into her bed. I had it all, and then I lost it all.

