On the first night we made love, we slipped into each other’s arms on the living room floor. The gesture was impulsive, and after a few awkward bumps against the couch, the bookshelf, the wall, we squeezed our muscles together until we were a pile of sandbags, airtight and thick with pressure. Only our moans could squeak through.

“I’m so glad you found me,” he said, though I meant to say it before him—declare him my savior and excuse myself from the burden of making the relationship work. But it was his apartment, so it was his task to guide me, eventually, to his bed.

“Is it too soon to say I love you?” he asked. And I said, “Maybe,” though I was pleased he said it first, holding on to the order of things for future reference: It was you who said it. It was you who asked me to move in with you.

He didn’t turn on the lights, and I followed blindly, until we reached the entrance to the bedroom. The bed opened up like a life boat, a pair of pillows for life preservers.

“Come,” he said. He held my hand, and then the rest of me.

In the afterglow I was struck breathless by thoughts of the months ahead: reaching for him before he reached for me.
beneath the sheets at bedtime, waking up next to the man
who might bring me breakfast in bed if I didn’t get up before
him to make the coffee and scramble the eggs. And if the
waters got rough, I could always beat him to the exit.