



“Midweek Lie-ins”

I wake up to soft nose breaths and grey morning light that’s fighting its way through the blinds. Just your breath, mine, and the cars outside. We are in the midst of a fight, paused by sleep—but this moment is luxurious. The bed is warm, the air is cool, and my mouth is dry. It is dark and quiet, and time is unimportant. The car noises are just a hum, not real people going to real places. Just a hum to accompany the ins and outs through our noses.

I know that once we are both awake, we will hold on to civility for a fleeting moment, then descend back into our crusade. I will stare past you and you will bore through me. As my words slow, yours will hasten, and I will ache for an ending. Then, after some time, we will grow sceptical of our own righteousness and begin the slow surrender to hearing one another.

I feel all that on its way. I feel the end. And I’m grateful to not be there yet, to be here instead, in a quiet lull of morning. Such peaceful company sleeping next to me. No space for anger, only for rest.

by Christina Nakhla