



High on him

There's this certain type of comfort in my memories with him. So little time, yet so many memories. I like to close my eyes before sleeping and think of the nights we spent together.

All the images seem wrapped in a certain type of glow. I'm unsure if I made some of them up or if they all happened at some point, but I still enjoy closing my eyes and thinking of him before sleeping. It's soothing. I don't think I ever felt that before.

I only smoked weed a handful of times, but for some reason when I close my eyes and think of him I feel calm and mellow; I feel pleasure and some sort of joy. Like being high. Like I'm high on him.

I also dream of us more often than I would like to admit. Last night, for instance, I dreamt of waking up.

In my dream, I woke up to the warm scent of his skin. His embrace felt like we fit perfectly into each other. He, fitted into me, *like a hook into an eye*.

If I try hard enough, I can almost replay the sound of his voice in my head. I can almost hear the echo of his laughter. I smile with the memory of him smiling.

I've realized that distance has only made my feelings grow fonder. To actually hear his voice every once in a while makes my lips quiver. I crave his contact. I crave for him. The anticipation builds up and I can only desire it more and more. Perhaps it is true that distance is nothing but a concept; for in the separation, I can only feel closer to him.

Or perhaps I am but a romantic fool, and none of this is true.

There's only one way to know. But that will take time to come.

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