

In the morning when I wake up, I turn in bed to look at you. I'm usually facing the nightstand since I'm often the little spoon (at my behest). It's unusual for me to wake up before you, as you are the lark to my nightingale. But on rare occasions, a stir opens my eyes and I get to look at you. I turn and see your resting expression, eyelids gently closed, behind which I can only guess at what you might be dreaming. You're laying on your side facing me, one arm under my pillow. Your chin is tucked slightly into your neck. I watch as your chest moves slowly up, then down, then up again. Your skin shines smooth in the morning light. I am in love with you.

I check the time. It's just past seven, still far too early to leave bed on a Saturday. I turn fully to face you, being careful not to wake you. You're a lighter sleeper than I, so I have to move as though I'm stirring in my sleep to keep you from arising. I resist the urge to cup your cheek in my palm, knowing that to be the surest way of waking you.

Instead, I just look at you. You are the beauty the poets have spent centuries writing about. You are the angel of kindness that can warm a heart with just your smile. You have the spirit of goodness, a light shining from behind the chocolate irises you claim to dislike so much, although I can never understand why.

"They're too dark," you say. "My eyes don't look like anything."

One of your few moments of foolishness, I'm certain. How could your eyes be nothing? When you blink, I yearn for your eyes to open again. I long for the rich pools of darkness I've learned to call home, because in them I am safe. In your eyes, in your look, in the dilating pupils that look at me I see a place where I can rest my soul and let her sleep. I see your hope for a future when you see me. In a vain attempt to match your goodness, I try everyday to look at you with the same perfection of your glance.

And here I lay, awake before you, wishing I could somehow kiss your eyes without disturbing you. Your eyelashes curve like a crescent moon just beginning to wax. This moment is the most perfect moment of my life. I have all the amenities and necessities I could ever need, from a roof over my head to clothes in my closet. But laying next to you is the gift of the greatest luxury I could ever want. It is a love more pure than the air in the mountains. To have the privilege of being your partner is a gift I could never claim to deserve, but will spend my whole life working to earn.

A small twitch. Your eyes dart to one side under your eyelids. Oh, what must you be dreaming, my beautiful muse. What imaginings go on in your mind while you sleep, I would give my life's earnings to learn. Your thoughts aren't worth a penny, rather, they are penniless.

A flutter. The crescents of your eyelashes flit up and your eyes open. There is no strength or amount of willpower that could have prevented the smile that lights up on my face as soon as I see your eyes. You always awake rather quickly, ready to start your day knowing nothing can stop you. I admire you too much.

"Good morning, love," I say. I should be showering you with praises and compliments, thanking you for existing, but my mind is paralyzed by your morning portrait. I could not in a million years look into your eyes and simultaneously say all the things I wish for you to know; it's just too much for one mind to hold. So I must make my peace with a classic greeting. I will write you a proper ode another time.