

I sit on the kitchen counter

It's 10pm

And everyone's drunk (except me)

And everyone's laughing (including me)

And everyone's telling stories (about me)

I love it when this happens

I love it when we're all together and happy

I love the kitchen counter that shouldn't be comfortable

*But it is*

It's so comfortable

With my feet resting on mum's lap as she sits on the breakfast bar stool

One hand holding a glass of wine

Another on my brother's leg

To make sure he doesn't fall

Off of his own kitchen counter

I love it when this happens

I sit on the kitchen counter

It's 1am

And I'm alone.

And no one's drinking

And no one's laughing

There's no stories being told.

The counter feels sort of uncomfortable

But I suppose a kitchen counter should.

My feet are dangling over the edge

And I'm a little upset

The counter always made me feel better

Reminded me of good times and love

It's usually so much more

But tonight, it's simply that.

A kitchen counter.

I sit on the kitchen counter.

I don't know what time it is.

And I'm drunk (by myself).

And I'm laughing (at myself).

I hate this.

And I hate this kitchen counter.

I hate how I can't sit on it without my legs going numb.

I hate how it makes me think of the past.

Of how I was before I was *this*.

I hate staring at the empty counter opposite me.

*I hate this.*

I sit on the kitchen counter

It's 10pm

And everyone's drunk (including me)

And everyone's laughing (except me)

I simply sit and watch

My feet are resting on mum's lap again.

And the kitchen counter opposite is occupied once more

I could be sitting on the counter

Or the floor

Or maybe even a chair

It wouldn't matter

The kitchen counter doesn't matter

What matters is my brother's laugh

How wheezy it is, how wide his smile is

What matters is my mum's hands

One securing my brother in an action that's not necessary

Just instinctive

I love this

I love them.

But sometimes I still miss how I felt

When the counter used to make everything better

When I truly thought my happiness was based on this object.

I miss it

I need family

Friends; people who care. Not

The kitchen counter