

*What A Date Night, Don't You Think?*

I'll arrive five minutes early, and you'll show up soon after. After a short conversation with the box office worker, you'll pay the fare, slip the wallet back in my pocket, and we'll watch the cheesy romcoms that I can't stand.

What a date night, don't you think?

Then, when the crowd of watchers flood the auditorium, you'll throw away medium popcorn, and I'll watch as overpriced kernels reach the bottom of the trash can. But I'll forget about it after you open my door. When you reach the driver's seat, I'll say,

“What a date night, don't you think?”

But you won't respond.

When I'll repeat myself, you won't look at me. I'll catch your attention, finally, and you'll echo that you were focused on the road, assuring me it's for my safety. And I'll look back to the empty road in front of us, and nod. Laugh, even. Because it's so funny.

Drown in a haze until the next day, you'll show up, thirty minutes late, with a ferry ticket, and unkept hair. You'll say that you forgot the bouquet, and as usual, I'll understand, since this time, you offered to cover the tab.

By the end of the night, you won't recognize me. You'll curse at the complimentary bartender until I push you outside, and I'll slip him a fifty. When we step off the ship, after I help you into your own passenger seat, with slurred speech, you'll tell me,

“What a date night, don't you think?”