

Title: 'my kingdom for a kiss'

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Prompt: Cues. Jeff Buckley lyrics- "Lover, You Should've Come Over" in 100 minutes (4-13-05). Actual used: "I feel too young to hold on/ And I'm much too old to break free and run/ Too deaf, dumb and blind to see the damage I've done/ Sweet lover, you should've come over/ Oh, love well I'm waiting for you."

Notes: WC-721. *life* @ 23. Sophie's confused at Daniel. From Year 21, Part 2.

She's trying to put pen to paper to explain this situation to herself, to her friends, to her family... to anyone who can tell her what to do. She's trying to find the words to write it all down and make this –whatever *this* is—more concrete. She's putting so much time and effort into it, and fails miserably.

He made her come. He begged her not to cancel. She's still not sure what that means, to have him offering up his funds so that she could come, and an extra gadget so she can stay in contact on her trip. She's not sure if that's him, desperate for affection; him, being noble and obliging; or if that's him, making the first move. Or, rather, if it was a move, then whether it was a move somewhere in series or a singular move that needs response.

She's rather at a loss for words when, upon seeing her again for the first time in 2 years, he's enfolding her in a tight embrace. She's expecting the cold and stand-offish British mien that she's come to know and despise in her family. She's expecting anything but the actual happening. But, oh! It feels right and he just....

Their time together is like this: comfortable, laid-back, chatty, affectionate, friendly.... It is, she thinks, how friends are. It is, she thinks, how they ought to be. They talk, but not in depth about anything. They hang out, but only in groups with other young people. They orbit one another, moving in similar ellipses, but not really touching. But he has her over almost every day to his house or to hang out somewhere. He finds things for them to do.

She's trying to explain it in a way that tells strictly the facts, nothing else. But 'nothing else' is awfully hard to come by. Because it feels like more at the same time it feels like less. Dual meanings appear for the same action.

She leaves him after a weekend, other things on her trip that are being covered. They knew, he knew, she knew. And she wants him to say something to her so badly, and craves hearing from him at the same time she moves on. It's like a feeling at the back of her mind, a secondary motion while she's checking for calls and texts from her family that she checks the other mobile for word from him.

And when he texts her again, she's still far away from him, but she gives a noise of delight and replies, though she's busier than she's been all vacation. And each thing he says again has both the shallow (friend) and the deep (lover) meaning. She has a moment to think that maybe they're on a similar page when it comes to what they're saying. A

moment, before she questions the meaning behind his regret for not talking to her at all during the longest section of her trip.

He keeps signing off with a 'Love ya, sis' and she wonders whether he meant it when he said that he always signs off that way. He talks to her like a friend ought to, but couple that with that old fact of men and women never having the ability to be friends with each other and everything is haywire again in her brain.

She writes it all down in journal entries, in stories, in snippets of life. She has to keep account of it, before she loses it all and misses out on something important that could tell her his intentions. She feels like 21 years of life should have prepared her for this, somehow. She's too young to hold onto him, to know whether he wants her or not. But she's too old for these kind of crushes and too old to go chasing after him. 21 should have more answers for her, but she fears all it's left her are more questions.

She finds herself on some vague precipice, just waiting for him to make a very obvious move in one direction or another. She prays that he will do something soon: either finding a girl to date, or coming to visit her in America. She's waiting, there, at the very narrowest ledge between them, stretching out across time zones and ocean.