

Bum bum bum bum bum.

It was... is? . . the first cold night of the Texas autumn. Out here on the little wooden dock, the gently rippling water had drawn the remaining heat from the air and chills skated past in sharp gusts. It was a convenient excuse to cling to him, his warmth. Still, barefoot and in my homecoming dress, I shook, just a little. He had felt the jitter in my breaths, and wrapped his jacket around me. I pressed my face to his chest and listened to his heart.

Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum.

Even frozen as I am, the moment is perfect.

All I wanted was more time with him. How is it that every minute spent away from him felt like an eternity, but even eternity with him now feels like hardly a moment? Just a little while longer, please.

The full moon is still brilliant, the icy sky clear. The stars are still bright eyed, though they have stopped winking. The water is even more still.

Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum.

"There's Vega," I whispered, pointing up, "and there's the rest of Lyra." As we looked on, a shooting star plucked the strings of the harp constellation.

"Make a wish."

Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum.

Can you blame me for this?

So much could change in a fleeting moment.

But what if a moment could last forever?

Bum, bum, bum, bum, bum.

I pressed my ear against his chest again.

I made a wish.

And listened.

Bum, bum, bum --.