

ON YOUR LINE

NOAH EVERARD

-Ring ring-

"Yello."

"Hey, Dan."

"Who is this?"

"It's me, Mike."

"Mike... Mike...?"

"Mike Horner!"

"Mike Horner? Nahhh, I'm just kidding. What's up man, it's been a while. What... like two weeks—"

"Four, it's been four weeks Dan."

"Shit, that long huh."

"Yep, that long."

"Of...?"

"You are testing my patience Daniel."

"Of what?!"

"I WANT an explanation of what happened. We had something, don't fucking deny it. It was small and gut wrenching, fleeting. Fucking non-existent sometimes, but... there was something. And ever since you moved to study, it's like, it's like you've died, like I've died and whatever we had with it. Dead fucking buried in the dirt and forgotten. I just, I-I need some closure, I think. Honestly, I don't know what I need but I think it's a good start."

"..."

"Well say something Dan. Jesus Christ, say something."

"I... Jessica, I have – well had – a girlfriend. We couldn't, we can't... it just... it just can't, no. We're friends, you're my best fucking friend and I love you. But—"

"But what about Summer Camp?"

"That was different."

"Oh really, and what about Prom? Was that also 'different'?"

"We were drunk."



"Then what about Jessica's birthday? Huh... Was that only the alcohol too?"

"That time we were REALLY drunk."

"You're lying to yourself, stop. What we did was beautiful."

"We didn't do anything, it was nothing. There's nothing to lie about. I'm not..."

"Not what, huh. Say it, Cmon."

"..."

"See you can't even do that. You've always been a pussy."

"Fuck you Mike."

Fuck me? Fuck you! You can't even admit the truth!"

"And what truth is that, huh Mike? Seriously. I had a girlfriend, I'm not... you know."

"What, gay?"

"Yeah."

"You've SUCKED MY DICK DAN! We've sucked face loads. You made me moan and you came back for more! You're a fag Dan."

"Shut up Mike!"

"What, you don't like hearing the truth?"

"Mike... you're hurting me."

"I know Daniel."

"What, you wanna hurt me?"

"A little yeah. I'll admit that. I called you so you would hurt a little, so I would hurt a little."

"You're fucked up Mike."

"Am I? I wanted you to hurt so I know you can feel. So I know it is real."

"WELL I CAN FEEL! Are you happy now, huh?"

"This isn't about feeling happy, Dan."

"Then what? What is it about? 'Knowing it is real'?"

"..."

"Whatever it was, real or not, it's over."

"I doubt that."

"Fucking hell Mike. You're impossible."

"No, I'm honest, unlike you."



“HA. And what makes you think I’d ever touch you again. I’m over it. It was just childish behaviour.”

“Is that what your Pastor told you? That it was just a ‘phase’, a thing you’ll get over. Newsflash buddy, you wanted it again and again, and we will always want it, no matter how many fucking Pastors you talk to. There comes a time Dan, where all this running away and lying is gonna bite you in the ass.”

“What do you want me to say? You’re right! There... Are you happy now? Satisfied Mike? Is that what you wanted to hear?”

“Dan...”

“WHAT!”

“I-I know what I’ve been saying is fucked up, but I still care for you, if you can believe that. I’m just hurt—”

“So you want to hurt me?”

“Yes.”

“Wow I really feel cared for Mike, truly.”

“Don’t be like that.”

“HA. There comes a time, Mike, where you’re gonna have to move on and get over yourself or it’s gonna come back around and punch you straight in the face.”

“Move on? Move fucking on!?”

“Yes, Mike. I’ve moved, remember, I’m gone, I’ve left. You, Jessica, all of it’s done. It’s over.”

“You don’t want it to be though. I don’t want it to be.”

“...”

“You don’t want it to be though?”

“No... Mike... I don’t want it to be.”

“...So what do we do now?”

“Nothing.”

“Nothing? How can we just do nothing? For four weeks I did nothing and it killed me. That’s why I called.”

“Mike—”

“Daniel.”

“I don’t know how to put this. I don’t even know what words to use.”

“Just... be honest Daniel... please.”



"Fine, *inhale*, *exhale*, we can't be together. I can't ever be seen with another... another man."

"Why?"

"Mike, you know why."

"I don't mind keeping a secret."

"For the rest of your life?!"

"For you... yes."

"What about all that talk before? About lying and running away? We'd be living half lives. Unsustainable and dangerous. And like you said, it's gonna bite us on the ass one day."

"To hell with what I said. I don't mind a bit of pain, you know that."

"Mike... cutting yourself and having a secret love life are not the same thing."

"How would you know? You had Jessica, and all I had were those sloppy drunk moments and summer camp."

"Look, you told me to be honest and I was. It's done, that's it."

"That's it?"

"That's it."

"Ughh."

"What?"

"Nothing, I'm just... bummed, you know. Just... ugh, I guess I was too hopeful haha."

"Yeah, well thanks for calling and flipping my world upside down."

"Always Dan."

"..."

"Was-was this easy for you or?"

"What do you mean?"

"L-like this decision. Was it easy for you to make?"

"No... fuck no. I—"

"Yeah?"

"I-I don't know?"

"Daniel."

"Yes Mike."

"My heart hurts... it really fucking hurts."

"I know..."



"Promise me, that whenever you're back in town, for Christmas or whatever, you'll come see me."

"Yeah sure, of course."

"We don't have to do anything you know that. I just mean we can talk and catch up."

"I understand you Mike."

"Thanks."

"And if you're ever, for some inexplicable reason, in my city, there will always be an open door for you, a coffee with your name on it, and an empty bed."

"There better be! Haha"

"You betcha."

"Well, I guess this is goodbye then."

"I guess so."

"..."

"..."

"Dan?"

"Yeah."

"I love you."

"Mike?"

"Yes Dan."

"I love you too."

"Have a good... life."

"Yeah you too man."

—beep—

