

Bachelorhood

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I suppose a lot of folks would relish having their spouse off on a trip for a few days, and I understand that. No imposed schedules or expectations, eating the food (s)he won't touch, reading without interruption, keeping the air conditioner at the perfect level for selfish comfort. I get it.

So why, after less than three hours, do I find myself calculating how long until she gets back?

Mary got roped into driving an old friend to an out of state event that is important in the friend's life. The woman is blind so either Mary drives or she doesn't go. So, off they went. All packed, car clean, extra masks and sanitizer at the ready. Off on six days of adventure, husband jokes, shared confidences and, well, being away from this house that has defined the limits of our existence since February of 2020.

I'm at once afraid for them (Covid) and jealous (I heart road trips). But mostly, I miss my partner of these several decades. During all the years when I was traveling so much for my day job, then a few empty nest years when we were both on the road for our respective salaried pursuits, I never really cared much for being separated. Still don't.

I'll fill my time remounting a couple of wonky drawers and cleaning the house and spending time in my shop. A high school friend and his keeper (er, wife) are visiting sometime in the next several days and I'm really looking forward to that. But mostly, I'll be acutely aware of Mary's absence.

Don't like it, Sam I Am.