

Blank Space

The alarm softly echoes through the room as I rise from my bed, make way to the kitchen, and begin preparing the morning treats. Four saucers this morning instead of the usual five. As coffee finishes brewing, its comforting aroma fills the kitchen while I place the last saucer down. Always care for your pets before yourself, I was taught. Coffee in hand, I shuffle to our favorite chair, my body slowly melting into the soft embrace of its familiar cushion. After fourteen years of his loving gaze, gentle purr, and quiet companionship, nothing but blank space fills my lap.