

## **Reunited with my Love**

**by**

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Pulling my car up the driveway, adrenaline shoots up my legs to the point where I feel like I could run the New York Marathon. It's seven o'clock at night and though I should be exhausted from working all day, there is one thing, one thing on my mind that keeps me alive on the inside that I look forward to coming home to all day from when I leave the house to when I leave work. Ah mi amor, I cannot get out of this car fast enough to get to you.

So used to the usual routine, it feels like I shut the car off, put the brake on, and get my cup of coffee and briefcase all in one swift motion before I open the door and practically run out of the car. I don't even remember if I closed it, I probably did, wait did I? Yes I definitely did! Okay, I'm inside.

"Daddy! Look what I made at school today!"

"Wow that's a great picture son!" I say with sweat running down my forehead.

"Why don't you go hang it up on the fridge so everybody can see it okay?"

"Okay dad I-"

I start walking down the hallway. The end is only a few feet away from me, yet it seems so far. As if it's the light at the end of the tunnel, I see that perfectly white wooden door slightly open with a frame of light around it from the light being turned on already. I'm almost there baby, almost. I've waited all day for you and nothing's going to stop me from getting to you now. It's just me and you, no one else. My love, there aren't enough love poems in the world to describe how much I've longed for your touch, for your comfort.

I move my hand out in front of me to push the door open and there she is in shining beauty. My goodness what name should I use to describe this fantastic gift to the earth that I've longed for all day? What name can you give a gorgeous beauty that makes you forget about all your troubles? "The house of office"? No. "The Loo" perhaps? Or maybe...should I say it? The Out House? Surely, this work of art before me is too special to be given a name as common as "the John"! Yes! I have made my decision! Today it shall be THE HOUSE OF OFFICE! Zero point two seconds is all it takes for my pants to be down and my rear end to be firmly planted upon my porcelain throne, oh if only they made this a sport I would've made my country proud.