

By date three, Grace's windchime giggles are your favorite song. Under caramel lights, she glitters. You glow.

Last year, Emilia had enough. You couldn't do enough, *be* enough for her. *Enough*, she said whenever you spoke. You weren't strong enough— *man* enough. You never took her out enough. Although, you were embarrassing enough in public anyway.

Grace sheepishly drapes a napkin across her lap, concealing blotches of merlot seeping into her sundress. You're entranced by the freckle constellation bridging her nose when her fingers press to rosy cheeks. Her smile embraces you when you suggest vinegar.

You are enough.