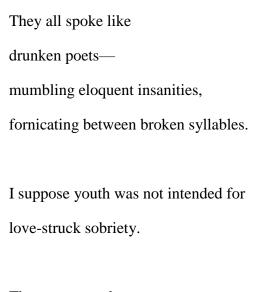
You, Me, and a Mimosa.

It was the morning
after a storm—
the sunrise after
a night spent
emptying wine glasses and
rummaging through your arms.

We learned we could belt symphonies through slurs and find life and death in whispered words—

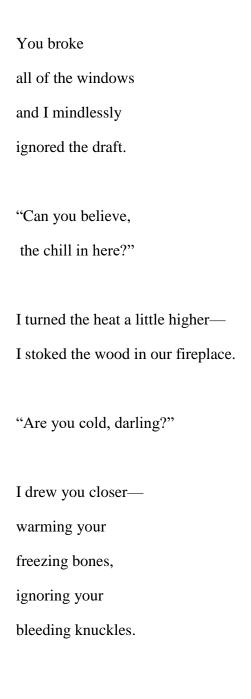
and that we could somehow wake up to love as tangible as rain on windowsills.

Modern Attractions



They weave webs
in and out of each other,
tangled in a net of
one night stands
and amateur lovers.

2:00 am



Training Wheels

Your face reminds me of a hard, sudden impact and the imprint of asphalt against knees and forearms.

Learning to love you was like learning to ride a bike—joy for a fleeting moment, and then the ground rushing up to meet me...

These days,

I prefer to walk.

8:00 am

