

## A Child's Summer

It seemed like the best time to play was at eight thirty,  
an hour before the street lights flickered on.  
When the clouds looked like torn cotton candy,  
and our nine year old minds compared sunsets to pink Trix Yogurt.

We'd run.  
Becoming blurs of nappy hair,  
bare feet on concrete driveways,  
oversized t-shirts,  
and grass stained shorts.

The mild summer breeze would cool our skin,  
and calm the drum in our chest,  
that pounded like childish fist fights  
over who'd be the seeker this round.

Sweat rolled down our cheeks in time with scuffed sneakers,  
speeding towards the glow of the first lamp post  
as soon as someone yelled "go".  
Parents on porches smiled and cheered.  
we'd be back at it again tomorrow.

## Iina

I was never alone with her by my side.  
during walks she hovered over my shoulder  
like a long shadow on sunny days,  
and hot breath that tickled the back of your neck.

On dates my companion would look troubled,  
while she stared into their eyes.  
Looming above me,  
As her long brown yarn braids were weaved with opinions,  
and her crooked smile was stained black with words like  
player,  
manipulator,  
ambitionless,  
and fake.

Her name was Intuition (Paranoia),  
or, Iina for short.  
She protected me from bad encounters,  
but had selfish tendencies,  
that caused her to dig her long red nails into my thoughts  
when I pondered upon giving someone a second chance.

## Take Me on a Date

You picked me up at 6pm,  
and watched closely  
as I walked down my steps.

The sway of my gray velvet dress,  
Four inches above the knee,  
showcasing hazel nut legs  
lathered to a shimmer in shea butter cream.

You opened the car door for me,  
and I heard you sigh shakily  
before closing me in.

As we pulled off,  
I fiddled with my pink polish nails,  
like they were controller keys.

Clearing your throat,  
You started off simple,  
Asking questions about my family,  
my goals.

Five minutes down the road,  
and we'd gone from speaking on college education,  
to giggling like toddlers about old SpongeBob episodes.

I stumbled out of the car  
like a drunk girl attending an after party,  
laughing so hard that my legs went numb.

And you grabbed me gently by the arm,  
trying to ignore your own torso  
that was wiggling like a worm  
from your own hissing chortle.

Nervousness and uncertainty  
faded away gently like over washed t-shirts.  
I felt comfortable.

When our date was done,  
I was disappointed to go,  
but a smile lingered on my face for the rest of the night.

I laid awake in bed  
remembering your desire to part with a kiss,  
smiling slyly at me when I refused.

Your eyes were glowing,  
like warm light was trapped within them,  
and you declared that you'd get that kiss next time.