

## **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 all spoke like  
drunken poets—  
mumbling eloquent insanities,  
fornicating between broken syllables.

I suppose youth was not intended for  
love-struck sobriety.

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

**2:00 am**

You broke  
all of the windows  
and I mindlessly  
ignored the draft.

“Can you believe,  
the chill in here?”

I turned the heat a little higher—  
I stoked the wood in our fireplace.

“Are you cold, darling?”

I drew you closer—  
warming your  
freezing bones,  
ignoring your  
bleeding knuckles.

## **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**

I rekindled our love  
on a wood stove,  
in a pan alongside  
a breakfast of  
eggs and sausage—

I will awake to the  
lukewarm tomorrow brings;

Our love and I—  
we will share a cup of coffee.

We will awaken  
our ambitions  
in unison.