

Greeted with the sweet breeze of summer remnants, I realize that summer pollen is still stored in spider webs that remain under the chilled bathroom window panes, and the memories of old nights on the roof covered in stardust and cigarette ash alike. I often rely on the simplicity of shoelaces and smiles dripping with spilled, childishly grieved water. My focus is on "I", but in the holy, impure moments since I ran across the asphalt and scraped my kid knees, I allow myself to indulge in the idea of everything but myself. You are the light in the morning, evoking pleasurable unknown. The plentiful discomfort of the earth's physical limits spews through my shaking hands as I run my fingers across the arch of your back, melting into the heat of your body.

You are smeared, intentional, yet forgotten lipstick, and the pressure of breath along the soft skin on my neck. Everything you are is written on papyrus, and .7 ballpoint, ink saved only for times I am patient enough to wait. Your image remains somehow permanent in the idle afternoon sun, reflected on the house across the street, highlighting the peeling paint, rendering it remarkably more beautiful than when averted eyes brush it. The secretive clamor of lovemaking in houses I will never visit, and people I will never meet, honor the beauty in insignificance. Inherent philosophy swims within you, a constant question of purpose. I wonder, when you are married, will the memory of my rose perfume stifle you in a loving way? Will our lost moments shivering by the old church swallow you as they do me?

Maybe I am even moving faster than the train cars passing the reflective buildings leading into the jungle of forgotten dreams. Whatever the complexity of our silent commitment to exploring each other may be, it is simple as coffee breath and sweet mint gum, and the soft, electric touch of bitten nails shifting my rings from finger to finger.