

The Smell of Tomatoes on Tuesday

Crisp dawn air from the window swirls with warm indoor air,
I stretch my legs down and my arms up and
I feel you and you breathe deeply and sigh.

Strong coffee brews, dark and steaming hot, and this is the
best part of the day, silently sipping coffee and watching
the sun rise.

It is summer here - the garden is bursting with life and the scent
of tomato plants covers my hands and I pick lettuce and
laugh because you hate raw tomatoes so much.

A chubby baby plays with a slobbery dog and little, dirt stained toes
are warmed by the morning sun.

And the day goes on and you work and I work and I wait in the drive
for you to come home.

You brush hair from my face and wrap your arms around my
waist and you smell like diesel and sweat and
now I do too.

Then we return to where the day began - lying in bed with my
head on your chest and you breathe deeply and sigh.

The Smell of Tomatoes on Sunday

Crisp dawn air from the window swirls with warm indoor air,
I stretch my legs down and my arms up and
I feel you and you breathe deeply and sigh.

The sun shines brightly and I pull the shades tightly
so you can sleep.

I tip toe out and close the door and lift the chubby baby
from the crib.

Out to the garden we go, basket in tow, ready to pick
tomatoes - which you hate.

Fat worms slink through dirt and my hands are stained with
earth and the smell is intoxicating - like diesel and sweat.

Middle of Nowhere

If nowhere were an actual place
then it would have a middle.

And if there came a day when you
had time then meet me there.

It smells like earth and trees,
rain drops hit the ground and the
wind blows soft and cool

And I see you.

You stand there and stare into my eyes,
your warm hands upon my shoulders
and you take a step forward.

Forward is what we have.

I can feel your hand in mine and
my fingers tingle.

I can feel your breath on my neck as
you move closer.

I have chills on my arm and butterflies
in my stomach.

Pull me close, I feel you against me.

The wind through the trees is our song.

The middle of nowhere is our home,
our alone.

Nothing

Darkness called, not in a quiet voice, but screaming.
Screaming for her to dive in.
Space and time wailed without mercy,
there is too much, there is not enough.

Sometimes
she could feel her head on his shoulder.
Sometimes
he could feel her as she walked by.

And she could not sleep and he could not sleep.
He picked up the phone and there was her name
and he shook his head because it was insane.
And he pounded his fists because how was
this even real.

She loved him despite his best attempts to make her
stop. And she stayed despite his best attempts to
make her run.

The phone rang and she jumped and there was his
name and she stared at the screen and then
answered.

'Hey - you know I love you' he said
and she said 'I know' and tears slid down her face
because it was true.

But space and time wailed without mercy -
'don't forget us, don't forget us.'
And how could they...

2000 miles is a long distance based on
Reminiscing and it could be construed
as crazy or amazing just to realize
the feelings they had were real and not
a crush or a phase and every 'i love you' was
real.

