

I've Fallen In Love With Everyone I've Never Met.



You're the bus stained jewelry of a part time parent.

Jewelry, caught on a knockoff instruction book,

In a game of tug of war, between raising a kid, and not quite being one.

Your instruction book used to come with crayons.

Crayons that showed you the art of boobs through the intimacy of a computer screen,

A screen that's lifted by someone you love.

She'll share the secret intimacy of her leg touching yours—as the bus pulls forward.

She'll remember when she worked as an interpreter,

Translating how she loved, only to be loved in miscommunication.

The pieces of her written in fiction felt more real than herself.

Your eyes smell a man dressed in a Dollar Store's version of four seasons clothes.

His hands—gripping a pencil—are strained from a lifelong game of tug of war.

He'll write about the back seats of an SUV.

How, he knew he was in love for the first time, because she was right in front of him.

How, the first time he had sex, he couldn't get out of his boxers for ten minutes.

How, the one thing more scary than death was being completely vulnerable and not judged.

His journal will find its way to your feet.

I'll pick it up, mixing it with my own.

The pages flip like your eyes between my face and the book.

Your eyes show me that you're everything I'll never know.