The Day We Say Forever, I’ll Say I love the way we zone out during the most useless parts of the day to watch the rain wash down our windows, wondering whether Dickinson or Whitman ever imagined a little universe bursting into existence in every raindrop like we do. When the big bang plays over and over again within the rain—each droplet breaking and unbreaking until one planet gets it right, we both know it’s more momentous than earning minimum wage. You smile and I smile as you appear in the doorway like a breath of dandelions. The sun takes its final curtsey to the crowd of clouds and I flap the wings hidden beneath my button—up and exhale the day’s stresses like cigarette smoke, whispering histories and philosophies from every different dimension into my ear. For that brief instant, I’ll step away from the smell of green tea on your skin to look into the blue and yellow solar system behind your eyes. All our friends, everyone from the birds swimming in the trees to the grass in circles around our feet nod in agreement that we’ve both been counting down in our heads like two rockets before liftoff ever since our first snow dance under that big tree. Now that we’ve been doing our little dance in circles around our feet swimming in the trees evertime from the birds bringing our eyes—all of our friends’ and fellow sunlovers—into our being, I can see you and know that most men will never really know and I’ll understand more and more your quiet color of earth after the rain.

Roadside Wildflowers

What matters more than this day, all fields and sky? You can be the DJ and I’ll drive the getaway car. Let’s leave this world to focus on their suits and their politics until the gyre we’ve become prisoners to unwinds and the scent of Arizona pines is all we know.

Put your feet in my lap and let your brown hair stream out the open window, piloting our flight. I’ll just sit here and smile, noticing that your hair is the quiet color of earth after the rain.

It’s such a simple morning in February, one that seems more like spring. Let’s set our phones face down in the grass and listen for the patch of roadside wildflowers whispering their delicate riddles into the wind.

With so many distractions, what could really be more important than those blushing pinks and reds, setting fire to the roads of a world that has nearly forgotten whether the moon’s a balloon or not?