

ODE TO A FRIEND

a boy cradles a guitar in his arms
whispers to the sun with his hands along the frets and casts glances
at the pretty thing melting into the couch
you look right back
tell him you might be in love and he laughs
a sound that tastes like blue sky and flowers in the window
a home you'll make one day
when winter is bright and you've run out of fear
you try to tell him he's beautiful
but your mouth is full of kaleidoscope swirls
instead you smile
and she carries you to a field
lays you down in a swirl of violet
a girl you've never met
with a golden sheen on her cheeks
and flecks of copper in her eyes
she worries at her bottom lip and brushes colors onto your skin
you can fall right in
explode with sound and breathe light instead of air
you will find it again one day
when you wake up tomorrow
and look to your left