

summer lovin'

(unsent text messages).

listen, i'm longing for our sun hot love, i'm looking for warmth that goes down to our bones, that curls around us and strokes our faces and tells us it's alright love, i've got you and i'm going to stay. i'm loving you and loving you and loving you, i'm loving your sea salt shimmer-shine blue light throwing curls, i love you as the sea loves the sand, endlessly crashing into one another, the way fire loves old love letters, the way arson loves to sit and watch the world burn, the way humans love pain because it reminds them of living. i'm waiting to take your hand and pull you under the hood of my 2003 corolla and share a cigarette, and when i kiss your cheek and the thousands of freckles that take up residence there like stars, i leave behind smoke and fire and blue purple wanting. i'm pressing my lips to your hand as we watch the world burn, with stillness and softness and our hands lighting paths of bruised red gold pomegranate juice, where the jewels of your rings scrape my back the only thing on my mind besides you, you, you, is that *i'm going to let you break my heart*. baby, i'm laying out in the sun while wildflowers weave themselves through my hair, i'm sucking dry cherry-red-crimson-crystal-cupid lollipops that leave traces of sticky soft lip gloss imprints on your hands, i'm letting my heart flip over and over again *because god i love you. i love you more than anything*. i'm writing you love letters on scraps of old newspaper and clean pressing our silk sheets, we will caress each other until our hair threads together and turns to peach pine, my hands will hold you until the sea turns to a sky, to a torrent of sapphire and tourmalines and all the things that we lost, and together we will cry rivers of blue, purple, green, red and kiss the tree tracks off of each other's faces. just trust me ok, leave your window open and i'll come in like the sea breeze and we can be summer lovers,

we can live forever existing in this place, like the way forever means nothing and everything at the same time, like how the pit pat of our heartbeats find each other and melt into one, we can be summer lovers with honey and velvet dresses stretched right across skin, with long car rides and smoke and hissing, spatting color and peach pine bruised purple stars, gold brown sun warmed freckles and strawberry champagne and the knowledge that the only thing on my mind is you.

(your connection is unstable. message undelivered. retry?)

(message cancelled)

(...) is typing

hey i'm leaving for the store

pink or yellow flowers?

pink. you know me.

yeah. yeah i do.

(...) is typing