you are comice pears to me, the gentle give under thumb, the *snick* of teeth past grassy skin into succulent fruit beneath, the rush of sweetness, the smell of fresh nectar at the corners of my mouth, the webs between my fingers, drooling down my forearm, my elbow.

you are the perfect mixtape to a long roadtrip with nothing between you and me but a thousand miles of ancient joshua trees and spiky saguaros pointing at the sun darkening my forearms, simple thoughts of you my soundtrack, my silent smiles the cadence, the rhythm of my heart the beat. silence does not exist here. we talk.

you are the perfume of sleepy warmth snuggled in a bed engulfing us and three cats, the prickle of sweat dew-dropping tiny hairs on the back of your neck. you smell so good when you sleep inches from me, my nose planted betwixt your shoulder blades, breathing you in, my palm between your breasts. your breath catches for just a moment, then releases in a smiling sigh. you love me, even in your dreams.

you are the *oh my god!* pause as we turn towards each other in unison, mouth agape, gathering our energy to burst forth in laughter, in big milk-spilling chortles and life-affirming guffaws. you remind me of full-body little kid laughs, giggles building to howls and ululations of uncaged laughter so big your belly bursts, so big you have no choice but to fall to the ground and flail red-faced and puffy with tears.

you are poetry, pure and simple, written not to impress, but to express, poetry as sunshine and rain, as food and water, as oxygen.

you are the firm grasp of fingers entwined, yearning to press flesh deep inside itself, and defiantly daring the world to even try — just fucking try! — to pull these hands apart, these hands that were meant to hold each other, meant to guide and follow, meant to hold and be
held, meant to wrap around each other while standing in line at the supermarket, while driving, under tables while dining with friends and family, under covers pressed to hips and shoulders and bellies, nails raking across backs, cupping faces, touching lips.

you're the look that says, *don't forget to breathe, love. be. stop thinking. it's perfectly okay to embrace bliss. no one will mind.*

you are bare feet in a late autumn stream, rock-numbed and slicked with algae, the rolling texas hill country surrounding us, the hint of baking biscuits and cowboy coffee and homemade roux gravy wafting from the railroad hotel behind us, us on the bank of the llano river feeling like the luckiest people in the whole wide world and forgetting for a whole hour all the things we’re supposed to be stressed about, all the bullshit rendered silent in the presence of such stillness.

you are secret alcoves in rocky grottoes, sleepy chords from a strummed guitar, nate and brenda and david and keith and especially claire, your toe-clinchingly great buttermilk pie and my world famous veggie burritos. you are bubble soda and deep-fried sushi rolls with big mac sauce, bathtubs stained by sharpie tattoos, flirting on livejournal, modest mouse at midnight through computer speakers.

i could go on.

i want to go on, adding stanzas until my fingers cramp. we’ve only just begun to live this poem, and i’ve only just begun to write it down.