I decided to hate you today. It didn't work.

Music speaks your name And sounds and words and hand-painted images Settle before me like a picture book Where are you?

Where am I? Nowhere, Now.

Colors seem smaller, days bare, thoughts just a bit more deranged...

Where are you? I walked over cracks in the sidewalk I pondered the cracks in my head and hands and sides And decided to hate you Conjuring up molds and twisted representations of your face Trying to warp your expression into evil countenance It didn't work.

I saw, and I loved And drank of your green, shady smile

Where are you? I drag my heels And set my alarm And wonder:

- where do you go when the clover is drenched with rain, when the smells are so hot you can see the steam rising from the paper?
- what do you think when you stop at a red light, or light the candles in your room, or drive past the steel bridge?
- have you forgotten? has the outline of my face become fuzzy? has the pain dwindled to a tiny prick on your heel?

I decided to bring you back today. It didn't work.

Kristynn Coolman