

When She Met He

Joshua Long

She said draw a line through all of her words. She said she didn't have the time for the contents of his heart muscle. She said bring the line together with the sun. He towed the line up the horizon and the golden gray backslash of sun and moon accepted his attempt. She didn't know. She wanted more and found it all too easy and natural for him to deliver her love to the skies. He offered to give her a ride. Let the driving part of her heart go easy for the next few hours. This was the first time they spoke in reality. Neither of them even realized what that was.

Before he could get the proper radio frequency on the stereo, they were already laughing. Him: short, five-foot two, brown hair. Her: not as short, five-foot-six, cherry hair. They were on a mission they didn't accept. A mission they never asked for.

A mission that can only be explained by a man of physics. Someone who is nowhere around the area the two of them are from. They like it like that. Some things are better not understood. Some things are suppose to be like that. Science is a hand that will only hold yours for so long. At least until the future becomes what it becomes. Which is something that will become more apparent in the future.

And his foot fits perfectly on the gas pedal.

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It's an acceleration she can believe in.

His foot goes on the gas pedal. His foot, a broken down Adidas Samba from the late nineties. His pants a bit too loose around his hips. He can't afford pants that fit. She can't afford pants at all. She wears sweatpants. He wears a blue shirt. Blue is his favorite color when she's not around. She wears a white shirt. The color of divinity. Such a crock of shit that is. Over and over again.