

A Love Letter, to New York, from California

2011

She said:

I like the way you shine your shoes
I like the way your suit
looks like the open sky at night
I like you.
All cigarette and saxophone
Your eyes are more stars than the sky could offer
And they go on for miles.

He said:

I like the way your hem
is always six inches deep in seawater
I like the way you don't wear shoes
Your hands are small
You smile more than I do
Maybe that's because
there's sand between your toes.

She said:

You are a penny dropped from a skyscraper
to make the sidewalk lucky

He said:

You are a sunset
catching sight of itself in the ocean

They said:

You are beautiful,
But it could never work.

He said:

You are the mornings I never wake up for
You are the air I've never stopped to breathe
Your hair is the color of the sun
My eyes are the color of a smokestack
I'm too afraid to touch you
for fear I'd pollute you.

She said:

You are the risks I never took
You are the drums I never danced to
My body is a sand lot
But you are a sailboat
I'm afraid if I hold you

my hands will turn to anchors.

He said:

Your smile is a sea I want to swim in

She said:

Your hands are streets I want to get lost on

He said:

I walk too fast

She said:

I talk too much

He said:

Your voice is like the first day of spring
I've forgotten how it feels to be warm.

She said:

Hold me through the winter
I don't know how it feels to be cold

He said:

You are clearer than July afternoons
I would only scrape your sky
My lips are sandpaper.

She said:

Kiss my feet.
I like having sand between my toes.