

dreaming of a future with you
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i know that, at some point, i'm going to be inside a house by the sea. / the waves will crash and engulf my ankles as i stare out into the endlessness of the water with a notebook and pen in my hand. / i'll write poetry in the sand and wash the past out of my hair with sea foam shampoo. / i'll toss my phone into the water and never drunk dial a past lover again. / my friends will never hear my voice again, but they'll get dozens of handwritten letters.

or i'll be thirty-three and dancing around a clean kitchen with messy hands and bare feet. / i'll be covered in flour and chocolate and when i glance at the clock, / it will be one p.m. for ten hours. / too early to pick the kids up from school, too late to take a nap. / perfect time to bake some cookies, or some brownies, or some muffins. / i will have the windows open and i will raise my chin to the sky / allowing the sunshine to drip down my face / like a freshly painted portrait.

or maybe i'll be tucked away in a cabin in the Rockies. / i will keep my hands uncovered just to feel the bite of the cold, / but i will wrap up my warmth in every other way. / i will dig thoroughly through the snow and hide my prized treasures under frozen mounds, never to be seen again. / i will watch the playful foxes from my window and giggle like a child when they jump face-first into the wintery blanket surrounding them. / i will pretend i'm a clever mouse / too smart for foxes / and i will hide in my burrow with my cup of hot tea and my obnoxiously fuzzy socks.

i will be blameless, confident in my happiness, and ready for each day. / i will be the hanging painting in the back of the museum / my beauty only beheld by those who are eager to look for it / and i will be so lovely.