

## It Could Be a Pink Mermaid Finding Her Legs

It's two in the afternoon and four months since we've been together. The sun is exploding, the birds have hit the road and life is beating her drum. We are sitting on the sofa staring about and what I know-

The birds will come home.

I am dreaming about you and our relationship. We've got what it takes.

And about last night-the banter, it's chemical never mind how we move together, our blue moons are fusing smooth into a silver sun. I am taking my notes and I am doing the math: it's quantum deep this universe we're building. I look over and see you in your reverie and it makes me happy to think, *no I know-*

You are thinking about us too.

“What are you thinking about, my love?”

“Oh nothing.” you reply.

The Earth has been spinning for over four billion years without getting dizzy and I think it's all going to end right now. Your math is basic arithmetic and it means-

*You don't love me anymore.*

In ten hours the sun will set to darken the night (it will be on time) and the birds won't return to a place they don't belong. And it doesn't have to be such a disaster-

You being you and me being me on our different planets.

It could be the exhale of the willows giving birth to the air taking our breath away.

Or a pink mermaid swallowed by the arms of the sand finding her legs at last.

It could be more than we've ever imagined.