2016

Anywhere

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Near the purple cow mural
was where the teacher told us to meet
if one of us got lost.
And I knew that one of us would.
We both have a habit of watching our
shoelaces drag on the tile, letting our eyes
follow the inconsistent path. The laces leave
no trace. Just a memory of where we were.

My laces lead me to the still life art.
I get as close as I can
to the painting of a lone boy standing
in an empty field. The hairs on my nose
long to touch the thick, chunky streaks
left by a brush stroke of acrylic paint. My eyes
narrow on the boy’s face. Who knew people
were composed of so many colors?

You tend to navigate the floor below
filled with colors and geometric shapes
that mean different things to you than they do to me.
I realize that I don’t understand your brain.
How could that purple cow symbolize your life?
It’s just a cow to me. What am I missing?
Let’s just meet by the trashcans next time.
Those mean the same thing to everyone.