

|| ON OCTOBER 29<sup>TH</sup>

JARED BUCHHOLZ ||

They'll stand there together. Three's a crowd. Too much sun. Too much exposure. I'll kick at cement chunks. He'll walk between the piles of dirt and compost, camera in hand, knowing there's nothing he can do. She'll pick flowers. Orange and yellow ones that look like beautiful weeds. The sky will be cloudless. The air will smell like spoiling food. I'll watch interactions, little looks, eye movements, longings, subtleties. And I'll fall in love. And then I'll hear a combustion engine. My heart will beat louder. The NO TRESPASSING sign. The locked chain on the yellow gate. I'll yell out, "Someone's here!" They'll move fast, picking up equipment. I'll feel foolish. Just a dirt bike. Just someone else. Someone else in some place they shouldn't be.