the halogen lights of harpersville

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a sleepy comatose little town on the skirt of rock slide highway. steady buzz of loggers drowned out by the preening call of 17 year cicadas and camouflaged katydids.
The spartina mixed with burnt diesel. Her long legs and boots dangled down off the cab of my grandfathers 95 f150 i borrowed for the day. each scissored kick knocking cakes of mud to the concrete curb of some insignificant mexican restaurant.
summer sun already called freckles out across Her cheeks in early june. a light sweat on our foreheads as humid air settled on our skin.
Her skin dried by rays of gold heat. blonde of Her hair draping Her face as loose bobby pins allowed.
i stood beside Her with my arms across my chest if i touched Her id never be able to leave.
Her world cast in the same glow the halogen lamps above poured down and my body ached like bricks for no reason.
days death dripped over us. the dusty heat smell of time doled out like dandelion seeds in a hasted breath.
when will you come Home again? She cocked Her head over at me. Her long neck still swan white despite the sun.
i felt the kiss of Her smile graze against the back of my head. She slinked a hand into my jeans pocket. Her small hands tugging on clay-caked denim.
you dont have to be distant.
il keep that in mind.
you know im not going anywhere. ill be here.
i cant take my eyes off Her. the halogen lights burned down like a flaming field of goldenrod.
il keep that in mind.
leaning Her head against my back She sighed. calming slight of parliaments still on Her breath.
youre kinda stuck with me. She laughed now. each soft chime like a prison bar. i am tethered to Her by my everything.
theres no escape from white camelias or sweet tea or the red-faced-preacher. no escape from coal mines and steel mills. no escape from brown-orange flooded rivers or the sweet stick of pine tar across fingers. no escape from the cream belly of water moccasins or dark blue shale stones skipped across clear creek beds. no escape from the white chip of day-moon behind milk puddle clouds or the creak of that heel-gnawed wood under heavy boots. no escape from screened in porches or the steady roll of hand finished rocking chairs before the blueberry bushes. no
escape from star-strangled silence or the glow of firefly. no escape from the call of wild country dog or hum of dirt dobber. no escape from dew-battered grass that loves like a grandmothers hands or the sun-baked skin cracked to the bone. no escape from Her.
i shut the door on the truck. She stood by my window one last time hands perched on the door like a yellowhammer.
I love you.
ill keep that in mind.