

## Texas Sunset

I want to give you a thousand bluebonnets and a thousand Indian paint brushes and throw them into the air petals fading into clouds smudged with purples and indigos and oranges and reds

and we stand under the Texas sunset and I say *look at what I painted you*

and you say *thank you* and kiss me and there are always fireflies when you kiss me and your tongue in my mouth is like lightning in a bottle

and your love is sticky like the sweat on a child's skin from an afternoon of playing in the creek smiling so big it might swallow all this loneliness

and the way you laugh reminds me of a hot garage agape with its molars of makeshift stools all thin cushion and plywood and milk baskets and thick with Grandpa's stories from when I was still innocent enough to believe grown ups never lie

and I believe you when you say you love me and at night I sleep dreaming dreams that have not bitten me and the thermostat is set to sixty-eight and our limbs are so tangled the Fate's are unable to unravel our love story and when you leave you always come home and you always leave the kitchen light on to remind me there is a home

and I don't wish to die so loudly anymore

and you whisper I love you's into the crook of my neck words puddling into sweet tea leaving me sticky and in the fridge there's always a pitcher of iced tea when I'm thirsty

and there are more chairs than we need at our table for just us and there are never enough chairs for all the people that we love

and the kitchen is too small for all our laughter so we throw open the back door and the windows letting the noise tumble over itself into the yard and the heated breeze swells with songs and sonnets and the cruel cackling of a bug zapper in the distance and I lean into your hair wet with sweat and smelling of wood smoke to bestow a crown of kisses and I wonder when did life become this delicious

and when did I become so famished for joy and when did my life become so full and when will I grow tired of being this happy and when will I mess it all up

and you take my hand and kiss each knuckle like they are polished pennies and you brush your lips across mine like paint over a blank canvas and suddenly I am a sunset.