

## Soulmate

I lay awake at night  
imagining the person you are,  
or perhaps the person I want you to be...

In my mind your soul is an extravagant sinkhole,  
waiting for me to fall endlessly into it.  
In my mind the forever great forgotten love stories  
condense into your amber-colored irises  
in order to resurrect themselves just moments before sundown.  
When I look at you, all catastrophes and drawbacks go extinct.  
And just like that, the sunken ships of intimacy rise up to sail another day.

You understand all parts of me,  
even the ones I don't understand myself.  
Your laugh harmonizes with the whistle of the wind,  
and reminds me of the simplicity in life  
that exists only when we are not plagued  
with such an abundance of distractions.

You are far more peaceful  
than the great stillness of the world at 3 a.m.  
and far more beautiful  
than the aureate hue of the marigolds in the warm summer light.  
You represent all things lovely in the world  
and perhaps it seems idealistic,  
but that is simply who you are.

That time I thought I saw you in that quiet hotel lobby,  
or the time I thought I saw you in the bustling airport,  
or at the park overlooking the Hudson,  
or maybe, just maybe, at the little pizza place on Wilmot road,  
you were never truly there,  
as much as I wanted to believe it.  
I do not know you yet.

As soon as I look up from the page  
that bares the story of you  
and all of your loveliness,  
the fluttering of toxic nothingness circles around me  
until I get up off the floor of my room  
to meet my friends outside.

They help me embrace the insanity of my youth  
before I foolishly attempt to skip ahead to meet you.  
I know you will be out there.  
I'm glad you are not here yet.  
The wonder is its own love story.  
Until then,  
my friends and I holler out the windows of old recalled cars on the parkway  
and swear we are limitless.