

A Love Letter from a Bumblebee to the Bicycle Tire

I've been humming your name all day as it has been buzzing in my thoughts and your beauty, like a flower, keeps me awake another night. On warm summer nights our paths cross but our eyes do not meet. You always told me that you loved how different we were. You called me honey but when you found handlebars, life was simpler for you, and days ached along for me. I guess it was easier to love her and soon you made my stripes feel like a prison uniform, and I was on trial for my own emotions. Dear bicycle tire, you still go around my thoughts more than you go around the block and while I found a home for us to live in, I realized that you were made to run away. The adventures you will have and the places you will explore will give you such joy, but one day you will be worn with holes in your soul, and maybe, just maybe, you'll quit running. Maybe then you will come home.

The Painting

He was an unfinished painting that nobody had to understand to know that he was beautiful. He could draw on a piece of notebook paper and I would frame it. I'm sure he would find this ridiculous. The only thing about this that is ridiculous is the fact that he does not see what is beneath his pale painted skin. He is strokes of ivory with deep eyes that I could fall in. His dark hair shot out of his head in one thousand different directions. His lips were finely pointed but God, did they form a breath-taking smile. Everything about him was created in such strong detail, I could study him for years. I just wish he would let me. I wish he would stop turning his back so I could see more of what he possessed. And I wish he saw me as art too and not just another person with a striking glare to criticize him. I do not understand how one person can resemble so much to a painting and not feel like one. I do not understand how he can shut me out completely one day and invite me to see him at a new exhibit the next. Somedays his skin will be lighter than ivory and possess a vanilla color. Sometimes his strokes of hair will look like waves that lifeguards will put up a red flag to, and sometimes it looks like a whole tsunami swirled above his scalp. His frame is wooden with golden paint, I have yet to touch it. He is an ever-changing masterpiece, and I'm not sure how he does it.

Head, Cars, Bending

It was 3 a.m., downpouring, I was entirely lonely,
Waiting for headlights and blared radios. I waited, waited, waited.
Then you came.
It could have been anyone else,
I still would have ached for your presence. It had to be you.

I am a tunnel, eternally grounded,
You, a car, temporarily passing underneath. You stayed for what felt like hours,
In reality,
You were traveling at ninety miles per hour, Your visit only lasting seconds.

You didn't bother to look up,
Didn't take time to appreciate that I was sheltering you From harsh rains.
You were so careless.
You've driven under many tunnels, Speeding with the windows down.
Your shirt and hair and everything else flew back, The only thing that hadn't was your head.
Why didn't you look back?
Why didn't you bother to check your mirrors?