

Happy Birthday

We've just met, but when they ask
how you make me feel I think
of the feeling of you holding my hands
as I cried
in a movie theatre,
in my car,
saying goodbye, and we just met a month ago. But you held my hands, and held
even my gaze.

I fear letting you hold me again, but what if I do?

I think you will do so tenderly,
like the tenderness I see in your eyes
welled up with tears making them glossy
and squishy in the cold of December at 2 am.

I think you can care for me,
and I imagine you will drive me around,
hand on my thigh, with something soft
on the radio, before you dance with me again,
but this time more courageous than the last,
and when we're tired,

I think

you'll tuck me in bed and hold me.

I think you will feed me when I'm sick, I think you will lotion the parts of my back
I cannot reach, I think you will bake me brownies, and watch my favourite movies,
and show me yours, and try to understand my art, and make your own, and laugh
when nothing is all that funny, and tickle me even though I pretend to hate it
because you know I actually secretly like it, and you will wait with me in long
lines, and walk me out to my car, and when it's cold outside
you'll warm me.

I wonder what Minnesota snow is like.

I think of going there with you,

sitting by a fire,

you wrapped around me, holding my hands, holding my gaze.

Maybe then we'll dance again, quietly, sleepily. But no tears this time,
Just your smile.