

Triptych

For Parker.

I: observing

The chestnut islands floating on your cheeks, forehead, chin.

The bolts of lightning brightening the dark sea of your hair.

The sapphires that dance in your sockets when you're absorbing the world.

The canyons around your mouth that deepen rarely: only when you find something particularly funny, clever, or both.

Someone in the common room said something funny.

I laughed.

You made eye contact with me.

II: knowing

You are allergic to grass.

You find marinara sauce spicy.

You listen to songs for the music, not the lyrics.

You like math.

You eat cereal without milk.

You brush your teeth with prescribed toothpaste.

You text in all lowercase unless you are incandescently thrilled or want to make a point.

You, meekly and without pestering intentions, poke my thigh with your index finger.

You stole my shirt.

You twirl my hair in between your polished fingers.

You like rain.

I like rain.

You walk in the rain with me.

Everyone else sprints inside.

You kiss me.

III: missing

I type my location and your location into the Apple Maps search bar: 6 hours away.

I missed your phone call.

I email you my poems and prose.

I watch my text bubble like a hawk and wait for your read receipt to appear.

I check my weather app: rain.