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our last night

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our last night

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our last night there is a steady rhythm to the dull humming of the engine. We sit in your old green car, waiting out the pouring rain. The window begin to fog, so i raise my hand to the cool glass and wipe the dew away. The echoes of yellow light from the porches along the street sneak in between raindrops.

Water rolls smoothly down your rosy, stubbled cheeks. You peel off your soaked baseball tee, a button missing, revealing your pale chest. Your mussed brown hair becomes a haystack, stubborn straws sticking out a dozen different directions. One callused hand rests on your worn blue jeans, the other uses your shirt to attempt to dry your tired face.

you offer me the shirt, but i take your hand instead.

We listen to nirvana float from the crackling stereo, blending the softs tatic and your sweet voice to compose a heavenly soundtrack i will always remember. I watch your thin, pink lips as you discuss your idea for your novel and your favorites eighties film and your grand plan to get away from this godforsaken town.

I quietly observe the rattling dashboard's orange glow reflecting on your bare skin and graze my thumb over your bony knuckles. abruptly, you lean over the center console to kiss my burning cheeks.

then, you shift the car into reverse.