Art

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Hyperopia

by

Craig Hildreth

Zoology 2

I watched the frayed auburn leaves jump back up onto their ugly branches (as she softly accepted his stammering invitation to dine.)

I heard the frigid snow crackle under their warm footsteps (as they charged across frosted fields of white and sliced through sparkling crystal dust storms.)

I smelled the cool, pine-filled rain seep through the porch screens (as she rested on him in the swing, and he spoke of his world and of the Secrets of the Universe that he thought he had found.)
I felt the blinding, hot, itchy sweat run into my eyes and down the back of my neck
(as she turned away from him on the beach and walked into the waves.)

— He shuffled away and climbed into a gray cloud of guilt,
(and cursed himself for being he) while

She resumed her search for the perfect fingers
to fill the jagged holes in her heart
(and I feared for the Love in my own).