Division

We sit on the frozen stone bench at the corner of the cemetery and spy on the evening city bustle below.

Red, blue and white lights connect like dots to reveal the tight grid safely out of our touch. We hold hands, away from the intersections that hold tight traffic and thought. A blue pine breathes on our backs, its heavy fragrance pricks our necks, awakens the last pine-flavored kiss. From behind the cemetery, Bear Range guards our secrets, our trespasses, our waking bodies. The city-lights vibrate in the whites of your eyes.