

strawberry skies

Kelsey Steinbach

your laugh
followed by a cloud of breath
floating
before disappearing into the early morning air.
the road that led us here was riddled with construction
and unexpected halts.
i began to wonder if the trail was a dead end.
we just haven't arrived,
i think.
for years you wrote my name in the stars
while i danced in the grass.
212 days of questions that have long since been answered,
leave me wanting you more.
now it seems i've climbed in further than you
after you sat like a little boy
with your hands in your lap waiting for dessert.
why do we pull from things in the past?
i, for one,
have made the same miscalculations
regarding my journey to space.
will i
ever find
the formula.
for now,
i'll close my eyes until its only me, you and the moon.