

Paint



SARAH ADAMS

i just want to be smoke.
rise
up and up and up and
watch
you try to catch me.
bat at me like the butterflies
you once captured.

i slip in between your finger tips
grin while you frown
i want
to be the smoke you blow to make rings.
guess at the shapes i make
i will be that careless cloud.

the night is under your skin.
i smell it in your breath, hear it from your whispers, see it in your hair.
you bleed moon and i am the moth you attract.

know that,
it is okay to finger paint the sunset,
as long as you share the moment with me.
we will drive by with our hands out the windows
playing in the
periwinkles, magentas, oranges
it slips through our fingers the way i slip through you.

so let us speed a little faster
my foot on the gas pedal our hands out the windows
knowing that i am Smoke and you are Night
and together
we just painted the sky.