

Amsterdam Prose

The stars lifted me up and away from you. The night sky was brilliant, the waves off the lake were calm. We followed the line that demarcated the two, nothing more than two mostly-black planes.

You were cloaked in darkness too, everything only faintly visible, a ghost of itself. They cradled me, away from you. Why must I be as such? *A prisoner of the stars*. They whirled me around, disoriented me. You were gone before I could say goodbye.

Skippping stones with you on the lakeshore, but to believe we are so free is such *naïvete*. My love, why are we to be cast this way? It was too scary—perhaps I am not ready. The stars did not set me down, I struggled from their embrace. I wiggled myself awake.

And now, I wonder the early morning streets of Amsterdam, searching for some prophetic sign, or a moment of tenderness with the heavens as they hide behind the veil of sunlight as it creeps over those hooks present on all those slanted roofs.

There is a man with his head in his hands and a small guitar case across the canal, there are violets on the bridge, the wind is low with a whisper, and delivery trucks comprise most of the energy.

Dreams feel so real nowadays.
And yet, I don't dream of you.
But I find my mind on your squeals.