

You're probably the freakiest person I know.
I mean that as a compliment, of course. It's
not something I appreciated about you right
away. I really had to relax, sit back... dig
around in your head for a while, get messy
and covered in your mirth before I understood
what I was looking at, or trying to. Even now
I have trouble remembering your face...
But, those hands: strong, soothing, precise.
Nails always painted jelly red.

Did you know your thoughts are like soup?
Constantly changing position? Bubbling over...
unstable. Squishy. When I'm with you I feel
like I'm 8 again, lighting all my toys on fire.
You're brazen, but composed, like a dictator.

Sometimes, in study hall or math class, when I'm
really bored, I like to imagine what you would be
like as a dinner party. Would there be streamers?
Would there be champagne? Unlikely that the meal
would have much to do with itself... you're not really
the type to think about flavour pairings or seasonal
vegetables. But all the elements are there. Every
entrée and condiment in immaculate formation.

But then, all of a sudden, just like that, just
like a fruit, a layer peels back to reveal something
shrill, inconsistent... the way that you can touch your
toes but you can't limbo... the way there always
seems to be something caught in your hair...