

we met in the cul-de-sac

Ella Stewart

she smells like rain today
in a warm-hug-cinnamon kind of way
i don't know anyone else who the smell
of rain sticks to like that and
i want to say something, but.

her eyes are the ocean today
in a calm-before-a-storm-that-won't-come kind of way
it's not that i've ever seen
the sea look like that and
i want to say something, but.

her laugh is a bell today
in a fairy-doorbell-welcome-in kind of way
i've never wanted a sound
to be part of my bloodstream before and
i want to say something, but.

this friendship stings today
in an i-love-you-will-never-be-enough kind of way
i can't hear anyone else's voice
the way i hear hers anymore and
i want to say something

but.