

I Love You For A Minute
By. MJB

Synopsis

Does anyone know how to get a fake ID?
Asking for a sad friend (who could really use a shot of Pink Whitney).

My dear reader,
let me tell you a story.

In April,
a very sad man
met a very lost lady,

and like well intentioned fools do,
they both thought they could save each other.

Maybe they thought it would spare them the trouble
of saving themselves.

Life Lessons From Redneck, PA

It was nice visiting you on that hilltop.
I thought I should tell you that I learned to breathe this weekend.

By the end of the day with you,
I didn't feel like doing my hair anymore.
I liked when it would fly everywhere.

I liked seeing you smile so much.
You said "home" in a way that made me want to share it.

You can feel the sun on your face
when you take off your makeup.
Did you know that?

One of your roosters is missing a lot of feathers; He didn't seem to mind.
He wasn't a very pretty rooster; I liked him a lot.

I hugged some strangers
(I always want to, but I usually refrain).
They hugged me back.

I will never tease you for your tractor again.
That's not true- I like teasing you.
But *I really like* sitting by you on your tractor.
Don't tell the girls (they'll tease me for my tractor-driving farm-boy crush).

I asked your happy dog who her therapist was.
She said it was the grass,
so I talked to Mother Nature.
I'd never met her, but she said she'd known me forever,
and that I was only sad because I missed her.

Come and Go

Once, I saw a fallen tree
ever so precariously
propped against the hillside's knee,
and under... was a spot for *me*.

Enjoying shelter from the rain,
we sat there singing sad refrains,
and worked hard to remember names,
and dusted off old picture frames.

I found the top side of the tree
had fallen victim to sun's bleach.
Oh how I'd beg! Oh how I'd plead!
but the tree- he wouldn't follow me.
So off I went. I thanked my tree.
I thanked my tree quite ardently
for how he had protected me
(his leaves said that there was no fee).

So, if you ever find a plant
and wonder if he'll take your hand-
don't count on it. Don't make a plan.
I promise though,
the shade *is* grand.

Color Blindness

I am fortunate enough to have known a kind man.

It was a shame though,
he was color blind.
The whole spectrum of color was visible,
except
blue and purple were indistinguishable to his lovely eyes.
Everything was blue.

His world was a little heavy on his shoulders.
No middle ground.
No inbetween.
There is fire, and love, and red.
There is water, and sad, and blue.

“Some people,”
he said,
“are only meant to pass through on your journey.”
Our journey split ways that very day.
Our paths only converged for a fleeting, lovely moment.
He was a kind fellow, and I am a tired lady.

I wanted so dearly for him to stay and be the one,
but I think I’d always known he wouldn’t be.

The problem?
My favorite color...
I believe the world is...
I have always looked for...
Someday someone will look at me and see...

Purple.

To Him-

Thank you dear- that's all I'll say.
I'm glad I spent the month of May
missing you and counting days,
and driving hours out your way.

I'm glad I laid there in your arms,
and learned that love's not always hard.
I'm glad you kept me safe from harm,
and taught me to let down my guards.

I hope I helped you just the same-
I guess that's all I really pray.
I wipe my tears with this refrain:
I'm glad my path crossed yours that day.