

Holding Hands in Public

by Glen Binger

Take my hand. Take my hand and we will sail through the atmosphere leaving trails of rainbow speckled life written in musical notes behind us. We can go anywhere you want, whenever you wish. The moon in 1974. I hear the earth looks gorgeous during the seventies. Or Pluto, when it was still a planet. We can pretend we are astronauts exploring the outer limits of the solar system. Hong Kong in 2026. There is bound to be some sort of new technological breakthrough that keeps us from physically aging. That way we can travel through time and space forever, holding each other's smooth, constantly hydrated hands. Vermont 2008, for spring break. We can ride through the softest, pillowy powder you will ever witness. We could do anything. Go anywhere. Anywhere you want to go. People will see us and beam. They will think, *look how beautiful and care-free they are*. And everyone will hear the music that we leave behind and become significantly optimistic in their own lives. Belmar, New Jersey. One word: summer. No one in the world will have more fun than us. I will paint your body with the smiles and memories we create in designs you will not see anywhere else. Your skin will glisten. Your eyes will glow. And your hair will glide. Tan. Hazel. Honey. California, present time. Together we can experience anything and everything. And the only thing powering our constant state of movement will be the tiny system of gears and belts that line up and lock like the batteries in our backs. My negative to your positive. Because it's amazing how perfectly our hands fit in each other.

