

The Mix Tape

by Glen Binger

I made her a mix tape. It was revolutionary. Twenty-two songs she had to hear at least once in her life. I even drew some trippy drug-like designs on the label of the CD to make it seem more real. It was the ocean and the sun and every body of land balled up together in a giant sound. So vast, the sound, that it was near impossible to wrap ears around. Every note of every song on that mix tape meant something to someone. And I wanted it to mean something to her. She was beautiful like the very same music that drifted through her dark yellow flower print dress. I needed her to see that connection. Invisible. I needed her. Eventually I was going to ride my bike over to her house to leave it in her mailbox with a note clipped to it telling her exactly why I thought she should listen to every song on that mix tape. The note would read to her. Just like the way the music sang to her. It would give her meaning to our existence together as human beings. And, after realizing it, we would sail across the universe together in unified peace, listening to the different kinds of music created by different solar system's living organisms. We would float on the notes surviving off nothing but the molecules of water gliding through space as miniature time capsules. And I would hold your hand while we listened to the mix tape I made you on repeat. Over and over and over again.

