

# Condensation on the Glass

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## Condensation on the Glass

Riding down 22, I'm looking out  
the window. Time is a whirlwind.  
Your memory relinquishes itself, yellowed  
and fraying at the edges.

It's raining and cold.  
I make a smiley face in the condensation  
on the window on the passenger's side.  
The smile is soothing and I become a waif,  
I am the white poofs of a dandelion  
sprinkling your lawn with love,  
I am the woman you dare not touch  
for fear of falling.  
I am everything I had never hoped to be,  
I am everything I could want,  
the paradox quickly resolving itself  
in your voice.

