

Condensation on the Glass

by Tiffany R. White

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.

