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The Vernal Pool

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Peer reviewed|Undergraduate

honeybee
By Angel Freeze

i think a lot about how she looked
the day i fell in love with her.

she had messy black hair,
the top half hidden under a beanie
that i can never remember the color of
(i like to remember it being purple,
but it probably wasn't.)

she had soft caramel skin, her body

long

thin

bruised

and i fell in love with her the moment i heard her
talk.

she had a voice like honey,
but she wasn't sweet.

we hid from the world under the oak tree
in my front yard that summer,
eyes closed, burning our lungs
with marlboro blacks,
bathing in the blistering valley heat.
and like sirens,
we would break hearts.

sometimes the hearts of men
who came between us,

sometimes each other's.

i know now that anything we felt that summer
was not meant to last in this lifetime,
but will exist infinitely
before, during, and after it has all been forgotten
because that is the kind of love
this was meant to be;

uncontainable.

and maybe i should have seen her as a real person,
but i didn't.
and maybe that's why things happened how they did.
but we can't undo it.
and maybe some people are artists,

but she was art.

(a.f.)