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Amsterdam

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They told us those stars were rocks we'd never reach.
You didn't believe them then, not now, not ever.
Hands on your hips, head tilted defiantly backward.
Just a kiss.
Out there under the canopy of trees that was our fortress.
Now the rain is hitting the pavement like worms on the sidewalk post flood,
the memories come out of hiding.
"Watch," you said,
flipping over the rail and offering me your hand.
As if my eyes ever left yours.
As if we weren't destructible.
As if all these years later we both wouldn't be throwing rocks at others' glass
hearts because we never really forgot that night on my cracked front porch
when you whispered a word that wasn't goodbye.
Summers come around.
Wander streets, our knobby knees and tans.
You were the first person to ever point out the faint freckles on my nose.
Before we met I was a virgin storyteller.
You gave me a story to tell though, in basements and guitar solos.
Hunched over leather bound notebooks, forearm protective.
"What are you writing about, me?" you asked with a smile.
I laughed indignantly, pretending the butterflies weren't devouring me.
"You're so vain,"
I admonished, though your name was on the page, hidden beneath my hand
like a secret.
My Father liked your rock and roll ways, and my Mother prayed for your
soul under her breath when you drove past music blaring, hand out in a wave.
You were spray paint and fireworks.
You were swing sets and garage bands.
You were vertigo, thunderstorm, pinball and hero.
You were apologies, secret handshakes, mind reader and tears.
Now you're gone.
Gone like my childhood.
Like my fifth cup of coffee.
Gone like that homework assignment I can't find.
You're gone like winter, like the lake house, like smoke in my clothes.
You're gone like every piece I ever wrote and then ripped into shreds.
Like every band I was into when I was fourteen, every radio song that I loved
and failed to catch the name of,
every birthday party.
The place where you show your fingerprints is whenever I try to write about
some other short story with novel potential.