

Hard to Describe

It's just hard to describe *how*
I want her, though.

I want to kiss her
and sleep with her, sure,
but I also want

to sit on a bench by the river
and just watch boats go by with her.

I want to bake molten chocolate cupcakes with her,
marathon the *Die Hard* series with her (except the fifth one);

I want to travel a post-apocalyptic West Coast with her,
wearing cracked sunglasses and wielding twin sawed-off shotguns,
taking to tattered sleepingbags beneath underpasses overgrown
with wet ivy and hubris, but still feeling
all the security we need in each-other;

I want us to co-write an award-winning series of novels
and have fans who crochet chibi dolls of us lying in a hammock;

I want us to star in an animated series
where we discover the world is secretly controlled by ghosts,
and fight to restore balance with the power of pizza,
hi-tech computers, and pointed
but ultimately inconsequential
one-liners.

I want to somehow keep a copy of her
as she is at this very moment
and put it in some kind of ethereal museum,
transcending time and space,
so I can prove for all to see
that somebody as wonderful as she
really did exist.