The Sky's Blueness & Mine JAIDYANNA

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that they would forget to eat and would emerge hours later from that new land of skin and sheets ravenous and drink olive oil from wine glasses just for the calories, makes marrying them next summer sweeter. I picture the viscous legs, the sun-warmed hay bouquet, the body slightly peppery to taste. These are not my memories but I like to think of my friends like that, their own private happiness. Maybe love does change the appetite. My sister has not finished a hot meal in two years. Since my niece has been born, I watch her untouched food go cold as she feeds her daughter of herself then eventually bite by bite of food. The first partner I lived with would bring the kettle boiling to the bathtub when our apartment's water tank was empty and I was still turning damp pages in the tub. Love kept me warm even as his flame for me slowly burned out. I have never wanted my myopic eyes or the constant need of corrective lenses to see, so when Love asks me to help her put unnecessary contacts in I am surprised. I am nervous to touch another's eyes. I do it though, holding her face so still in my hands, these hands that have been in her many nights, holding her so gently, as I hold my breath and cover her sight with a blue as vast as the sky, as bright as mine.

That they fell in love under the open sky,

