

Topic: beauty

Just another could have been. .

She laughed like the crunch of cereal.

It wasn't a beautiful one, or one that would make you fall in love with her.

But you'd laugh twice as hard when you saw her candy cane mouth spread wider with every giggle.

I'd often look at her, in wonder as she yapped on about her latest boy band crush and seven ways to paint your nails cotton candy pink. Oh and that really cute Taco Bell employee.

When she left a room, you could taste her in the air.

I don't mean the perfume she had sprayed (which she really needed to btw)

But her human scent.

Even now I can't place what that idiot tasted like.

It was.. an explosion of flavors all at once.

Happiness like chocolate chip mint ice cream baked with the annoyance of soda that gets stuck right up your nose.

Oh, what I wouldn't say to you if you were here.

She once asked me what my favorite word was.

I said mine was honeysuckle.

She said hers was almost.

Because almost meant that you were on the brink of something beautiful, but not quite there yet.

She was almost at tomorrow, until she left behind the tremors of a future on my trembling lips.

I now squeeze my eyes shut when I suck on sour candy, but even my closed eyes don't block the zing of contrast you brought into my life.

I wheeze when the spice hits me, knowing the tingle of your presence on my tongue won't be drowned out by a medium as bleak as water, because honey, you were more than just one who went with the flow.

But I smile when I drink in your memories, as you feed my buds a dash of hope, sprinkled with the possibility of more than just an almost.

Darling, you more than just painted my palate.

And you will never know.