We will meet at the airport in Vegas, by the vending machines with bouquets of red roses. We will rent a car and you will request paper maps for the four neighboring states and they will give you one. You will spread the map out and tape one end to the dashboard, and by 360 miles of the southwestern desert across the front seat. I will not be able to make out the map from the wheel and you will get into the back seat to watch me drive from behind.

I will drive for nearly five hours till we have crossed the border into California.
You will reach around my neck and drop olives into my mouth.

You will tell me the story again, of the dolphins that would shift shape into handsome men, dressed in white suits and hats that match and conceal their blowholes. You will fall into a tangent on what clothing makes a man appear most cute, nodding seriously as you consider where the waistline of a dark-wash pant should sit.

At the perimeter of the park, we will stop at a Smith's grocery store and press our thumbs into the ends of cantaloupes to check if they have any give and buy four that we fit into an insulated bag with blue hibacus flowers on the outside. It is 3:30 PM and I will feel irritable from driving and say that melons have intricate surfaces but that no one has intricate ideas about love around big breasts. I will continue to say, that to understand the flesh that makes up our chest, we would have to exhaust its nourishment first.

You will draw out a diagram of a melon, illustrating my instructions.

The drawing will demonstrate a hole being carved out of the melon's navel, removing a circular section with a small y-shaped stem attached. Then you will draw a hand holding a silver spoon with a slight curve scooping out the orange flesh and write in a swirly font underneath,

"Continue this step till the scraping can be felt on your palm through the thinning melon skin."

On the last remaining page in your notebook, you will draw pieces of melon skin folded into themselves like gray paper. Beneath this drawing, you will sign your name and write to confirm that—to your knowledge—I have been living in my identified gender for at least two years.

As we enter the valley, the sun will have begun to set. We will have no plan and follow a trail of headlights up a reddish mountain.

At the crest of the mountain, that we will later come to know as Dante's view, we will set up camp for the night, mostly mumbling to ourselves. We will share a can of cold chili and compile wimpy desserts like marshmallows stuffed with peanut butter. With your arm wrapped around my side and your hand pressing firmly against my sternum, I will dream of the dolphins.

In my sleep, I find myself lying on a bed in a house off the coast of Massachusetts. There, I interact with the forms that make up the room in a cryptic way that isn't sex but feels as relational and intense as sex. A white comforter folds over a pillow beside me with small yellow flowers from which an eye emerges. I understand this textile form as a female dolphin and feel incredibly nervous and unable to take my eyes away from her.

The next day, we will be awoken by water droplets that form on the car windows overnight and fall onto our faces.

You will be half asleep while I recall my encounter to you. I will not have shared any words with the dolphin, but as I describe her to you, I will remember what she told me.

I will tell you of the dolphin's melon, a sac composed of wax and fat that sits between her snout and her blowhole. I will speak matter-of-factly about the way she let me look into her blowhole to make out the foggy substance that she molds inside her head, shaping the way sound passes in and out of her body. I will tell you how the substance of the melon is toxic to the dolphin, how she will not be able to digest its nutrients regardless of how much she may desire it.

You will laugh and tell me that you knew all this already, rubbing the sleep from the creases under your eyes.

The sun will have started to rise, and you will crawl into the front of the car to retrieve two melons, a metal bowl, and a spoon. I will watch quietly as you flesh the fruit entirely, into the bowl. You will lay out pieces of melon skin on the dashboard, pinning them down with a bone you found yesterday.

You will hand me the bowl and a piece of hardened grain bread, and I will eat it. I will think about how I can not remember the dolphin's name—only yours will come to mind.