

# Contact Lenses, Marbles, and Butterflies

By Nick Anderson

Rebekkah, do you remember the dance you asked me to?

We were two innocent pals

unscathed by the youthful expectations of love,

we wore costumes instead of gowns and ties

a mockery of the whole dumb concept

“We're not taking this seriously,” see,

“we're not looking our best,

because what do we have to prove,

who do we have to impress?”

We danced like idiots

to all the wrong songs

and soaked in the stares

as disco lights painted the gym floor

we held hands

we even

well

We danced slow this once

My arms tightened a crescent around your waist,

your arms crossed behind my neck

and for a second we were doing something better than dancing  
or maybe dancing for the first time  
Limbs relaxed, our bodies swaying  
no longer restrained by schoolyard notions  
of what it meant to hold somebody

When the music faded we released  
and just like that, whatever magic we had created  
that had been pressed between our bellies  
dropped to floor and scattered like  
a billion contact lenses, marbles and butterflies  
and I swear Rebekkah, each day durring P.E.  
I searched every corner, waved a sock in every rafter  
but I never found a piece of it again.

Now every night before sleep, when the forms soften in my mind  
I hear heartbeats synched to bad 90's R&B  
I see rainbow colored spheres  
and smell your perfumed hair  
Because I've held a thousand hands since then  
taken more than my share of lovers  
I have chased down every carnal pleasure  
but not one holds a candle to the way I felt  
when our hands cupped so innocently  
and your head touched my chest for the first time.

. . .

I tried to find it again, in your tired eyes  
one week past, 8 years late.

When you leapt from the car door Gabriel played jazz -  
your arms around my neck again  
as your lips parted they played an arresting melody  
like a music box I hadn't opened since the world was simple and small.  
The whole day was painted blue grey to match your eyes,  
a watercolor bleeding into your soft, desaturated hair  
Your features used to be brighter, I know -  
your colors have faded since you breathed out that holy ghost  
that was wrapped around your heart  
It seems that in the space left it started to beat a little  
and the thump you felt in your thumb found my phone number  
across the keypad of your phone

This was the moment I waited for Rebekkah,  
though I knew it would never happen the way I saw it in  
those myriad half-dreams I self-medicate with  
The holy ghost is a sleepy guard  
and the realities that snuck in  
ripped the saran wrap off your dreams  
and before you knew it, you were an adult like me  
and Rebekkah, we never found those  
contact lenses, marbles, and butterflies,  
but god dammit if we didn't try  
some things we just have to let go

and when your hand danced a goodbye  
I breathed out the last of my goodness too  
And I blew it out towards you

Could you smell it on the air Rebekkah?  
That one was for you.