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Pointe Park

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Pointe Park

By: Jessica DiSalvatore

We hop out of your rounded car
and sit on an acrylic green park bench.

The Artist swirls blues greens and purples
above us. We watch the glowing blue bridge
protect passerby cars and paint the quiet river.

The curves of the gleaming water,
the arch of the bridge,
the slope of your back, and the decline
of the green hill disappear

as I lie back on the ground
and fall into a spinning Van Gogh.
Hands pressed in the grass, you
hover over me. My knee-length
black dress curves over my thighs

and I pull at your perfectly
knotted purple tie.
No one was around except
a shaking black minivan.

We kissed as the sun,
peeling and half eaten,
gleamed orange in the swirling sky.

Only the crouched bridge that
began to rise winked at us.