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I Want To Swing On That Swing Next To You

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I WANT TO SWING ON THAT
SWING NEXT TO YOU

and tilt my head so far back
that my hair touches the ground

I want to talk about the past
I mean all the way back to the dinosaurs

and wonder why we grew
more than one cell

and sit here
in the starlight
and wait for the meteorite

because it's coming and it's going
to change everything

and I want to sit here in the darkness
with my body as a window
showing pictures of
people walking here and there
and living

like an explosion
layers of fire
a cannonball
a dahlia

I want to pull you into this water
and hold you under
until you smile
and see mermaids
and male sea horses

giving birth
squeeze you so hard it makes a bruise
fragile pushing into fragile

then light a candle
in a paper lantern
watch it rise into the night
and burn itself to pieces