

Slow Changes

*Only the very young and beautiful
Can be so aloof.
-Tom Robinson*

In my present form of existence every day seems kinda blue. My mornings begin light blue, middays have become a flat, sick blue, and night, nights have become a frighteningly, shadowless blue. But I remember a time when...

She wore a dark green, shoulderless, sundress. The sun, which paled the skin of children and strangers, seemed to give her body a glow. Her hair, once a full brown, lightened that summer to a wheat white. I remember she refused to cut the stubborn strands away from her face and she became practiced at flipping her head to clear her vision. Her lips, too thin to become the main focus of her face, fit her heart-shaped head perfectly. I was just a guy lucky to be in presence of her edifice. I'm sure I gawked and stumbled sometimes. She didn't (or pretended not to) notice. I would follow her around and watch the rainbow of colors that swathed everything.

That day we ended up at the park with baguettes and big gulps and an old acoustic guitar. Her green dress formed a halo at her knees as I shielded myself behind weathered wood and six steel strings. I tried to show off new jazz voicing but always ending up back at Cat Steven's *Peace Train*.

She took the guitar from my hands and stumbled with the Asus4 that started the song. The change from Asus4 to A was the most recognizable part and once you perfect that, you are lulled

into believing you can actually play the song. Her slow change from Asus4 to A was perfect. At least I knew what she was playing. She smiled at me pleased at my pleasure.

She put the guitar aside and finished her big gulp in a flurry. It was as if she was in a rush to finish. Once done, she moved to my lap. The green dress now fell around my legs and I became part of her island. She closed her eyes and breathed through her nose. I resisted the urge bend down and kiss her. I was the player not the director. I only moved on cue.

I held my breath and waited.

The sun started fingering its way through the trees and the slow change from shadow to light was the cue. She opened her eyes and reached up for my face. When flesh touched flesh the whole world turned a bright gold. She kissed me and gold it stayed. That's where the act ended.

She left later that summer; left on a Sunday. I knew she was leaving. I was shocked none-the-less. It took a while before the gold started to fade. It did fade.

Now, here in my blue world, laying awake on a shadowless blue midnight, I remember that summer and struggle to sleep. I know what was lost that Sunday. And I know what was gained in all the Sundays that followed. But here I am covered in this blue and I'm beginning to think that I will never see that gold again. And the night makes a slow change to light blue.