

Warm Crayons and the Passage of Time

Gabriel Ramos

For Teddy –

The First Time I laid eyes on you.
March of some year, I think.
I remember it was dark. A bit cold.
But the stars shone bright in your hair.
I remember the first:

“Hello,”
the first giggle,
the first “Wait. What?”
that just rolled off your tongue at my first inquiry.

Your voice so dulcet. Slipping, sliding right under the veneer that enveloped my skin like water that merely trickles through rock – yet still manages to chip away without care or consequence. Shaping everything it touched (or – ever will touch). From the first exploration, your heart a verdant land unknown to me. So enthralled, I couldn’t help but explore.
Then, it was very late. And even colder. But I wasn’t ready to leave the warmth of your dagger mind and silver lips lest I freeze. So, I sheltered you in Green - the color of the verdant pasture that you transfigured into.

You melted my heart like crayons in a drier.

I dreamt of you.

It was still some time in March. It was warm now. Now we talked of monsters – good ones. And princes and their roses. You shed my Green and showed me the redness of your soul.

I became absolutely enamored. My mind was flush pink – in your absence, blue hung in the air where you had tread. When I finally sensed you again rainbows soared through the sky. Like a child whose mother finally bought him the new 48 pack of Crayolas. She created a masterpiece on the wall, free from any care unafraid of the repercussions that could await her. She used every color in the pack.

Impressive.

You melted my heart like crayons in a dryer.

My heart leaps. Now April, or May or July or something like that. Cherry blossoms are in bloom and I can sense strawberries on your lips. You are the subject of the eye of the most magnificent painter – and of course the little boy you inspired to scribble with abandon.

Something tells me that wax doesn't ever go back quite the same way after it gets hot.