

Sign Crushes Motorist

Jared Miller

I had a dream about you
the night before my birthday

we were in my bed
our legs were where our heads should've been
I was on top of you
your shirt was off
I held you like a vice around your chest
so tight I feared cracking your ribs
we weren't having sex
that was never the intention
we were talking
whispering
giggling
I gave you kisses on your naked shoulder

you were not something won or conquered
you were camaraderie personified
a person who I both saw myself in
and admired with my whole being

our hearts beat against one another
each desperately hoping to break out of their respective cages
to become a singular atom
at once
it was like what being in love is like
it felt like being home

it was over quick
even for a dream, it was a quick and blurry flash
still the brief vignette stuck in my head
I told you about it the next morning
the morning of my birthday
I can't remember what you said