

Kristina McHaddad

This is Not Purple or Red -- #1

This night is conducive to almost any scene, I think, as I balance her hard against the stone wall behind her, as though I know some secret she does not. And she believes me.

This is Not Purple or Red -- #2

I remember the thin slice of orange moon falling quickly into the Mexican ocean, the rough weave of the blanket between us and the cool ground, and the strength of her arms. She says she wants a word somewhere between like and love. I could hand her the fogged windows of my car and she might define it accordingly.

This is Not Purple or Red -- #4

She says, buy me a red shirt with a pocket on the front, as though it were that simple for me to buy some things red: a book, a hair ornament, cherries. She does not know red is a color I can wear only outside where there is enough air to diffuse it. I still fall in love with women who drive red cars and do not see me.