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Postcards

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We are eating huge apples with both hands, juice running down our fingers. Still running, this tiny, tired car clunk-clunks up a dizzy mountain road. All windows open, wind runs into the backseat, licking our faces, drying the juice all the way down to our elbows. The wind pulls at my hair, twists the long strands over my lips and into my mouth. I push it away with sticky forearms. When you are done with your apple, you will hand me the core to eat right down to the seeds and then them, too.

We are driving home from Sleeping Bear Dunes, and I am sleepy from trying to find meaning in postcards when last night's sunset was amazing as well. It sinking, I snuck off to climb a big tree and think the big thoughts that would not come. Bark clawed at my back like fingernails and pushed me out of the branches.

Now, I stare out the window at forty miles per hour, holding back my hair with both hands, apple gone and hungry, again, for stimuli. We pass Zimmerman Tree Farm, and I think of Bob Dylan, him, as a farmer, I think all the same thoughts that I've thought before.

Wondering, is your view better? I twist in my seatbelt and there you are in my way. You startle me, seeing your shoulders are shaking in a belly-rolling laugh that I cannot hear. You have gone crazy, stuffing chunks of the entire apple into the soft folds of your cheeks. You are smiling a wide apple smile, only catching me looking when you hear happy gasping, my giggle rising over clunks and Johnny Cash. Your apple-smile turns to me, tilting, chunks shining through a glistening grin, gleaming drops dribbling down your trembling chin. Your eyes are crying, wild, on fire. You can barely breathe, but it's so fun!

I throw back my head and let go,