

Summer's Started Changing Already Gone

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Miley did this thing where she
Wrote a song about this guy she used to love,
Now grown distant from,
Something about needing the city, and no longer the ocean,
The woman's got like nine homes, alright, and
Apparently this guy, Chris,
Sorry, his brother,
Like,
He never knew how she'd felt about any of it,
Up until one day he'd gone off in his car and just heard it on the radio,
That new song of hers
About that pool and pill life and having to leave him for the city and she's got an orchestra playing
for her when she's performing it live and all and she's forcing these tears of hers and all of this
heartbreak she'd hid off from ever admitting to anyone but papa dollar, knowing she'd never get off
it of it the right way, singing it to his face and making sure her eyes are locking in with hers.

Thought she sucked but look at me now.

Summer's started changing, almost gone,
I'm weary if this time apart should have been
For the better
In that
I'm sorry, but,
That maybe we should have
Simply stayed where we were the first time we stayed apart,
And we both assumed we'd done what was best for one another.

You need me like a box. I needed you like a pedestal.

If not to get higher than at least to feel as though I already were.
You'd put me where the linens were.
I was good at thinking that maybe they were made of
Lace or paper flowers
And this closet is just us on the floor
Of some home
Not yours but maybe partially mine
And there's a mattress
And you don't mind the smoke
And I don't mind the plastic cups
And there's a distance
Though my ankle's on your shin
Some sort of cracked-back lullaby's playing out of the AC.

Even though the window's open
And the sounds are dancing with the
Breeze between the clapping of the blinds
And our groans sound as crisp as the air,
Until it was time to wriggle out of bed and time to play
And masquerade and hide the poles we truly were of our uncompleted world.

You admitted you wanted a man
Someone who stood equal to you and your stature, not your back but the other kind you favor, the
Hi-Tops likeability
Round for the table, back and forth
Nights of nice
But of kind
Of holding
Needing kneading,
No.

I was the parched starvation of your larynx.

'I loved you at a 10 and you loved me at a 24, I win.'

Once your words of dismissiveness
Somehow forgiven again, when yes, I clung,
And yes I crazed
But it's how I loved back then
And lurched with bated stillness
Towards your critique of the quirk
The things I've got to fix
Always fixing
And wrenching
But apparently
A different pipe or beam, every time
And I did it, I fucking did it
So I could house you
In this house of mine
And fix me
So that perhaps you
Can finally see you fit in
Within the carcass of all that was my love for you, but.

I don't know that you even wanted that.
No, I forgot. I'd always known that about you.

You say I taste disgusting
From the flavor of my tongue

The moment
After I have smoked
That's it
No more kissing or touching
Your ticket to leave me
No longer even out front of
My home
Lately even
It's just been at the bar
Goodbye from the bar
The one you loved
The places you always took me to, those places with names and
Shadows of acquaintances
Who see me not by name
But by the docile, broken sweetheart
Chosen finally and
Sided with the enigma of your ego.

I was tired.

Yes of you
But of this city
Perhaps you are LA after all,
Unless of course
The city's made you right in its eyes, just
Nice.

November of last year.
I've only known you for so little.
You'd said you'd got my number.
Akbar after downtown with my mother
She'd come to visit me
Remember
And I went on over and
you jabbed me with your finger
Lower than my shoulder
'hey, you're cute'
Remember that?

Leaning up against the bar,
T shirt
Kid jeans but for a man
I said 'thank you'
Needing to pee.

There it started getting blurry.
You'd asked me what I did
Almost excited, knowing I'd ask you in return.

In between the drinks I'd
Go out for myself
To smoke with myself and
Talk to myself
And
Be with myself
The chemical mix
That erasure is mine
Feeling like a man
Who's made the mistakes of a boy
But in those fine moments
Something spectacular in my head
Had played
A movie of a dream
That injected my veins
With the pop rock crackle of
Wanting tomorrow
Until knowingly tomorrow morning
Hit.

You never minded the smoke back then. Was it bait?

We moved to the jukebox and continued on
Excited to ask me where I lived
So you could tell me you had a roof, and so
I followed knowing I was an easy sell
But also thinking
Something about you
There was something hidden
Deep in you but maybe I could hit
And nerve-connect
With you
Like that scene in Avatar
Ponytail sex
Or maybe even just a sling
Maybe you had something more in you you'd admit but then for now
It was just a roof
And a TV outside, a TV roof, that never fucking worked.
You'd always try to finagle
With the fucking thing
Instead of looking what was

Just beyond the ledge -
A pool of stars littered in a basin bucket
Hills so dark they reminded me of thunder.
For just a moment I had it
With you
My arm around your waist
Plastic cup of ice and the expensive shit
A view made ours but
Only for a moment,
Until I saw it in your eyes and saw you looking out and thinking that that's what people did with
views they savored them like steaks,
Remember when you said that thing about
You seeing the forest while
I stay focused on the tree?

The things said over text
Still only
Six blocks apart.
The need of being right over the need of being with each other.

Part of that bar conversation,
You know, that night we first met --

It was the fact in a long ass while
I hadn't really,
You know

Come out.
In the sense of like.
Coming out.
With what I am.
Have.

Even now I have trouble writing it outloud.

But I told you.
And maybe the song was right.
And we'd only kissed four times.

I'd said, you know,
And you'd said, you know, with a shrug but without a shroud, you'd asked me, really,
You'd said,
'But aren't you still you?'

You did.

Knowing now what's left of what I know of you today,
I've teetered the thought if that you or you being nice or you living with your liver,
But no, I've deduced over time and with time because I'd be a fucking lunatic otherwise by giving
into my paranoia that,
No,
All of that - was the most you'd ever be with me, and that was also the most of me I'd ever be with
you.

I said yes.
'And you're taking care of yourself?'
'Of course.'
'Then what's the problem? You're you. Staying you.'

I don't blame you for not remembering. If in fact you had. Thinking you'd forgotten has made it
easier for me, at least.

You were being you. And I was being me hearing something I'd never thought I'd hear out of a guy
with your proclivities and habits, status. I'd come to assume things like guys like you, and with your
words in my ears, I was willing to do all that I could to ensure you wouldn't prove this -
phenomenon of a man - you - just like all the others.

I deluded myself into thinking I could help you there. In fact, I'd deluded myself into believing I
could keep you there,
And in retrospect
That wasn't an assumption
But rather an ignorant
Obligation
Towards a man who'd already
Believed he was one and therefore is, you know, a
Completed one,
But I admit, Yes.
Something that I pegged as
Something worth expanding upon was just me,
Trying to course-correct you,
I.

I guess at first that's what made me stay,
Thinking I could iron out the kinks
With you I'd yet to see,
Ignoring that we didn't know what we'd yet become,
Even though,
With everything in my power I tried to find untrue, you always
Validated me.
I'd always known you had.

You gave me back my presence, by offering the extra that was yours, freely.
I hadn't felt it in me
That power,
Since before that day at the clinic back in 2016.

It was enough for me.
Needle in my arm, I was running with you baby,
Never looking for something new to inject
Into my poison-filled blood and soiled liver,
Until those times I let slide,
The times you brought it up with the hurrying and the towels so you wouldn't get it, 'that's how you get it,' you were wrong, but who was I to argue you'd just bought dinner and everything I'd ever wanted without earning, God, or needing, to the point when I was gifted anyway I thought my God, I could poison you, why on this fucking Earth did you decide to stick it out with me? Why me if you're so fucking scared? Why me if it meant the surrender of the refractory? Why me if the ways in which I could make you feel the way you'd make me feel alive were subpar, half of a gift card, a drive down to Palm Springs with a broken-tired SUV on the ride back to LA. I felt inferior, and perhaps what it fucking was was that throughout all of these goddamn days in these goddamn hills I'd become convinced finally, after years, that there was nothing to me,
When there was so much to you.
No one was you.

Maybe what you are is how
You make me feel
What more is ever a person?

I wanted to stay with one foot out the door,
Others no less seeing it there, my foot,
They'd ask me 'Man, what's up,'
And I'll smile knowing you'd be coming
Down the steps any second now,
Hopefully holding that door open so that I could carry in all that I was and of this world.

I should've never made you carry my shit.
But maybe you shouldn't have told me all of what I had was shit to begin with.

I believe I loved you
And that one day maybe you'd know how to love me too
Or more
To love being with me and
Take my hand
At least for now, back then, I mean, maybe just the finger, I'd think -
'Quick!
It's turning into Winter!
The Wet Season lies ahead and there will be

parties to attend
And whiskey to sip and
Suits to wear
And lights convincing us
Now with these festive
Feasts
Of fervor and froyo
Or Yayo
And we can show the world
And we still have each other
The blind with the Mute
Maybe it's the other way around
Who cares
Just
Get your phone out
Put it on the both of us
Until the both of us are looking good
Good enough to be
And or convince
People will be happy

Lol

To see us, at least
At least it'll sound like that to us
When to them
Those we really care about believing us
Will see us as just a moment
Of their night
In their own worlds
Feigning convinced admiration
For the both of us
Sticking together
Until they go home
To who and what they are and need
And we're in our Uber
And my street's just coming up around the corner.'

Poles, remember?

Perhaps in that capacity
We were perfect for one another.

When the light of your eyes
Come across these final words

I expect you will say no thing...
With the same amount of time it takes
For me to
Hit up my stories on IG and pull up to see
And hope to God at the bottom of my scroll there you are just peeking in your cave
And by graces of wind and fortune
I'll catch your name and your handle and at once like it's always been the case I'll know deep down
that you will have me always.

Just. Know that.