Mysterious Figure

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Is God a girl? you asked as we climbed the Coast Range, your taste for iron and salt expanding beyond your 1,875th day. Do numbers go forever? Our small car rounded a curve and caught sight of the shimmering sea. If numbers keep going, there must be a day-itty. You said it that way, your cheeks the color of apricots, beautiful mind hungry as one bee—no cloud, no chord, no stone, no poem can ever be like yours. Today, mysterious figure we never dreamed, you blow on your alto saxophone lonely numerals with love, numbers that have no other.

Let the tender hands of the clock turn the pages, and raise your family of notes. Life moves with sweet intensity, blossoms geometrically, as your fingers discover twilight. We blow a kiss to the mystery of who you are, and our lips touch infinity, this small world—all the rest, rumors in the grass. You play the wind without fear, listen for the rain and take flight with the ferocity of one drawn to song, sculpting your own Greek isle. With each breath you seek an omnipotent being to whom power means nothing, a heaven that has no need of honey.