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A September Kind of California

M. J. Scott

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Bourbon Sky / White Dress

M. J. Scott

In the miles traveled to California we inhaled the late summer heat with the windows open.
 /surging into a sunset that peels into a hazel sway
 The west coast had been on her mind for far too long, and I wanted to see her soaked in happy.
 /we had cast ourselves from the wrist of our vestige
 Though national news warned of a burning that would last a while we hardly considered the risk.
 /to fade into the realness of our symmetry.
 Dry colors of the deserts we crossed confessed the unforgiving nature and intent of the sun.
 /through methods of bonding to our great creation
 The air in Joshua Tree tasted crisp and unspoiled by soot that weighted on parts of the state.
 /we gathered unhurried in the stillness of our observations
 In Pasadena our caution heightened to the smoke and fluttering ash that blanketed the highway.
 /and the burdening of time and pressure fell idle.
 The skies cleared in Los Angeles but the heat had pushed the mercury to an unwelcoming high.
 /and as uncharted realms within us began to broaden
 And so we drove on, determined to explore all of the Santa Barbara region yet untouched.
 /in the while of our deciphering and resolutions
 Coastal piers stretched in the quiet evening waiting out fires, and the calmness was haunting.
 /we reserved our empathies for passions left unfound.
 The shore lines rolled into overlooking hillsides far from shades of distress and melancholy.
 /she will believe these moments in time are meant for us
 We came upon pristine vineyards and farmlands tucked away in a range of chaparral landscapes.
 /as I will forever owe these moments to her.
 It was there we discovered a lake collapsed under a marigold haze, but surviving the thirst.
 /guided by the most prevailing power and purifier
 Standing there, together, we felt we were meant to witness a view that would outlast us both.
 /our bond will always lead us beyond our searching.





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