**Letter to a Friend**

Julie Weiss

You sliced the apple into two halves

and handed me one, seeds clattering

onto the plate, our fingers grazing.

Juice surged, like blood from my heart.

Like desire. Everything was a sign

for a language that hadn´t yet danced on my tongue.

The wind in a trance, twirling across the sky,

a pine tree leaning towards us, its shadows

flirting with our footfalls, the wobbly pirouette

into your arms as needles rained down.

Ladybugs flying back and forth between us,

my secret thoughts heavy on their wings.

You haunted my dreams, the ghost of your body

hovering over mine, my budding breasts

quickening as they brushed against yours.

Mornings, I wondered about the state of your sheets

but could never conjure the courage to ask:

in those days, small town talk turned to remedies

for a love like mine. Parents would snap your confession

in half like a bothersome twig, or an arm bent backwards.

In your treehouse, as we studied and gossiped

and beaded best friend bracelets, the ceiling

of my mind would come crashing down.

On the floor, your face inches above mine, I thought

you dreaded it, too, how the hours would splinter

as if struck by lightning. How, as the last few minutes

scattered about our feet, my mother´s voice

would drift across the fence, calling me home.