



I am reminded of cotton candy

by Sophia Craig

as clouds of pink smeared behind the trees. We were sitting on marching band blacktop when your voice fluttered into my ear: I think the more manga I read, the more committed I am to this relationship. These unexpected words clashed against the frisbee-throwers and racquet-carriers occupying an otherwise typical Tuesday. I stifled a laugh. It was like a movie where one of the protagonists says something abnormal, but the love interest would stay, always encouraging the peculiar. This feels just like a movie, doesn't it? I nodded and proceeded to direct a scene of us testing scratchy couch cushions and asking ourselves why couples fantasize about growing old. Blue skies eavesdropped as you looped a finger around my shoelace. You are very pretty. You looked at me, and I wanted to ask if shirts from Vancouver and oily, unbrushed hair showed up often in your manga love stories. I wanted to ask if you would curl my hair behind my ear. The evening wind lowered from a whistle to a hum so I could smile at my shoes and do it myself.

