

Ascension
by Luivette Resto-Ometeotl

We lay on the hood of your '96 Tercel
watching the planes land underneath
an unusually clear LA sky,
imagining heading off to lands
where money is abundant
like sand and possibilities.

And when "Love Song" by The Cure played on the radio,
you dragged the tops of your fingernails
up and down my forearm,

as we shared the same early memories of
smoking bidis for the first time
in your step-mom's basement,
watching 1970s porn like it was a documentary,
reciting each other's fortunes from Chinese takeout.

Logic dictated that you wouldn't like me,
allow me to touch the scar on your right eyebrow
and ask for its story.
But you did.
You confessed to enjoying the silence of
libraries, funeral homes, churches.
Became an atheist when your parents divorced,
left you wondering if you would ever be a good father.

Feeling the coldness of metal on my back
I inched closer to your side of the car,
listened to the unevenness of your breath
between the sounds of jet engines.