

## Endless Nights

Running late, last to board  
I stumble toward my seat. Too many tall drinks with  
too many short term friends at the airport bar.  
I find my seat  
what luck  
two blondes and me in the middle.  
Aisle seat was a German girl.  
She fell asleep as soon as we took off.  
Window seat  
Your typical Tom petty American Girl,  
*She* wasn't tired.

Brushing back her coiled blonde hair  
she turns to smile at me  
raising her high cheek bones only higher  
Even in her casual dress her snow white beauty was evident.  
What was it we talked about?  
I can't remember  
don't much care to  
topic is not important when spark makes fire.  
A long trip made short as humor and outgoing personalities come together  
We took to one another like bird to flight.  
Laugh at me and I laugh at you,  
what is to come now  
as our bird in flight comes down.

LA  
City of Angels  
and me with a personal tour.  
“Let me give you a ride.” She said  
Take me for a ride  
Show me this LA  
Lock the doors and show me Compton.  
Tell me why there are tennis shoes on telephone wire.  
Show me the liquor store where the shooting was last week.  
Take me down the Sunset Strip,  
show me the road seen and heard in movies and music  
Show me Venice beach where come morning  
street vendors will sell everything under the California sun  
Have me create my own memory  
as we put the pedal to the floor and travel a bit too fast.

It’s now around Two in the morning  
as we waltz into a tequila bar.  
The stench of cigarette smoke was so thick you could taste it.  
This bar revels in Mexican culture.  
The sounds of a Spanish girl singing softly  
as the mariachi band plays her song of love.  
Pictures of sun scorched men pushing horse-drawn plows  
wearing sombreros and serape capes.  
The waitress comes over and we order drinks  
“Si senorita, dos tequilas por favor.”

One more round leads to one more memory  
as I am taught the many tastes of Mexico.  
Engaged in each other's eyes we trade stories like baseball cards  
and I hang on her every word.  
Look in my eyes as I look in yours  
*junto viviremos en noche nuestra interminable!*

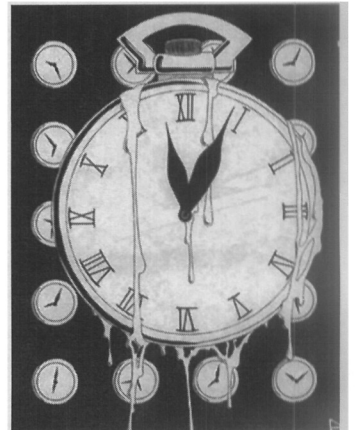
As all good things this night must end  
She drops me off at my Brentwood hotel.  
She gives me her number without being asked  
She gives me a hug  
appropriate for the moment.  
We reflect on the past hours  
what a good time we had—  
together.  
She sits back down and smiles at me one last time.  
Goodnight.  
Goodbye.

Looking back at these faded memories  
still seeming clear  
I am left to wonder why that night had to end.  
Now, I can only dream of that wonderful night  
with such a wonderful girl,

whose name I can't remember.

---

<sup>1</sup> together we will live in our endless night



Jonathan Riddle