

Fireworks

July nights are blue-green cough syrup kisses that leave everyone drowsy and blissful. The air hangs thick and tired spreading the illusion that each star is stuck in quicksand. The heat from the height of the day leaves a salty aftertaste. I lick my well-sweated shoulder to test the fact. The car hums a pleasant tune from where I sit on its roof next to my mom. I giggle for no reason other than to hear her giggle back. The car still ticks metallicly, cooling down from the exhausting 2-minute car ride. Dad is helping Kendall paw her way up through the sunroof. When our seats are settled there is a feast of red licorice and bon-bons. Popcorn is still warm from the microwave; I brush my finger on the buttery paper bag affectionately. We are blocks from our house, perched atop a steep hill the shape of a dragon's back. Fire works are spreading like wildfire in the sky. Radiant light rains down with every burst until only our eyelids can see the memory of it. Here I am happy.