

what is copy?

It is the soft, spongy feel of your first Keds,
and wanting to run forever.

It is believing you can fly.

It is snap, crackle, and pop - slip, slither, and glide.

It is the smoldering innocence of a first kiss,
the shuddering sorrow of goodbye.

It is the soft buzz of a sleepy afternoon,
and thunder rolling across a flat Kansas prairie.

It is the breath of life being sucked into a newborn baby's lungs.

It is warm, soft leather against your legs
the crisp smell of new paint and freshly minted metal
the wind in your face
and 140 miles an hour.

It is the promise of things half seen.

It is the word of God
and the soft whispers of the Devil.

It is your stomach
dropping away with the whoosh of a roller coaster,
melting at the touch of a tiny hand.

It is the glimpse of an almost forgotten face,
the scent of an unremembered perfume.

It is love, envy, joy, sorrow,
pride, lust, shame, guilt, contentment,
in words that wrench the heart
attack the brain
and consume the soul...

...words that dance on the tongue,
leaving the bittersweet aftertaste
of half-satisfied desire.

It is life itself
or it isn't copy.