

“City of Love”

I'm in love with a boy from San Diego,
Who wants to follow me to New York City.
He says we'll visit Paris one day,
And I believe him. Every word, I believe.
The rings on his fingers, his tattooed wrist,
His hand is heavy in my soft fingertips.
His eyes glance from my cherry-coated lips to the hair
That graces my porcelain skin.
I'd give him anything. My everything.
Oh, Rodney, My Rodney
I'm in love with a boy a world away.
He still hasn't abandoned the Southwest bay.
Now it's “unrealistic” to leave,
Spontaneous, naive, the choices we make—
How is anywhere too far for love?
He's fallen all over again for somebody
Different—somebody closer, and newer, and more like him,
And more like someone I don't want to be.
I live in New York, by the sea,
And it's a straight stretch to France the way I see it.
My heart lives in Paris
In a golden chateau,
And she holds high a cup of ruby Bordeaux.
She toasts to a man—
Her purpose,
Her reason to become
Enough.
She whispers, *To Rodney, Oh Rodney, Oh Rodney, my love.*