

There was a woman on the highway, surrounded by a pasty white backdrop, and sunset colors, she bounced from edge to edge along the messy pieces of gravel, her skirts were torn, her eyes tired, but her arm was elongated as if she was proud and tall and touching the air above her proved this.

I fell in love with her, following close behind her, my foot edging closer to the floor as I pressed harder and harder on the gas. Her magic, it entranced me, and I chased her as she sat elegantly, hovering a foot or so from the ground. There was adrenaline in my body as I reached for her, ignoring the boundaries placed between us.

She set fire in my veins.

She was fast and wild, and when I looked closer, blinked and stared, I saw she was a bird. A pelican with an elongated beat that transformed into her arm and thin delicate fingers. Her body was covered by conserving feathers, and her frame had her against a beautiful sunset.

“Louisiana, Louisiana...” she said, “from the deep blue sea.” And I could see the salt in her hair, the ocean whipped curls and the green algae in her eyes. When she licked her bright red lips I could taste the caked on sand and humidity.

In the bottom left hand corner of her heart I saw the words, embossed in red, “Sportsman Paradise” and I could see the true promiscuity in her. After all, I was driving closer to her, trying to catch her. She was purity and strength and, and a game.

She drifted away, pulling her paradise away from me, the round was over and she had won, my attention, my affection. I felt at a loss without her, as the flags and single stars of Texas and silhouettes of cowboys on horses and desert cacti surrounded me and swallowed her. She crossed the yellow dotted lines of the highway, whispering to me of her origin, giving me bits and pieces of her life and soon I saw the full view of my Pelican Angel’s ship, a white Honda, marks along the side, beaten but still holding strong.

She held proud to her ship, I could tell. Her numbers were still gleaming, like she had never suffered from a storm. I think it was that confidence that kept me

thinking about her, searching the highway, past all of Texas, trying to find another just like her.

I just wanted her deep blue sea paradise eyes to touch me again.