It’s nice speeding down the Mediterranean coast in a classic convertible—
even better when the ride’s painted dandelion green and the roof is
dropped, and the driver’s lemon nails look immaculate. Her floral outfit,
rose gold colored cat eye shades, and chiffon hijab rippled in the wine-
brushed wind as her smile reached her ears, baring her teeth in an obvious
state of excitement. On the center armrest sat her blade-wielding, rough-
skinned cane toad, named Green Sugar, adorned in matching headwear
and orange-sweet perfume; the world seemed such
a precious little thing.

At the seaside, sporting scenes of circular waves and the smell of seafoam,
stood a man dressed to kill in his crimson suit and tie; his baby blue turban
matched the waters behind him. Green Sugar’s driver only slowed down a
little and began ripping donuts around the man as he lit a cigarette and
looked to the horizon, fighting a smile, tobacco smoke escaping from
between his lips. The smell of burning rubber, and the smoke tornado
didn’t seem to bother him much. The car screeched to a halt, and she
stepped out, giggling. Her lipstick was bright red and probably tasted like
strawberries. She stood next to her car with the door open. Green Sugar was
making his little toad noises, as toads do. The woman tore off her
sunglasses, struck a pose, and blew the man a kiss. Had this been a movie,
this would have been the part where the camera zoomed in on her lavender
eyes as she asked,
“Am I yours?”

She winked at him, showcasing her mascara, shining like gold. “Mhm...”
the man said, as he walked towards her, putting out his cigarette on the
asphalt. He extended his arm forward with his hand in a fist. Then, his
fingers outstretched with his palm facing down to the asphalt, a silver link
chain fell from between his fingers, hanging from his knuckles. At the end
of the chain was a silver rose flower—it continued to sway after its fall. He
must have sprayed it with something; its scent probably made the woman
think of bluebells.

He arrived to her, and she couldn’t help but blush tulips. As they embraced
each other firmly, she was enshrouded with feelings of hiraeth, and the
desire for the future to stay far, far away.
The world seemed such
a precious little thing.