

Memories you forgot

There are memories you cling to, memories you forgot
& unearth, memories that singe & sicken
your stomach if you let yourself look.

Memories of hefting anticipation and bags
through airports, snaked roads and doorways
as you waned, wanting nowhere but home.

Memories of love that left you,
of love you left, the only flicker the beat
beat beating of heart pairs
under ribs, your skin close.

The memory of knees on tile,

The memory of hands on guitar strings slipping
to hands on skin, thumbs and fingertip whorls
pressing. The memory you stopped
remembering, a typewriter poem,
tacked to your door, prelude to an ashy kiss.

The memory of screaming,
the memory of being screamed at,
both times the time you caused it.

The memory of being called beautiful, a man
standing by fire, you leaning toward him,
into him without yet getting that
he belongs to you, you hungry
to somehow be known.

The memory of waves in winter,
ships and winds whispering to you,
your mouth open & waiting for words.