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ELDERLY  
TWENTY  
FOUR

## LEWIS WARSH

### ALMOST NOTHING

I had some thoughts, embedded  
inside other thoughts, which took shape  
against a background of cloudless  
skies,

and a volcano in the distance  
erupted and all the people who lived  
in the foothills were buried under  
tons of white-hot lava and the butcher

put his thumbs on the scale and the  
prices went through the ceiling, the  
price of chop meat, for instance, almost  
doubled over night, and coffee

beans were parceled out a quarter pound  
to a customer in brown paper bags so  
you couldn't tell whether you were getting  
decaf or regular

and it all smelled the same,  
the dust particles in the air, the perfume  
of the woman pressed against you in  
the Tube, it all tasted the same,

a different version of what had happened  
before, the piranhas crawling out of  
the bush to lick the dried blood  
from the corners of your mouth,

an open door to the past  
where you're always welcome, a gypsy  
cab ride to the edge of town where  
you put out your thumb and hope for the best,

and maybe you'll have to spend another sleepless  
night on the shoulder of the broken highway  
the coyotes chanting your name like an anthem  
from star to star.

## LITTLE GREEN APPLES

Smile like you mean it.

Let the cards fall  
out of the sky.

The snows of Kilimanjaro  
melt over night.

“Come out with your hands  
up.”

There’s a flood watch advisory  
for the tri-state area.

People I used to know take  
off their clothing

in a dream. The last line  
comes first, with no end in  
sight.

My heart is in the right  
place at the wrong time.

What else is new?

A package of lemon  
wafers

for the long trip home.

A word to the wise,  
but no underpants.

## NIGHT SKY

Night-life in the country,  
beyond the sighting  
of a raccoon,

and the headlights  
of a pick-up returning from the  
dump

night-life in the treetops. The  
3-legged dog next door  
doesn't bite. Do I hold

on for a moment or do  
I slip over the edge?

Night-time in the  
parking lot outside  
Arizona Pizza, the Metro

North train  
arrives in Wassaic, I get  
off at the last stop.

Tuesday matinees  
at the Triplex. The forklift  
operator's wife at the end  
of the bar.

Night-life in the Bronx.  
A dead carnation  
in your lapel.

My mother knots my tie  
before I walk out the door.

Night-life on the Pacific  
Rim. I wear a bullet-proof vest  
in Coconut Grove.

Night-life anywhere filled  
with stars in the night sky.

Night-life in the baggage  
claim area with no where  
to go.

## OLD FLAME

There are movies that come back  
to haunt you at the end  
and you can hear the music building  
to a crescendo like Hollywood  
so you in the audience and you in the  
starring role are almost the same  
good looking clean cut up tight all of  
the above and none  
I wouldn't recognize you on a bus  
if you paid me  
to get on and off  
and you wouldn't remember my name  
for all the nights in the world  
we crawled into bed  
with the lights on  
and the radio playing  
soft and low  
we might as well have been blind-  
sided by a two-ton truck  
for all it matters  
because there's only the present  
like a movie played backwards  
with a cast of thousands  
hanging on for dear life.

# DOUGLAS PICCINNINI

## SPEAKER 1 (WITH RED THOUGHTS)

like the book of evening put down  
there is another life to begin  
as speech empties  
the space btwn constellations  
a backward logic colors all

the way I know: sky became meaning at dusk  
like another life you begin  
unexpectedly no single action is central  
like silence refit into a singular space—

~

the sea line and all come  
the sea line and all go away  
move me from my focus

don't let me suffer  
give me the words  
to say what I mean



SPEAKER 2 (WITH ORANGE THOUGHTS)

Come here, refusal  
chew on my wound. Muscle gone  
wasted present. The wind not  
here on my skin. Terror itself.

~

You must plug the air  
to stop its song. You must  
intoxicate the world to set it free—  
to ring the eye in caution.

~

Stripped of my power. Cleansed  
of my song. In public and in private  
my private life goes on.

SPEAKER 3 (WITH YELLOW THOUGHTS)

New feeling I've been lifting. New silence  
in the center. A shape inspired by your attention.

The resolution of ironies put down  
as unrecognizable currency.

C'mere broken light on the boudoir. That death, a death  
is this particular. No sun but sun and this life  
lived in a position of what it must forgive.

SPEAKER 4 (WITH GREEN THOUGHTS)

It isn't night you miss but its power.  
The affection of ones own authority  
as gaps in description  
command this incomplete bouquet.

I am okay with my wound still weeping beneath my shirt.  
I'll go away in a violet sound, darken by rotation. I'll turn,  
I'll keep farming the soiled years  
where you are, old dream:

I feel the strength of your finger on my tongue  
your hand in my mouth.

SPEAKER 5 (WITH BLUE THOUGHTS)

No one falls asleep and no  
one way of careful thinking  
wrings right the dream.

Self-containment, suffocation,  
the occasional kick beneath the sheets  
means an overlay of textures  
overflow the days.

Money, no money—

say where to speak and break  
the clockhands as my own.

The hands of a prisoner speaking up.

Don't let them hit you.  
Don't let them take you apart.

SPEAKER 6 (WITH INDIGO THOUGHTS)

There, in my mistake, I am present. The present  
lifted over itself. A day like grout  
in the tiles suddenly brittle suddenly breaking  
down this pattern. A date you remember  
smeared in the pages of a calendar.

That was pleasure once. Sure-fit, needled  
existence and then as the nerve brought forward  
a yellow seam in the silence. Silence thrust  
its burning face to the glass—  
*that kind of domain.*

SPEAKER 7 (WITH VIOLET THOUGHTS)

The future approaches as if it were fixed—no  
days but days multiply. Rooms of a house  
you know and have entered—remember  
change—this custom like a place you feel

studded in sky, swept away, in a substance  
like a signal departing as it arrives, to keep time

to see a tree top touched breeze  
to say that, for example, you lose  
the keys everywhere to find them.

SPEAKER 8 (WITH UNCOLORED THOUGHTS)

The promise of a repeated note. Soon, long is so far  
away from mistake. Sun the same in a field the same.

Here comes this bloodbeat song. Here is nobody  
and no body's song. I looked up in history

one unchanged wheelbent song—  
no one likes to say "I am wrong."

SPEAKER 9 (WITH WHITE THOUGHTS)

Sometimes a crumb falls from the table. Sometimes  
a skeleton bright white in the sun. Made in love  
made in hate and undone. After heaven. After  
history this land in a forlorn corner  
gave chase to that little feeling, hunted one—

I burned this field at harvest. No I  
didn't yes I did confess.



SPEAKER 10 (WITH BLACK THOUGHTS)

Somebody behind me, get behind me. Take my  
place. Close the door.

Some bloodswell evening to nurse  
a whitecoal feeling.

Hands together. Hands  
pried apart.

All through spring I was summer: green  
and unbreakable.

Unfix yourself on me.  
Take down your sign.

If my flowers  
are the same as yours—

Why bother mine?

# STACY BLINT

## PEEK PEAK PIQUE

the unseen  
never materialized

copper horizon corroded  
transient sculpture  
simultaneously fixed

still moment  
chemical reaction  
emulsion transfer

devastatingly tingly actions

snag  
informative cloud formations  
glory Gloria  
times squared  
lightning snap shot

near as is needed  
far as is wanted

physical precursors  
to a pink city

GARGANTUAN

evaporation is to be understood

because they were all (beautiful? / beating off?)

low pressure horses  
ritual projections  
forgetting

all

is bad enough  
eliminate too  
and the form  
from

tease  
please  
ease

## HEADLAMP

tear as in fabric  
tear as in my beer

Alice feathers  
birds sing the evening's  
distant genesis

the dance of spring is no answer  
to the many questions that concern

the price to be paid for proof of one's possible  
regretting the deaf on one leg in my house

as always you will be a part of your need to be image

## GRAZE

water ghost rises  
as sun enters  
stage west  
tree and train station  
arch  
burn all dream sandwiches  
rubbing against  
that sheep's nose  
living in the Freud museum

SYMBIOTIC

what we dream  
naked  
is only laughter

## SUBSTITUTION PATTERN

natural golden pigment  
chromatic third relations  
multi-tonic changes

barren oak  
shallow shoulder  
cultured curbs

the house casts its roofline  
on the empty field across the street  
suddenly becoming detached

trees mostly brown  
the slightest indication  
tiny green buds  
robin  
rabbit  
cat  
no  
squirrel

road a strange train  
rode when presented with  
a decorated laundry hamper

desert riding  
dessert out of town  
desert being  
an ocean

## CURRICULUM OF REFLECTION

extensive use of ellipses  
still a common topic of conversation  
at dinner parties  
mongoose  
chased snake away  
covered in the embarrassment  
of being in the world  
trick of light retrogrades  
far from complete  
length not being  
an only value  
duration  
0° fixed earth sign  
life raft of nope  
moment of clarity  
film depicts poetry  
as defense against  
a sentient computer system



THINGS YOU  
DON'T SAY

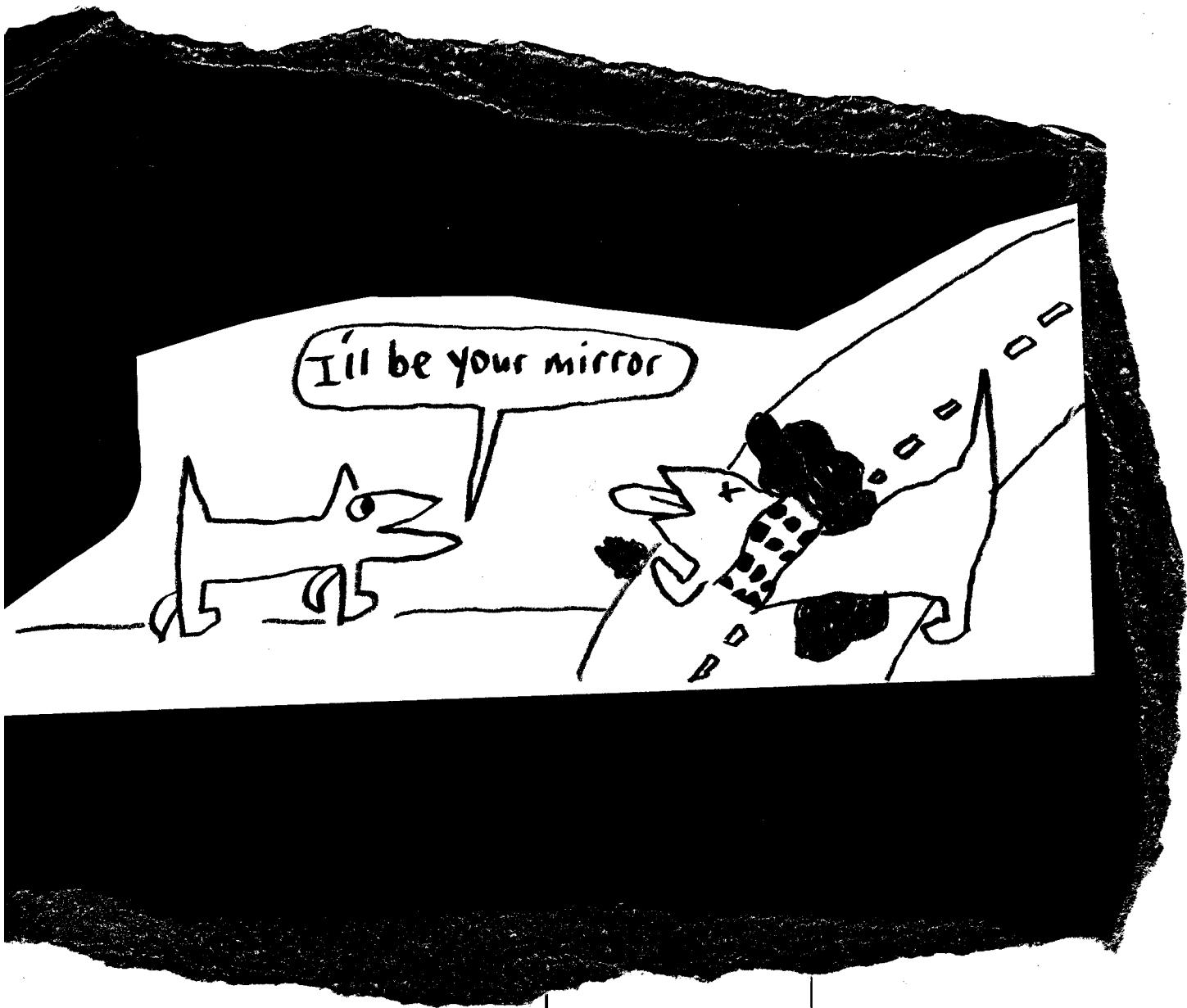
by JULIEN POIRIER



Once I discovered  
butt-plugs I was  
off  
and  
running

Wig by committee!





# JULIEN POIRIER

## SHINGLETOWN

The City has no money  
for shades for picnic  
tables  
which are consequently empty  
over long summer afternoons  
when it can top  
100°F  
without breaking a sweat.  
No wind.  
Drought grass at the Medical Center  
reclaims the lot.  
No AC in the Mexican  
joint—not good  
but better than  
the right-wing pizza parlor.  
Where did that word  
originate, anyway? Parlor.  
Not here,  
I can tell you that.  
Nevertheless, it's OK here. Like  
the country song on the radio  
says,  
“God is great, beer is  
good, people are crazy.”  
Just  
keep telling yourself that.

I'm waiting for the Rapture  
Forever stamp  
to come out—I'm going to make a run  
on the Shingletown post office.  
But when Jesus does come back,  
looking like the healthiest  
Giacometti,  
he won't show up at the Shingle Shack,  
he'll go everywhere else  
on his big reunion tour  
except Shingletown.  
His handlers will keep bugging  
him about it—  
“But they *love* you up there!  
Look at all the windowless  
churches, the Christian youth  
camp, with its eerie  
aura of hyper-alert disuse  
. . . I tell ya, Jesus, they  
absolutely can't get enough  
of you in Shingletown.”

But Jesus will look away  
and pretend he don't hear.  
He will never go,  
and that may be one more thing you two  
have in common.  
Still, the picnic tables  
shady or not  
hint at a certain civic spark,  
and the librarians in the one-room  
library  
are extraordinarily attentive.

## WEATHER BOOKIE

A weather bookie I was  
talking to told me the only way  
to make money in California is to leave  
the state,  
only that's a challenge since the state  
interpenetrates, and one's skin  
is less and less a boundary  
(t)here—than elsewhere.  
He was a very metaphysical bookie  
who said things like  
“I want this conversation to be  
just like we're talking”  
without even noting the irony  
if he meant any. Still,  
you'd think a weather bookie must have  
a lot of time to kill  
in California, but actually—there  
was no end of bets to make  
on light precipitation  
in Los Gatos  
or a dusting of snow in McCloud.  
Or you might have a line  
on exotic tornadoes  
smuggled in shoeboxes through the L.A. ports,  
or a can  
of green paint  
in the trunk of your Impala  
with the bad starter  
for painting the lawn  
of the Nirvana  
Apartments in Hollywood.  
A weather bookie never stops  
moving and it's a lonely life  
like he's a shark  
and about as popular with the ladies.  
The one across from me  
in the diner booth looked like  
a lot of people you see  
around noon on a winter weekday  
in Santa Monica—  
like he'd just rolled out from under  
a five dollar bill that wasn't  
running anymore  
and five dollars says he could fix,  
white-gray suit with no tie,  
a sumo burger in both hands  
with a perfect bite out of it  
like a surfboard—

“You know how many gallons of water  
went into growing this  
pound of beef?”  
“I’ve no idea.”  
“One thousand eight hundred forty seven  
—average.”  
That’s a lot of beautiful dreamy  
cows, I said  
really makes you rethink  
that  
Shylock character, like  
I’d be surprised  
if you wrung me out, if a single clear drop  
of water would drip  
off my hip—but how much  
water went into growing my  
brain, and if it rolls in its own  
doom does it stink  
like the feedlots

                                on Highway 5?  
. . . while somewhere up there behind  
the clouds green Venus was  
spinning  
                                out rabid fogs  
and ruined piers  
in rags within view of the  
superglue diamond of our wrecked  
spaceship.

9-18-15



STEVEN KARL

from DARK DARKNESS

White birch/A stand alone something/ Barren otherwise breeze/Given way heaved air  
& then what hits/hits hard—

Dark dear  
they why  
always dark  
say dear they  
dark why say  
dear dark away  
within they  
it what always  
a way  
within what  
say dark dear then  
a way away & then

White birch peeled bark/Skinned smooth exposed/not a copse forget/forest A/stand alone  
something/off center/far left & left/for periphery ripped/& then/whooshed gushed gutted/spill  
spilling spilt/Spread/ Repeat &/seep what/a song menace/means to reap/& then—

Dark  
Dear,  
Why they  
Say dark  
Always with  
Analwaysasif,  
Deardarkaway  
Whatawaywithin  
Awhatdark(w)hole  
Saddarkdeadlydears  
Emptyhauntsfilling

White birchx3/always it multiplies/always unseen/seed seeped soon/soil rupture multiples/together  
Divided by I sky/sea the/air the/rock eroded/skinned jagged exposed/it spreads subtract/owl see/  
Mosquito raise/one to roach/enter rat undead/possum never cross/a road/live this/forever/ Lit up/  
is how to/live in a/ lie/of light—

from DEAR GRAPEFRUIT

Dear feelings,

Leave me alone twee sonnets &

Guitars drenched in delay  
Unripe August                      swimming head/ melody/ counter/ melody/  
rainy sky boys  
& girls grisly

grow on ceilings,

\*

Don't you enjoy seduction.                      Regret everything (ball in play) oh well  
Orgy of feelings felt overwhelmed overwhelmed with

Forest of spruce!

Pine! Dead  
leaves yellow  
& red fade  
into lost

The gory  
glory of  
nature's passing

or devour—

\*

Afterwards.

How your color paled.

After words.

We mountains  
thought have  
We mountains  
mouths for—

The beauty index got fucked.

\*

It happened again.

Inaccessibility.

The internet a horror show.

But the hospital was so easy.

*(Ball out of play)*

A short appearance of yellow slowly sinking.

Lump-throat canaries locked inside the flower shop.

Nervous to be awake.

In mismemory's memory today was beautiful.

This is old news.

Let's lie a little more.

You be—

I'll be—

\*

Friends on

opposite ends

meet in  
the middle.

Mosquitoes. Be damned.

All on the line.

Then it's all over.

Winner.  
Losers.  
Whatevers.

\*

The sea! The sea! & \_\_\_\_\_,

It's all about the bathing suit.  
The instillation is happening now.

Once removed from the ra-ra-ras.  
Cheerleaders on the bench.  
In my days of skin & bones.

A palm drops its skirt.  
Shouting off in the distance.

You remain off-screen & unframed.

My idiot dribble.

Later while you were still away I slept with your dragon.

Today, sun shit-stains the sky in yellow imaginary text.  
The instillation is happening inside you.

Adrift in the emptiness.  
Tell me all about your practice.  
Swaggerless on the blacktop.

There are helicopters in the sky.  
I made myself a Tropical Deco.

\*

I took sick days in name of celebration.  
I drank your gifts.  
I did not water your flowers.  
I took a piss in your ocean; it was not meant to be

malicious.

Later I rinsed in the perfume stank of

nostalgia.

\*

But seriously, look at all this beach access.  
Nothing if not articulation of goddamn endless FREAKOUT!  
This is a renewed romance with clouds.

Polka dots an absolute must.

\*

Remembering the *someday we'll*

The instillation is happening now.

then there  
was the  
new lesser distances

the of he  
of intermittent accusations  
then another  
him again

—The now instillation happening is.

her even  
if only  
to if

even her  
to him  
about

the mornings  
of them or life

with without—

\*

A palm drops another skirt

The sun stains the sky in forever gold  
Good boy get good at boy good

Trying to make some human noise  
Performance sans petals shoes nothing to press

Failed shoegaze ghazal

tap tap it is happening inside you

Rage & a day listen harder.

\*

If we let ourselves,

There is so much to love about love.

# MASHA TUPITSYN

UNTITLED

*after Joe Brainard's I Remember*

I remember waking up all the time in the middle of the night, 2015, afraid.

I remember I was terrified that I was going to die someday. But I also felt more alive than I do now. Maybe that's why.

I remember texting you (my last adult love), "Let's meet" after we decided it wasn't a good idea. You had a girlfriend. I was with my German gallerist, at a hotel bar on Kenmare Street, getting drunk.

I remember pretending to be sober in order to seem professional, but she kept ordering more wine.

I remember I hadn't eaten dinner.

I remember at one point, I said, "I need to use the restroom. I'll be right back." In the bathroom, I threw up the moment I entered the stall.

I remember her daughter showed up. She had just moved to New York to go to film school. I remember her telling me and her mother that her first NYC apartment had been burgled because she left all the windows open.

I remember her telling us about her first film shoot for school and how she forgot her \$5,000 camera in a parking lot in New Jersey. She didn't sound sorry.

I remember her telling me she was living with her actor boyfriend and feeling jealous that she'd found someone so quickly even though he seemed stupid.

I remember thinking she was spoiled and wore too much makeup for someone so young. I remember telling my gallerist about liking you.

I remember asking her how long she had been alone before meeting her fiancé, Karl. She was 52.

I remember she said 8 years.

I remember I had been alone for 3.

I remember that being that drunk gave me the courage to tell you that I wanted to see you again. I hadn't planned on ever doing that.

I remember being happy that you were happy to receive my text. You instantly wrote back, "Yes, when?" and we made a second date.

I remember how easy it is when both people want something at the same time.

I remember there was melting snow on the ground.

I remember going outside to smoke cigarettes with my gallerist's daughter.

I remember red light in the windows and all the heavy foundation on her skin.

I remember not being afraid the way I am afraid now.

I remember the splashing sound the cars made because the streets were wet.

I remember checking my phone under the table. Something I never do because it's rude.

I remember my gallerist made fun of me for it and that's when I told her about you.

I remember I was out and you were home.

I remember you asking me where I was.

I remember you said there was a big bruise on your thigh. I had bitten you.

I remember not having any memory of doing that.

I remember we were texting each other about what we remembered: slow dancing on the last night at school in the Swiss Alps 3 years prior, at a Eurotrash dive bar, when we were just friends.

I remember you texted, "I remember I liked holding you."

I remember texting back, "Do you remember we almost kissed?"

I remember you replied "You remember that? Yes."

I remember how romantic and exciting it immediately felt to remember things with you. About you. To feel remembered.

I remember it was late February, 2015, dead of winter. We had known each other for 3 years.

I remember 2015 was the last time I felt beautiful.

I remember we were clumsily, drunkenly, kissing in my bed the week before.

I remember I whispered something in your ear. I was on top.

I remember you said, "What is that voice? I've never heard you sound this way before."

I remember I said, "I know, it's *high*. Do you like it?"

I remember you said, "I love it."

I remember that we texted every day about how cold it was outside. Where to meet for our dates. What to wear. What we wanted to see each other in.

I remember choosing bars, movies, restaurants, bookstores to meet you at. Whether to stay home in bed together. "Do we want that?" you once asked in an email. You said "we," which I liked, but really you meant you.

I remember you texting that you missed me.

I remember texting that I missed you.

I remember having sex for hours as the weeks went by.

I remember being afraid in the beginning that the sex might not be very good because you were too shy at first.

I remember being surprised, and liking, when you talked during sex. When you told me what to do.

I remember being amazed at how pleasure arrives in one's life. Then leaves.

I remember trying to remember if I had ever wanted you all those years when we were just friends.

I remember liking (no, loving) watching you come. You seemed so free.

I remember thinking nothing about you turned me off, which amazed me. There had always been something repulsive or strange about other lovers, even when I loved someone.

I remember thinking that I knew you when we were in bed even though Adam Phillips writes that sexuality is the one thing we can never know about someone.

I remember looking at your hands.

I remember you kissing my hand.

I remember that you made sounds when we kissed. Like you couldn't bear it.

I remember never pushing you away. Never avoiding you. Never thinking anything would go wrong.

I remember emojis.

I remember: crystal ball, fox, fire, green heart, red heart, red rose, the symbol for Pisces, a star, a lock, a key.

I remember that every text you sent was: thoughtful, warm, romantic, immediate.

I remember there were daily emails that always felt like letters.

I remember you writing, "I can't wait."

I remember me writing, "I can't wait."

I remember how when we misunderstood each other, you always offered to call. To let me hear your voice, which solved whatever problem we were having.

I remember you telling me that you saved the only voicemail I ever left for you and listened to it over and over. I was at a noisy bar when I made the call.



I remember you telling me that having a recording of my voice was “precious.”

I remember that we always felt better after talking on the phone. After seeing each other in person. As soon as we kissed, which always took time.

I remember that you always referred to it as “being careful.”

I remember the way you would look at me whenever I would walk towards you. When we would meet on the street. When I would leave the room then come back into the room.

I remember you telling me that was your favorite part: me at a distance, then me close up. You thought of me—“my beauty”—as a filmmaker. In terms of camera angles and shots.

I remember you, a student at film school, asking me, a film professor, for a list of old black and white movies to watch. You thought they were boring but wanted to change your mind. I told you why they weren’t boring.

I remember giving you the list.

I remember getting up to sit on your lap at a bar in the East Village on our second date. I remember when we left the bar, you reached for my hand to hold it.

I remember it was very cold outside.

I remember we saw a little dog that the owner had dressed as Edie Beale from *Grey Gardens*. I stopped to pet it.

I remember strangers always asking us if we were in love because we spent hours talking and kissing at bars.

I remember sending you photographs of myself as a child.

I remember you telling me what you saw in those photographs.

I remember when you took your sweater off, right before we kissed for the first time, you were wearing a forest green button down shirt and it was like I had never seen you before.

I remember talking about the weather getting warmer, “thawing,” needing the sun.

I remember sitting in the park with you in March because spring was coming.

I remember meeting you in Washington Square Park on my birthday and you telling me that I “stood out.”

I remember making out in a taxi in Brooklyn.

I remember always convincing you to come home with me at the end of every date.

I remember you always resisting. Then succumbing.

I remember I should have known that was a bad sign.

I remember leaving my birthday party a few different times to kiss you in a stairwell in the hallway where no one could see us.

I remember I didn't want anyone to know we were together at the party. I don't know why.  
I remember you telling me that I was beautiful over and over.

I remember how flushed your skin would get when you were turned on. Your grave face. Your kind face.

I remember I was wearing a red satin 1940s Canadian high school jacket (you are Canadian) that you loved to see me in.

I remember you put your hand between my legs in the stairwell.

I remember thinking those were the best kisses I ever had. I still think that. And it is painful because we are not together.

I remember thinking you were in over your head.

I remember thinking I wasn't in over mine.

I remember you said if you were on Safari I'd be the first thing you would kill.  
I remember telling you how romantic and sick that was.

I remember I was 16. With another boy. The first one I ever loved.

I remember school was almost over, one more week. Memorial Day weekend.

I remember we almost got back together. We had been walking around Soho in circles. Mulberry, Mott, Prince. We were the two kids that lived Downtown.

I remember at one point we were sitting on the NYU faculty housing steps, that I now pass by everyday on my way to work, facing LaGuardia Place.

I remember it was night.

I remember feeling sick with a stomach ache. I had eaten a bad slice of pizza. You didn't eat anything.

I remember you were wearing your long tweed winter coat. But you probably weren't. Too warm.  
I remember you asked me to take you back.

I remember you were on your knees. "Please don't mess with my heart," you said.  
I remember you placed my hand on your heart like you were pledging allegiance.  
I remember I was dating your best friend.

I remember I wasn't in love with him. I was in love with you.

I remember telling you I had to run across the street to use the bathroom to throw up.  
I remember I went into one of those Italian bakeries that used to be there. The bakery is now an Austrian restaurant called Freud.

I remember (yesterday) that last spring I saw that a restaurant called Freud was opening and thought, "When it opens, I have to go there because it is called Freud."

I remember wanting to go to Freud, which hadn't opened yet, because I was teaching a class on Freud's Mourning and Melancholia.

I remember (today) realizing that Freud is the bakery where I threw up at 16.

I remember that when I accidentally saw you (the adult love) at the NYU library last August, after not seeing each other or speaking for a year and a half, you asked if I wanted to get a cup of coffee.

I remember I proposed a drink instead to my calm nerves.

I remember realizing later that it was only 1 o'clock in the afternoon.

I remember you suggested we go to a "bar called Freud."

I remember we sat in the back. In the corner. Me in a booth, you in a chair opposite me. I remember no one else was there.

I remember the waitress felt nervous around us and was too cheerful.

I remember you cried. And paid for our wine.

I remember we both felt such pain.

I remember the way you looked at me, like it was hard for you.

I remember that you always looked at me that way. Even when we first met and there was no reason to.

I remember knowing (feeling), only days before, that I would see you again.

I remember I didn't remember that Freud was once an Italian bakery where I threw up over another boy.

I remember that I remembered that I had told myself to go to Freud when it opened, but then never did.

I remember I didn't tell you that because I didn't remember that yet.

I remember how after 5 years, it wasn't okay (with the first love).

I remember how after 10 years, it wasn't okay (with the first love).

I remember how after a year and a half (with the last love), it wasn't okay.

I remember it was only okay (with the first love) after 20 years.

I remember how the last love told me, at Freud, "Time didn't take care of it", even though Freud said it takes 2 years to mourn.

I remember how because 20 years had passed, the first love and I were finally able to talk to each other again.

I remember that, on the phone, early July, we basically agreed that time didn't take care of it. I remember thinking *there's no way this isn't fate* about both of them.

I remember being surprised when the first love told me things I didn't remember. That we talked on the phone for hours as teenagers. Something he said he never does with anyone. Not even his wife.

I don't remember "talking for hours."

I remember not being able to talk to him. Too scared.

I remember telling him things that he didn't remember: that I loved him, which I never told him. That he got into a fist fight with his best friend, who was my boyfriend after him. That we were all thrown out of the bar we were at because of it.

I remember that I don't remember everything I think I remember.

I remember things I forgot.

I remember things I never forget.

I remember exchanging memories with the last love about the brief time we spent together as lovers (2 months).

I remember thinking, "He remembers everything."

I remember he remembered that: I always ordered "dry" wine, the color of my hair when we first met, the color of my hair when we dated, my gray leopard coat, the pin I wore in it, the night we made love 4 times in one night, my birthday party, the length of our dates, "from 9-2am," how "warm" I am as a person. "The warmest, but I forget that," he said.

I remember he said, "Your memory is better than my memory."





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HIER MIAS



HANDBOOK  
FOR THE  
*Recently  
Deceased*

