

Memory Box

by Daniel M. Landolt-Hoene

She tore the box top
off my cigarettes.
Bruins shirt,
fluid mirth in dark jeans.
Sparks scream through the flames
igniting nicotine refrains-
the same old song that's sang,
with a different meaning
since I knew her name.

I think I knew her name in past lives,
in fact, I've known it since the moment
my mind stopped
and let my heart react to her eyes.
Nuclear silence
followed by an aftermath of laughter.

Soft voices in private, in the street,
city noise violence disappears,
she blinks her eyelids
and I can hear the lashes
intertwine and pull clear.
I'm not trying to listen,
I'm just listening.
I'm not used to this feeling,
her words just interest me.
I extend my hand to her grasp
and her version of reality is gripping me.

We spoke in codes of exploration, tentative.
Patient words representative of patient hearts

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revealing themselves slowly, in case it falls apart,
and yet the walls were so transparent.

It was apparent from the start;
eyes-lock to get-go,
we talk to let go
of inhibitions and listen
to the other's breath
for intermission.
My inner vision is 20-20
I remember it just so...

Memory flash!
Imagery that's vividly cast:
remembering past, present, back
to a future that's
feathers snapped up from the gutter.
Gust of wind, watch it flutter.
Ask each other
if that's really how it happened .

