

Souvenir Des Choses du Passé

by David James

Let's say maybe you're in a place your mind has never left, and let's say maybe it's Mississippi, and let's say maybe it's summer with kudzu throbbing green all around you, and let's say maybe she's a Sagittarius girl, standing in that driveway with her young breasts introducing her young tan body, and let's say maybe you're a Leo boy in calculus, staring out the window, but in your mind writing a letter to her, her of the homecoming, her of deep thoughts, her of her body and let's say you kissed her, standing in that driveway on that Sunday night beneath a cracked blue dusk when she was perfect and you loved her in your silent way, listening to what she would say, her voice making a home for you, but then let's say maybe she moved and your world went dark... .

