

From This Distance

by Ed Higgins

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Can you remember now? How we could each disappear completely, connected despite fault lines; subduction zones all our own. Lie protected. Surfaces sliding under failed recognitions as overlaying sediments accumulated transforming into anthracite or other hardened evidence under pressure. Long since faded. Reminding me of some lost premise: Once we sang so goofily out of tune we may actually have laughed out loud. Uncertain now are favored wines: zinfandel, chardonnay, oaky pinots we declared made just for us. Little suspecting some later taste, like treachery, say, calculated, or maybe only through regret conveniently overlooked. While staring into one another's eyes.

