

From This Distance

by Ed Higgins

Can you remember how we could each disappear completely, connected despite fault lines, subduction zones all our own? Lie protected with surfaces sliding under failed recognitions while overlaying sediments accumulated into anthracite or other hardened evidence made under pressure. But reminding me of some lost premise where once we sang so goofily out of tune we may actually have laughed out loud. Uncertain now of our favored 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 still staring into one another's eyes.

