

# From This Distance

*by* Ed Higgins

Yes, I can imagine it now  
how we could each disappear completely  
connected only through memory's fault lines,  
subduction zones all our own,  
lie-protected over time's distance  
surfaces sliding under recollection  
as overlaying sediments accumulate  
transform into anthracite  
or other hardened evidence  
under pressure of ages ago.

Remembering, itself long since fading  
at some lost premise:  
We once sang so goofily out of tune  
we may actually have laughed out loud.

Uncertain too 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.

So somewhere now in middle-age  
uneven embarrassment draws me back  
to where memory no longer tectonically shears  
along fault lines long past each other.

Whole continents have drifted slowly

to their present locations  
built up and worn away,  
tracing rifts in the crust still.

