

# Buena Vista Street

by Erin McGrath

Nostalgia is

when memories

turn into Gods

of knowing who you were.

When

the boulevard fog takes the shape

of ghosts, waiting;

when we awake

morning after morning

folded into one another

like paper

and I still smell the walk in Carson Park

beneath your earlobe.

It's in the first drink you made me.

It's the sad little plant by the living room door.

It's the green candle on the coffee table,

it's in the air, pushing through the windows,

trembling and settling

into dust.

