

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.

