

# The Best Kisses

*by Gary Percesepe*

So I told her  
think of it this way:  
you're my unlived life.

Um, she said  
flatly, without inflection.  
Her nose twitched.

I don't know what  
that means,  
she finally said.

I don't either,  
I lied.  
But it's like

when I think of you  
I'm reminded  
of how you made me

feel when we were  
together, those short  
five months

or was it six?  
Possibly only four.  
It depends on

whether you count  
those kisses that came  
after the breakup.

Why do the best kisses  
come at the end?  
I wanted to know.

Because by then  
you're past caring  
what anyone thinks

she said in my  
unlived life, years  
after the breakup.

