

The Best Kisses

by Gary Percesepe

So I told her
think of it this way:
you are 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.

