The Underwater Afterlife of Memory

by Jerry Ratch

My fingers are shining
in the underwater afterlife of memory
searching for the nipple-sized mollusks

searching for the solid nature of things
left over from having lived a life
at all

That new rain smell, specifically
I remember that, with you

She loved sex
She loved having sex
the moment of it, the romantic part
She loved being chased
and she loved especially being caught

That was you, wasn't it,
kissing me in my dreams?
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