

# Leap

by Kirk B. Young

I was driving by with a dampened eye and seeing the windows up above I started to remember, I remember that building and the way it smelled, the way it looked and the way it felt. I remember exchanging laughs in a corner then expanding to a room, I remember all the wonder and the moments of old gloom. It was a first start, a first step taken eagerly, it was the beginning of the rest and I loved it even when I fought against falling asleep and listened to Universal classics to keep my nerves at bay. I remember feeling free, I remember feeling the fall and then looking out the window at the melted snow in the dark. I remember the morning drive and the afternoon return and I remember when I moved. And as I said the times I couldn't stay awake and the times I made mistakes and my little corner cove of cozy comfort, I remember the moments feeling at my lowest and dying on the inside, I remember what it felt like when I started to soar again and saw a new star in the sky. I remember glances and gazes and her walking by and the birth of a thought and connection. I remember stepping off the sidewalk into the street and the leaves scattering about my feet because the autumn wind was blowing through at ease, I remember where I was and where I am and the steps taken inbetween, I remember all those people and the weekends where I laid on blankets in the grass looking up at the moon and the night inhalation brought about the threshold of consciousness and death and the blue moon glazing over me in the dark and that year was long but beautiful and I just remember so much so many thoughts and feelings and sensations and I know how much it and they all meant and mean to me.

