

[poetry]

eidetic & blind
Marie Ungar

i.

you were So Cool with your red converse & knee socks
& that nail file you kept tucked into your

boot like a weapon. when we found straight sticks
we made them wands, at recess we were

witches, I could've kept playing
that game forever.

ii.

you told me sometimes I need to stop
following & let others come

to me, like self-confidence could be bought
with the four-fifty we made

selling lemonade on the sidewalk
outside your house.

iii.

we are digging through your junkyard attic
again, it is a summer that never happened.

we are digging through the Maybes that hang
in the air like heavy flies, like Maybe

if I look at my feet less the world
will be smaller, Maybe growing into

another person isn't growing
up, Maybe I am the cicadas chirping your name



Bubble, Allison Feralli, photography

because I think if I understand you
I can understand the world.

how glad I am the world cannot fit
between the lines of this poem.

iv.

I remember finding cicada shells strewn
across your backyard and stink bugs

on your bedroom floor, I remember your quiet
smile and thinking eyes, the foreign taste

of whole milk and strawberries with cream
but I don't remember your mother

ever getting out of bed, I don't think
I ever asked why.