

UNDER MINE

ROBERT WYNNE

Paper folds each day
into carefully uneven sections,
floats memories out windows,
tickertape spiraling down to the street,
moments carried away
on the bottoms of shoes.

I keep the picture in a drawer,
shuffled among unsent thank you cards
and misplaced phone numbers.
Every time I hold the photo
it bends a little more,
edges asserting themselves
against my skin, corners curling
in toward each other, longing.

It's the only way
I can remember your hand
under mine, blood coursing
life like breath on a mirror,
color soaking into fingers, fading.