

Revision

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This is what I know of memory: The ceiling's sharp slant softened by a blue-pinned map of the world. Your fingers absently tracing circles in the low valley of my back. Smoke exhaled useless as spent air. I want to say August, afternoon, Virginia. I want to say leaves brushed against the second-story screen. I want to say I am not making up these details. I want to say I remember your name. Perhaps the leaves were sugar maple. Perhaps we really were talking. Perhaps the leaves were ivy, searching to anchor. I couldn't yet know what would take hold: sweat drying in faint white lines on your skin, altered cartography. Heat lifting from the asphalt in visible waves. I couldn't yet know I would later liken the color of your eyes to tanzanite. I didn't yet know what tanzanite was.