

Oh, you're broken, can I sign your cast?

Sometimes, splayed out in the evening,
As my thoughts flail about in the violet light,
I see *myself*, basking in the permanence of age,
rolling through the local deli in a wheelchair,
Naught more than bones, I creak about in my fondness, dipping my head,
nodding hello to all my old friends, my grin stained with time.
A peace only achieved through a lifetime of entanglement.

As I make my way outside, it all begins to trickle back to me.
Almost as if I once was there, reveling in the complication of youth.
Fleeting, the images rush my retina.

A girl is painting, her feet crossed behind her in an X.
Pleated socks skip amidst the grass, peeking out under blue jeans.

A little girl in a pink dress holds a gogurt.
Four boys and one dog share a twisted tea. Tallboy.
Another girl. The back of her thighs say, respectively,
'I love life' and 'Thank you'

Giggles and champagne corks litter the breeze.

Then there I am,
plucking citrus orbs in my white linen button-down,
a mere speck amongst the verdance of the orchard.

And in my mind, it was all shot on Super 8;
in that golden haze of remembrance.

Suddenly,
I awake, unfurnished,

to the smell of tears in the air,
sprawled between two puddles on the street, wondering-

why are all the buttons on my corduroy jacket gone?

It seems it was only me
regaining my youthful frailty,
if just for a moment.