

Ode to Memory

From the moment I rise in the morning
how I remember everything—
where my slippers sleep,
how to get downstairs,
where to find my dog
and how to brew my coffee.

I love to remember
my first coffee in a Parisian café
with grandpa at age sixteen—
strong espresso and sugar cube,
and how the server was so kind.

I will always remember
not what people do for me,
nor what they say,
but how they make me feel.

I will always remember my first love,
how and where it happened,
the sound of his name,
and how he held me,

and how scared
we were when blood gushed from me
onto his parent's bed,
them at movie theater,
and how embarrassed I was,
yet how close it made us.

I'll always remember
the feeling of being loved
in that way—for the very first time.