

Drawing Blanks

JOHN AZRAK

I turned my memory over
to you when, unexpectedly,
I couldn't remember the definition
of a word I'd looked up
but a minute ago to move
my story along. Sad, or silly,
the trick my mind played,
drawing such an obstinate blank;
dumbfounded, I closed my notebook
in mid sentence

and recalled instead
the last time we made love
in the forgiving night and the
meaning of us seemed indelibly
inscribed on my bones
and in my soul's marrow.

But when that cold morning broke
my heart's warm memory
of the night, I could do no better
than to revisit the old hurt between
us, forgetting what only hours
before we had gracefully given
each other to heal.