

Afterthoughts

We learned to communicate in single words
the next best thing to telepathy.

Our voices carried the words up
and pushed out the little skydivers,
weighed down with pockets full of ideas.

After watching me pack and tape boxes of letters
you asked if I would have saved the conversations.
Yes, the pauses.

I would have put them in jars all over the house,
sealed with paraffin, the scrambling of thoughts
the swallowings, the turnings of stomachs,
my intense concentration on a white box that said soap
in red letters