

The Messenger

Volume 2008
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2008

Article 8

2008

In Another Life I Was

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Recommended Citation

Anonymous, . (2008) "In Another Life I Was," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2008: Iss. 1, Article 8.
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2008/iss1/8>

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IN ANOTHER LIFE I WAS

so im having a moment, some kind of pivotal moment where things should all be clear and a light bulb may appear atop my head, etc etc. this is one of These moments. ambien is strong shit. but it feels like flying sideways. and i'm okay with this, i'm okay with today. because today i get to be her, and let's kiss like we mean it, okay? Even if absence is all there is she is painting fantasy into her dreams tonight. but tomorrow she will hold her love's hand and she will mean it, and he'll know that she meant it. Right?

later today when we talk face to face about anything and nothing or every Thing this may not come up, for now i am listening to a song made with piano-words. and finding that this song is saying everything im trying to say right now. but probably none of what im saying has been described how i wanted it to be... mostly i just want to press my self into you and yourself and melt into a puddle of ourselves And its perfect because if we are maybe oil and water it's the kind they use when they make those pictures, so it travels well together, like making a puddle with perfect consistency. but when the light hits, the puddle springs to life: two distinct figures. too distinct for now?

