

Musings #4

by Hannah Messinger (October 2014)

I fell for a feeling you never had,

That type of “how do you do” that kind of

Went straight through my soul and onto my pillow,

And then I saw myself in the reflection of your windshield

For the first time since the sunrise

And I realized,

I wasn't the same.

Sometimes I revisit the future and it isn't too late;

I know, you've assured me;

But it's all black and white and fringed at the edges:

It breaks away at that vital moment like a thread pulling away from silk:

Not unraveling, but ruining.

And I feel it in my gut this

“It never would have been anything” sort of gut feeling and,

You see November was the reason that the familiar colors changed

Like the movie picture of a couple waltzing away;

Like his eyes and the backs of his hands;

And I don't think you understand,

And you sit with your hands in fists closed off to what you could hold

Closed around a throat around me but,

I witnessed the delicate petals of a lily open wide

On a February morning

And I think the fact I can smile at six am

Speaks like a whisper on a tired tongue saying something between

“I love you” and

“Please stay” and

It doesn't really matter what we mean because either way

He and I are lying next to each other-

Slurring things at three am, four am

Softly breathing in the roar of the air conditioning;

If only written in cursive on that part of me

That I allow to dream.

Hannah Messinger is a writer living in Florida. Her website is