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Lark

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Images filter in from time to time, snippets really, just snap-shots of things that don't exist, and so they won't exist, even if some of them are half-way clear.

Sitting almost bare on your kitchen counter
Seems to be on repeat

But keep in mind, I have no idea
What your kitchen counter looks like
In fact, I wouldn't even know where to begin
It's just a random counter that I've concocted

I imagine it's cool, like most counters are
So I assume that their temperature

Would hit like a cold fire to my overly warm legs.

Regardless though, I'm sitting on this counter
Wearing one of your over-worn buffalo print shirts

I know what those shirts feel like
Having worn them before, just not yours
It'll do though, that older memory

And I'm sitting Indian style
Like a five year old at story time
And that's how I feel almost,
Listening to you ramble on about
Literature, or jazz, or sex,

I've heard you just enough now
To know this.

There is a cold bottle of something strong, too
Resting pleasantly against the crook of my calf and thigh

I can envision this, you see
Guessing exactly how these things might feel with you
And those are the things I seem to be clinging onto

The rest is just an idea in my mind, one that can construct concrete details, but I can't construct you, your kitchen counters, or what type of bottle is being cradled by my leg because I don't know what you keep in your liquor cabinet, or even if you have one, but I'm sure you do.

And so, I'll continue
To sit almost bare on your kitchen counter or something like it.