Laying Down Roads

Quincy Greenheck

I was near amnesia when she came back,
petals to my sunken memory,
red wine, then blue dye, purple silk, yet gold leaf.
Lay a cobblestone over it,
one rough to the touch,
then another, and another.
Lay them overlapping,
smooth with time.
Have people walk on those laid stones,
spit on them, drop trash from their pockets on them,
fight over them, spill beer atop the smooth surface,
stomp cigarettes into them,
fall on them and break heels on them,
but do not speak words down between those cracks.
Once let from the mouth they turn to water,
tumbling down, always down.
Words make it grow.
Words bring vitality.
Roots that shoot further, and stronger,
stems that plough upward, with blindness.
It was a case of mistaken identity,
little doubt to that,
but it was still “I miss you.”