

This is what I remember.

A rodeo of fire. She, a living breathing piece of tiger's eye. The color of amber. The way the freckles of one shoulder danced across her chest to the next. with a wave of everything. and then some. The way her lips puckered and spackled, a fresh cackle. Pout. Whether she spoke truths or a lie. Unhinged. Whether you liked it or not, you believed her. You *wanted* to believe her. A U-turn around the borders of this world. Everything life, and earth, close to her heart. Energy. And we all laughed.

She told us that she believed in angels.

Oscar, you would have been proud! Are you there, too?
Her truth chuckled in the face of honesty. little mischevious upturned mouth.
Are you sitting with her? on a terrace? smoking a cigarette? unable to resist temptation either? lambasting Zola?

Don't you see? It doesn't really matter that she's never read the book. And she doesn't care.

That truth mere mortals can't possibly know.

"frank, fearless... superb irresponsibility (and) a healthy, natural disdain of proof of any kind"

Yes, Oscar, she was Art.
And she read the last page too soon.

Sometimes I remember the nape of her neck. the skull of an Egyptian goddess. That perfect head of hers'. The beauty of such congruity. In someone so utterly incongruous.

I fall asleep at night and thank her for a day well lead.
My new god.

I fall asleep at night and pray to her. ease my suffering. tossed aside like your least favorite gumdrop, those days left unsatisfied.
She is my new angel.

Sometimes we talk. I reach into the dark night, hungry to grab her mystic hand, hug the empty room as if my arms could squeeze her tightly, tell her a story, imagine her laughing, and I laugh out loud too. I laugh with her.
Alone. into the night.

So hard that I begin to cry.

It never seems to matter how many times the empty space in the room remains silent when I scream through the walls, "Why?"

Because today I see her riding horses with a girl I've never met. At a racetrack.
Gallop. A blonde girl with hair as thick as her Palamino's mane, the sun catching the
flashes of red fire in my own sister's hair, a friend's brother sitting in front of a piano, a
jazz standard in the center of the moist green.
As green as his eyes. Reins flying.

At dusk, my grandmother cooks for them. and the twilight...
suspended

somewhere over there.

Where the smell of crock pot chicken mingles with freshly broken grass.

So soft it falls from the bone.
All of it.

So soft it falls from the bone, brushes my cheek, widens my lungs with a smile. Sadness.
Beauty. sometimes anger. Why life, flesh, a freckle on the bridge of her nose, couldn't
stick around.
just a few moments longer.