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Union of the Disremembered

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ANN STANLEY-BARRY

UNION OF THE DISREMEMBERED

you speak of screaming banshees
you hear the rifts
you like white bread
you could eat hot dogs all year round
you absorb other’s opinions
I reject them
you call yourself a pessimist
heavy like your butter
I call myself an optimist
everyone
admittedly
we’re both obsessed with answers
you for your
and me
we both feel
you for your birth
me for my mind that seems
we both came home to emptiness
and we both know how
which is why it works
why we recognized each other
saw beyond the
why we held so tightly to each other
why we believed being together forever
and still
why we were so sure
as I wonder I don’t
and i speak of social preconditioning
and i swim in the lyrics
i like wheat
i only like them in the summer
like rice paper
with steely ambivalence
while spreading yourself
for all to eat
while secretly believing
is lying to me
there are similarities
to the questions that we speak
lack of identity
for my lack of memory
we don’t belong
across the sea and me
to wander through other realities
and the moon behind the trees
to love someone who’s different
I guess
in that first instant
false facades we had constructed
through all those days and those nights
was simply meant to be
I wonder sometimes
and even
doubt that it is true
we house each other’s souls
from behind
we live and love
and laugh and cry
together
each one of us bringing
what the other
it was the moon
and it was the
which allowed me
without fear of death
it was lacking
you wanted to be constant
moon that proved to be
to enter constancy
of burial
and you’ve pruned mine
it seems
and temper my exhaustion
acceptance of the world
I can change things
you believe you cannot
just walking by
lends itself to kindness
with room to spare
you don’t believe
which is better than
it is the action
not the thought
by your love
your kindness
you say you cannot see it
know what illumination it brings
it has no way to compare