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Untitled

Molly Pederson

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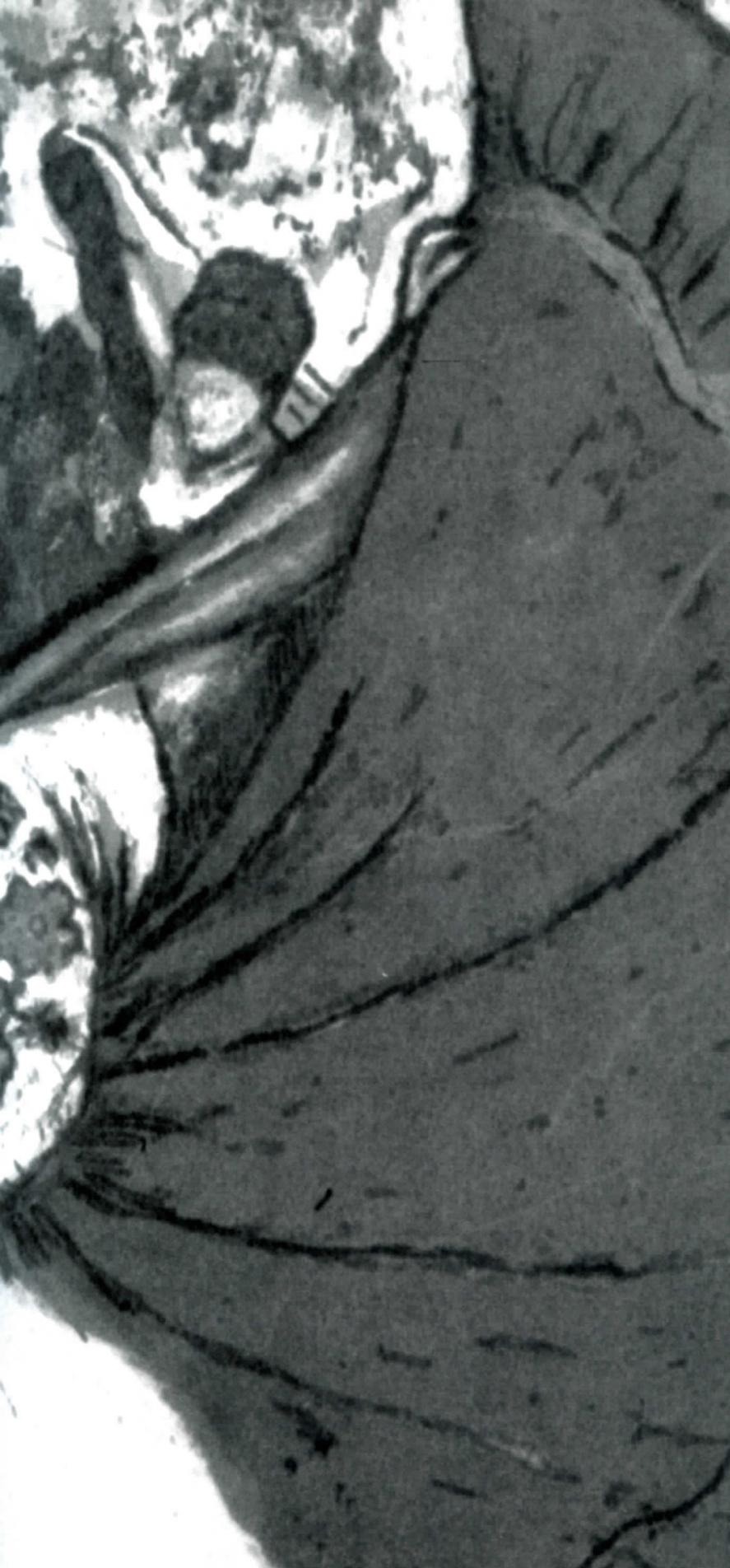
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Saying Names

By Jayne Creelman

The last time it happened was at Barnes and Noble right there next to a stack of Oprah's latest pick: *Soul Musings in Solitary Time in a House of Southern Dust and Angst.*

You stepped toward me laughing,
Well, well...
and even before you were in focus everything faded and all I felt and all I heard was the sound of your name moving from somewhere soft and untouched inside me.

*Hey, long time no....
Fancy meeting you....
You look....
Where's.....?*

Small talk.
Jibber-jabber.
Pitter-patter.
Tippy-toe.
Tightrope.

Later that evening,
as we dined together
in the presence of our spouses,
you said my name
3 times,

...pass the salt
...new hair cut
...don't be a stranger

and each time you said it
I remembered it
as the very last time.