

Remembering Keven

I was sitting half awake in my twentieth century poetry class,
when I started snooping the World Wide Web,
searching for your face.

My conscience told me not to;
but my heart still wanted to know.

Sometimes I sit and wonder if you think about me:
Do you remember the glassy brightness of my eyes?
Do you remember the sound of my voice in your ear?
Do you remember the freckles splattered on my nose?
Do you remember the way my lips felt against your own?
Do you remember the weight of my head on your shoulder?

Do you miss me, Keven?
Or am I just somebody you used to know once, a long, long time ago?

I remember the way you used to twirl
my hair between your rough fingertips
late at night while I sat next to you in
your beige Chevy pick-up truck.

Still your ghost haunts me.
I see you driving past me in your truck.
I see you in the grocery store late at night.
I see you shooting pool at the Kickstand Bar.

But when I search for you,
you are not there.

It hurts like a rusty dagger probing an infected wound
knowing that you don't think about me at all.

—*Brittany Violet Long*