

# Thoughts That Live and Die

**MICK GAEL**

I am astounded  
by the things that remind me of you.  
They travel in flocks—  
or swarms, even.  
“Moonriver”—  
Holly Golightly, she could never do you justice  
or—but that’s not the right thought—  
compete.

What is a girl to say to a woman,  
but to stand there, mouth agape,  
eyes exploding to keep from imploding  
because there’s nothing behind them?

And I am just that—a girl, awed in the presence of a queen,  
her posture a small reminder of what it means to not be me.

When this crude, clock-ruled world is fragmented  
and future  
blends with past  
so these memories I have  
are not what they purport to be,  
but true visions—  
perhaps then I will not be ashamed  
to think of wine unimbibed,  
waltzes unwaltzed,  
whispers unspoke,  
cries unheard,  
letters unwrote,  
tangoes undanced behind doors not yet closed,  
and a sweet, deranged passion of living  
that still burns unseen  
in your heart inside your eyes  
where emptiness does not exist.