

Not A Through Street

Anya Marina

I don't remember much of anything
Of those years,
Kind of strange and kind of sad
Considering all the laughs
and all the tears.
Could it be this quiet cul-de-sac
Or the cynical moon?
Could it be the neighbor's cat watching
Me from the living room?

Either way, these days I feel so strange.
I remember you; so strange.
Do you remember me secretly?

So I comb the depths of the ocean floor
Of my memory; grasping onto some
Shell, some piece some evidence
Of you and me:
Sunlight streams in morning
Your head in the sheets
Dancing naked in the living room
(I still practice secretly).

I remember you secretly.
Do you remember me secretly?
I remember you secretly.
Do you remember me secretly?

You're a mile away
On your island, so close
Doing who knows what
With who-knows-who
Haphazard lovers don't
Seem to drown out your tune
It goes for me anyway
I don't know about you.