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## Kitchen Counters

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Images filter in from time to time, snippets really, just snap-shots of things that don't exist, and so they won't exist, even if some of them are half-way clear.

Sitting almost bare on your kitchen counter  
Seems to be on repeat

But keep in mind, I have no idea  
What your kitchen counter looks like  
In fact, I wouldn't even know where to begin  
It's just a random counter that I've concocted

I imagine it's cool, like most counters are  
So I assume that their temperature

Would hit like a cold fire to my overly warm legs.

Regardless though, I'm sitting on this counter  
Wearing one of your over-worn buffalo print shirts

I know what those shirts feel like  
Having worn them before, just not yours  
It'll do though, that older memory

And I'm sitting Indian style  
Like a five year old at story time  
And that's how I feel almost,  
Listening to you ramble on about  
Literature, or jazz, or sex,

I've heard you just enough now  
To know this.

There is a cold bottle of something strong, too  
Resting pleasantly against the crook of my calf and thigh

I can envision this, you see  
Guessing exactly how these things might feel with you  
And those are the things I seem to be clinging onto

The rest is just an idea in my mind, one that can construct concrete details, but I can't construct you, your kitchen counters, or what type of bottle is being cradled by my leg because I don't know what you keep in your liquor cabinet, or even if you have one, but I'm sure you do.

And so, I'll continue  
To sit almost bare on your kitchen counter or something like it.