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## --catching up--

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This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the University Publications at UR Scholarship Repository. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Messenger by an authorized editor of UR Scholarship Repository. For more information, please contact scholarship repository@richmond.edu. a summer away from me, we reencountered one another. and something about coffee shops, good-night-cigarettes, and her boyfriend's little mutt (i bet he hated me when he found out about that night)

on a tin roof under the Nashville sky, we weaved something beauteous we made a story blanket! with and without fathers, always through the worst of love, and upward into rebellion the sky must have been brilliant, for the deepest and dreamiest of me still listens to her. it's good that i brought that Aristocrat. cheap, yes, but the burn inside. there is something truly wonderful.

of us,
and the fourth grade,
that's the part we
couldn't remember—
kids,
and on a breezy afternoon,
not far from the monkey bars
and nearer to the swing-set,
i gave her my Tommy Hilfiger jacket.
either her freckles
or the way she wore her glasses
had captured

my fourth-grade heart—truly a love for me, far away and wandering, i dreamt of her, then a call and a summer, i promised to visit her. all is all. but life is never done. the summers rush on. and on. and on.

—Gabriel Baldessari