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If I Were to Meet You Again

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If I Were to Meet You Again

Rachel Grate

Sometimes I can almost
taste
what it would be like to see you again.
Perhaps on a Sunday,
bustling on errands until shuffling
into our old errors and
taking a moment
to sit at a local café table-
round, built for two,
with no room for laptops
or whatever the latest contraption
built to block conversation with a screen.

You would order your usual-
iced tea, unsweetened-
and I would order a
skim soy mocha, with whip
(if such combinations even exist)
to show you that I've changed.
I've matured.
I drink coffee now,
I know the business-woman lingo
but I haven't forgotten to indulge
in frothy fun from time to time.

I would hide my grimace
while trying to drink coffee undisguised
by cream and sugar
and you would rub
the tip of your nose, freckled
as it always is by late summer.
We would listen to the barista bark orders
and look out the window
until you'd slowly bring your hands together
in the universal symbol for
awkward turtle.

We would laugh, then
 and I would push my coffee away
 remembering suddenly
 that you never were the one that judged.
 So I would ask the clichéd questions
 but listen genuinely as you answered honestly,
 telling me how your dog is,
 how you finally stopped worrying
 about how nerdy your passion for robotics is,
 and how your little brother got his first girlfriend.

I would wonder if they reminded you of us
 at the age where we still classified “lip kisses”
 and my dad drove you home after dates
 and you accidentally scratched a pimple at my house once
 and I pretended not to notice the blood
 but you turned bright red,
 stuttering to excuse yourself to the bathroom.
 But I wouldn’t ask those questions
 because we would be two mature individuals
 grabbing coffee and talking about the future
 while politely avoiding the past.

Until finally, I would open my mouth
 to release the “I’m sorry” it caged for four years
 only to realize, as you lean down to hug me
 our final goodbye
 that there is nothing to be sorry for.



Henry I, Julia Rigby