

An eternity of remembering you roaring at the sunrise in Fitzroy Square,
lamenting the lack of brilliance and vodka on Sunday mornings
never leaves me lonely.

Us walking,
questioning the locked parks taunting us;
beauty confined and isolated though centric,
like us, inaccessible.

We sit on a vandalized park bench discussing everything.

The States, teenage pregnancy, rugby, the looming topic of love.

You say it's like the Loch Ness Monster, all speculation and faith, wanting something
that extraordinary to exist.

I inform you it was a scam, it was a motorboat mistaken for monster.

So we walk again, to some place I will never find twice,
at five thirty in the morning the scenery is secondary to the company I share this stroll
with.

Again we sit, on hard concrete steps leading to an institution of higher learning,
teaching us more now than during regular class hours.

We watch the jesters perform as we sit near, saying nothing, leaning into our shared air.

I focus on your glasses and look down to your hands occasionally.

You look at me in the way no one else has and say the most beautiful declaration I can't
remember,
or won't.

My eyes fall to your lips, full and tinted.

We draw closer inconspicuously, my breathing quickens,
rushing into your words creating a separate entity of us.

Story ends here; selective recollection is an asset I use often.

Memories stop abruptly, as we did.

No good-bye, just more walking and thinking and hesitation.

And I leave London and you and all happiness behind for my personal hell in Indiana.

*My only solace is the nocturnal inhalation of our mingled and meshed molecules,
sending me into a comatose slumber, a narcoleptic Juliet.*

Awaking to the enchanting sound of you.

Roaring at the sun as it streams through my window.

-Jessica Lollino

