

POETRY

Angel Number 544

Phoenix Guzzo

A connection is strengthened when my partner and I find common interests. Like night and day, our appreciation is in the dichotomy between truths and ideas we do and do not share. We are told there are seldom relationships that contain a stable balance of this. These realities are only made by ones brave enough to cast out a line, so now I find myself reeling in a fish from a lake, which is unbeknownst from a life I expected to know. As I look out past my pond I see the stars shining. I hear my songs echo across the water and I laugh because I've already told the joke before he even opens his mouth.

We talk of the past and tell each other legends of humanity. Ones that divided the world so vastly—they made men kill other men. All the while, we sit two inches apart: falling in love. It would seem as though we have settled to hate the other for our differences, but our bodies, like flashing buttons, react to the appreciation they have found outside themselves. I can close my eyes to look into the future, finding parts of the story past the ending, but this is still just a dream. So, I peel my sight from this vision, and plant my foot into the soil that is freshly dug, digging holes to change the landscape while he is beside me planting the flowers.

Now my back has met the cold kitchen floor that does not belong to me, and I lie paralyzed with laughter from the nonsensical bullshit we spit at each other. I was afraid of a connection that could last longer than the attention span of today's child. He looks down and our eyes are locked everlastingly. Love like that is problematic, because we are vividly lost in each other for so long that when we return, our house has burned to the ground. One of us left the stove on. Dinner is not cooked without turning up the heat, so now we sit in ash, still laughing over stupid words we cannot help but say.

Afterwards, he pulls his sweater down onto my body. It is his favourite top because I am the one wearing it. That sweater with a spaghetti stain on the elbow, and the neckline that shows off our time together. I love it too because its aroma belongs to the first person I was devoted to. As soon as we are dressed, we leave. When he starts the car, I cannot help but remember the man underneath the clothes.

In the end, I have lost the origin of the legend because my house lies in rubble, and paralysis has broken my body. My unwavering reflection has become a mirage of the other side of the lake, containing the entire depth of our time together. The memory of us is now smaller than the collection of letterforms in this space. Still, these 544 words run repeatedly through my mind, never fully expressing the feeling that continues to be larger than an English analogy. So, I read between these lines, discover who I am, and who I used to love. The ink is already dry, but I finally print the story.