

Cranberry Linen

you remember that place,
the one with the cream stucco walls,
linen bed sheets the color of cranberries,
and a line of sticky windows?
the place where you spent hours
picking plums in the orchard,
spent nights licking purple wounds?
the house that smelled like tortillas
doused in honey and garlic,
and collected flour in all of its corners?
the home where drinks clinked under stars,
and hands searched for other hands
in a desperate attempt for human touch?
you remember
and i remember.