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Our Memories

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Our Memories
by Meghan Sullivan

Our memories are just that, ours.
So many things can be taken by others.

So please, kiss my fingertips, for they file
through brain fabric, massage hippocampus,
press breath out of my chest and make moments
real. Like that memory of Grandpa.

When he was dying, I didn't know it yet.
I smiled. I sniffed his chest and pressed

his cheek to mine, mine, plump and pink, his,
purple and mottling. His fake teeth

sucking on a pretzel. The salt, the flour, the
butter, the mustard he loved and licked—

but not any longer. Not any longer.
Co-opted into the living's recollection,

maybe it wasn't a pretzel, maybe
he feigned vitality, maybe

our memories are just that, ours.