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Memorization (for the boy with hibiscus lips)

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Memorization
(for the boy with hibiscus lips)

Kayla Fletcher

I keep hearing about you and people are telling me
how long your hair has gotten, how light your eyes are.
The last time I saw you was over a year ago, but you were
a different person then, black as licorice, black as oil, the
darkness of your narrow veins showed flower stems in your
arms and legs, and now you are only a memory; a golden
light soaking into my mind.