

## Not A Through Street

Anya Marina

I don't remember much of anything  
Of those years,  
Kind of strange and kind of sad  
Considering all the laughs  
and all the tears.  
Could it be this quiet cul-de-sac  
Or the cynical moon?  
Could it be the neighbor's cat watching  
Me from the living room?

Either way, these days I feel so strange.  
I remember you; so strange.  
Do you remember me secretly?

So I comb the depths of the ocean floor  
Of my memory; grasping onto some  
Shell, some piece some evidence  
Of you and me:  
Sunlight streams in morning  
Your head in the sheets  
Dancing naked in the living room  
(I still practice secretly).

I remember you secretly.  
Do you remember me secretly?  
I remember you secretly.  
Do you remember me secretly?

You're a mile away  
On your island, so close  
Doing who knows what  
With who-knows-who  
Haphazard lovers don't  
Seem to drown out your tune  
It goes for me anyway  
I don't know about you.