

You did not want to be

in

touch

with

me

any longer.

To move from lost to loss, I left the map of you on the dashboard.

It took months to rearrange the folds properly and reseal the creases. The bright red, blue and yellow pathways, as bruises, had to wait another summer to fade.

Taking dull scissors to bright construction paper, sloppy tape ripped my skin and droplets from paper cuts fell unevenly.

It took months of folding and creasing to retrace my before and build my after.

In the dull container of late Fall, I have brilliant shades of unmarked possibilities, and my motion returns.

Someone is now

out

of

touch

for

you.

I step into the clutter of my car you always hated. The dashboard map falls and flips to the crisp side that was safe from the sun.

One last cut as I seal the envelope to return you to yourself.

Rachel Cyrene Blackman