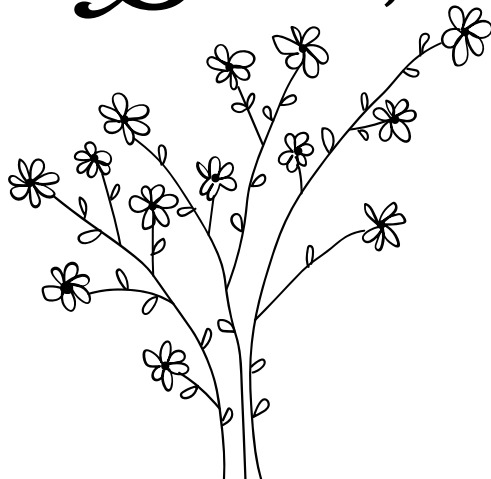


You exist in You.



YOU & EXIST;

A POEM
BY AL
TAYLOR



You exist in others.



You exist in no one.

In whispers down the hall
and stories ripped from the
context You provided
by nature of being there.
In pocket change lining
loose wallets, threadbare
and slipping from faded
fingertips as they try to
exchange change for
another crumbling scrap of
You. In lint, clumped
carelessly within the belly
of a broken dryer dustpan
desecrating their clothes
with Your scent, Your
presence.



You exist in small

reminders littered

through the lives of each

and every person having

passed You by. You

exist in olfactory

memories, candles,
smelling like home,
favorite foods hot from
burnt-out ovens. You

exist in the strangest of
places.



The memory of You comes
in faded photos thumbtacked
to crooked corkboards,
threatening to make Flat
Stanely's of old friends from
English. Business cards
ripping at recycled paper
seams, embossed gloss
gripping velvet matte text.
An exchange of contacts,
dusting off an old number
with emoji's no longer
supported by IOS, and a
profile picture reposted,
poorly cropped, from a web
series that reminded them
of You.



Your presence tears at
the fabric of their reality,
a collage of personality
traits taken over time,
language lining their
tongue and songs
playing, pumped,
through broken
headphones with a dead
battery, the ones that
only work when You
hold the aux cord just
right.

