

## **talk to me about when we were perfect**

She can still picture his room:  
plain walls, the blue of a starling's egg,  
sheets cool against her skin,  
a stack of books beside his bed,  
some song from the nightclub playing in her head,  
asking if she'd ever fallen in love.

She remembers his mouth on her skin,  
the ravel of their limbs,  
but what remains of those hesitant words,  
weightless as birds,  
whispered shyly at first light?

Or the words mumbled before they dressed,  
blushing and awkward at 6 a.m.,  
before they edged around his kitchen,  
instant coffee scalding her tongue,  
him apologetic, already late for work,  
her saying nothing, yet wishing he would stay.

All those words drift like ghost ships now,  
their beauty wasted and left to rust,  
yet she still remembers the soft beat of their wings,  
that peerless moment before the weight of loss,  
before she realised their lives would unfold elsewhere.

She still thinks of him when she hears that song,  
of those times he was there to save her  
when the others slipped through the cracks.  
And now she wants to say to him:  
*Talk to me about when we were perfect.*  
All she needs to know is that he once thought it too.