

. the photons feel my skin
and Bunny sniffles from the cold air.
Neither of us knew what to expect.
In the back of my head, a world without
rabbits roamed, but it felt far off
so I kept it where it wandered.
Nothing felt more important to us than
each other. The world faded into
watercolor and clouds and I held Bunny
with everything I could.

A month later, Bunny forgot what the
sun looked like, and I forgot what the
cold felt like.

We couldn't remember
each other's face.

But we could taste our lost love in
the food we ate, we smelled
lavender a little deeper, and though we
didn't know why, a little part of us
still remembers

the frost-bitten morning.
Now, I know why.
I remember Bunny. His laugh. I
miss it. I hold onto every cold morning
and cry when I smell lavender.
Knowing why is only half the struggle,
the other is knowing Bunny doesn't.
So I'll paint watercolor scenes of
clouds I think he'll like until I realize
that this is what makes us human.