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## If I Were to Meet You Again

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## If I Were to Meet You Again

Rachel Grate

Sometimes I can almost  
taste  
what it would be like to see you again.  
Perhaps on a Sunday,  
bustling on errands until shuffling  
into our old errors and  
taking a moment  
to sit at a local café table-  
round, built for two,  
with no room for laptops  
or whatever the latest contraption  
built to block conversation with a screen.

You would order your usual-  
iced tea, unsweetened-  
and I would order a  
skim soy mocha, with whip  
(if such combinations even exist)  
to show you that I've changed.  
I've matured.  
I drink coffee now,  
I know the business-woman lingo  
but I haven't forgotten to indulge  
in frothy fun from time to time.

I would hide my grimace  
while trying to drink coffee undisguised  
by cream and sugar  
and you would rub  
the tip of your nose, freckled  
as it always is by late summer.  
We would listen to the barista bark orders  
and look out the window  
until you'd slowly bring your hands together  
in the universal symbol for  
awkward turtle.

We would laugh, then  
 and I would push my coffee away  
 remembering suddenly  
 that you never were the one that judged.  
 So I would ask the clichéd questions  
 but listen genuinely as you answered honestly,  
 telling me how your dog is,  
 how you finally stopped worrying  
 about how nerdy your passion for robotics is,  
 and how your little brother got his first girlfriend.

I would wonder if they reminded you of us  
 at the age where we still classified “lip kisses”  
 and my dad drove you home after dates  
 and you accidentally scratched a pimple at my house once  
 and I pretended not to notice the blood  
 but you turned bright red,  
 stuttering to excuse yourself to the bathroom.  
 But I wouldn’t ask those questions  
 because we would be two mature individuals  
 grabbing coffee and talking about the future  
 while politely avoiding the past.

Until finally, I would open my mouth  
 to release the “I’m sorry” it caged for four years  
 only to realize, as you lean down to hug me  
 our final goodbye  
 that there is nothing to be sorry for.



*Henry I, Julia Rigby*