

## *Certain as the Sun*

by Alexandra Corinth

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Yesterday, I realized we are no longer friends  
on Facebook, and I can't remember if I unfriended you first  
or you did, and by unfriended, I mean fifteen years ago  
I woke up in your house to a glare of a story, frustration with  
my sleeptalk and dreams of violent penguins,

and Facebook has a funny way of making you think  
you are friends with someone you barely know, and  
by barely know, I mean I sometimes live in the summer  
before tenth grade, in our friends' pool at the cast party following  
a long, exhausting melodrama, when you suggested we pretend  
to kiss, your thumbs between our lips just like we practiced for  
the stage, and when you leaned in, I felt something unknowable rise  
in me, and maybe that is why I let you drag me underwater, to drown  
the swelling want that had no name then, to fill it up with familiar,

and now I see pictures of your daughter and the husband who knows  
my husband's best friend's wife, and in that electric space between  
our keyboards, I can conjure connection to you from nothing, and by  
connection, I mean I still remember every word of our friendship's  
(first) end, dictated by your Lady Macbeth, ambition my folly, and I  
remember the show that changed our lives, the way we screamed  
and wept  
behind closed curtains, our spontaneous four-part harmony,  
and I wonder  
how you remember us, if you do at all, because I still have the  
notebooks

SUMMER 2018

we filled with our gossip and poetry, two sides of the same girlhood,  
and by girlhood, I mean you will always live somewhere in my bones,  
forever fifteen and apologetic, your distinct handwriting and hierarchies,

and I wish Facebook would stop reminding me that I don't know you,  
wish I could keep you in a rose tinted bell jar, unchanging and imperfect,  
and by imperfect, I mean I forgive you, forgive us for not being friends,  
and I forgive Facebook, I guess, for making me see that you aren't that  
chipped teacup anymore, trapped in time by some great curse of fate. No,  
we are both the Beast in our divergent adulthoods, transformed by all that  
we know beyond ourselves, and we will always be known to one another  
somehow, even if Facebook claims we aren't, even if we never speak again.