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# The most life

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### The most life

Today I walked all the way to your house,  
 across town briskly in the Sunday silence,  
 the late winter sky without blemish, snow vanished,  
 and all the mud from the melt  
 frozen hard.

I looked up at the slanting afternoon sun  
 and it thrilled me  
 the way it made each of my eyelashes burst  
 into rainbow circles of light,  
 and I smiled at the sun,  
 I thought I would tell you about my eyelash prisms  
 when I saw you.

And I thought about what I would say:  
 if you were home I'd ask you  
 if you wanted to walk;  
 but even if you said no,  
 it would still be joyous  
 because I knew I could walk to your house  
 anytime and feel welcome, I could  
 tell the truth, say I'd stopped by on a walk;  
 but even if I had just walked all the way across town  
 just to see you  
 just to be near you and with you  
 then that would be perfect, too.

I rang your doorbell, and waited for you  
 to come to the door and smile and glow  
 and you looked as happy as I felt  
 which made me  
 happier, and I said, "Get your coat,"  
 and you just grinned "okay"  
 and got your jacket and your camera and your  
 too-radiant face and we left, feeling free and cold  
 and far too alive.

And we walked down your quiet street  
 and watched two squirrels play tag in a huge bare tree  
 and laughed, and we breathed the ice-clear air,  
 we walked on campus and it was gorgeous  
 green and bright and empty  
 and we gazed at the world being simple and beautiful  
 and our eyes were filled with dancing stars,  
 and your denim jacket and your jeans and your eyes  
 matched the sky and made you seem  
 like a piece of it fallen and sunlit,  
 and our laughter smelled better than it ever has,  
 and the air put its arms around us and embraced us,  
 and I've never lived more than today.

Rachel Posner