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## mausoleum // twenty-seven negatives: the disposable camera i forgot on you kitchen counter

Savannah Skinner  
*SUNY Geneseo*

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# mausoleum

After thunderstorm; we parked to watch  
the sunset pink. It smelled of lilacs,

clouds, factory steam from across town:  
one-way streets somewhere beneath.

Smack mosquito bites with an open palm  
to stop the swelling—behind his ear,

a salt lick. Sweat, two-day-old shampoo.  
I named trees after his lips; my fear of them.

My shivered legs, damp with déjà vu:  
kissing in this place before, the sunset

more orange, cheekbones still inside his skin.  
His hands more or less the same, maybe

new scars on fingers. They spoke like bees;  
with dancing. I am graceless—still digging

the same freckle out of my palm. We rubbed  
our shoulder blades together to hear them

hum like glass-wings. Valley sounds; spring  
peepers, sirens heading somewhere south.

twenty-seven  
negatives:  
the disposable camera I forgot  
on your kitchen counter

- I. Your house from the highway, coming up in stone;
- II. the underpass where I wait for you—
- III. the baseball diamond where you wait for me.
  
- IV. Your house from the couch in the barn,
- V. the couch in the barn; your boots over the arm.
- VI. Dusty air, slat-sided sun: stretch marks in the crook of your elbow.
  
- VII. Us in the graveyard; mausoleum against the sunset,
- VIII. me on a swing at the playground against the sunset,
- IX. sunset through the walls of our abandoned house.
  
- X. Our abandoned house: tin cans, two sets of stairs,
- XI. disassembled chimney (I took some home for stove bricks).
- XII. Me leaning against the industrial stove in your kitchen
  
- XIII. with ice on my mouth; me with a fat lip, your strawberry-stain lips,
- XIV. morning lips: swollen. Black & white—ice cubes half-melted
- XV. in your cupped hands. Skittles, pseudoephedrine.

- XVI. You wearing my shorts: the closet door  
XVII. in his old bedroom—blank walls, a digital scale,  
XVIII. suggestion of a ghost in his old bedroom—  
  
XIX. orb of a ghost in the mirror at the caved-in house.  
XX. Back door of your apartment taken from  
XXI. the high school track; my sister's steeplechase  
  
XXII. records; plastic-wrapped in a particle board  
XXIII. cabinet, your kitchen from the perspective of  
XXIV. Maddie-dog. Maddie-dog from the perspective of  
  
XXV. the porch bench, your head on a pillow in my lap:  
XXVI. wisdom teeth post-op. Vicodin, red Jell-O  
XXVII. at the tip of your Novocaine-tongue: my blue-veined wrist.