

Miriam Manglani

THE THREE WORDS

I remember what you told me by the sea,
your cocktail breath mingled with the salty air,
reflections of the beach in your green eyes,
and your face streaked with sunblock
speckled with sand.

The teddy bear you won
for me by playing Wack-a-Mole
sitting expectantly next to you,
its legs hanging over the concrete wall.

The soft music from the Ferris wheel in the distance,
just loud enough to be heard,
briefly washed out of the fresh air by
the squawking flock of seagulls taking flight.

Perhaps they knew we needed privacy
to allow you to wake the three words
that were always there,
always nestled between us like sleeping children.

The ones I said back to you,
to allow you to feel them throb,
as you brushed strands of hair from my face
and let me taste a bit of your cocktail.