**Depth Perception**

Ben Kassoy

My memory of you is like a dog trying to bite the wind, which seems foolish and impossible, but then maybe that’s the whole point: swallowing the fall, the crisp, the sweet and sadness, the tender delusion.

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I just wanted to give and take everything for a night — to suck each other totally dry, like draining the marrow of a Capri Sun, your omnipotent mouth suffocating the pouch as you inhale the last gasps of its artificial orange oxygen and nostalgia.

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I just wanted to be your crash test dummy, blank and pristine and built for destruction in the name of science. I wanted to be your revenge body. I wanted to tell you to throw me off a building because tonight I’m indestructible like a Nalgene or Jackie Chan.

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I was begging for beautiful and triumphant mercy like euthanizing the heavyweight champion of the world thirty seconds after he delivered the knockout kiss and splattered blood and honey across the ring.

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I told you I could never understand your pain but maybe your body can describe it in Morse code on mine.

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I was a single perfect freckle in the constellation of the ever-expanding universe for your skin: gorgeous and insignificant. I hoped you’d zoom all the way in until this trivial fleck is an eclipse and new colors and sensations emerge, like the electric yellow-black kaleidoscope that dances and snakes into oblivion on the backs of your eyelids when they’re shut so tight the only thing left to do is bust wide open.

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I swallowed your firefly that night, and now it’s just chilling—symbiotically feeding on my insides, incandescent, illuminating my small intestine. Also, it turns out my appendix wasn’t doing shit; so they replaced it with a tiny gentle octopus that spoke to you in a dream.

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I hope you remember me like Coco and carry this feeling around with you, clandestine, inside an old Altoids container, or all the way inside your body, so when TSA pulls you to the side it’s because your lotion is too many ounces or the baseball glove in your bag kinda looks like a bomb.

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I spy your silhouette in the sunset, and you’re either 91 million miles away or just beyond the volleyball nets. Depth perception was never my strong suit; so I guess I’ll see you next lifetime or on the boardwalk at 5:15 for an Arnold Palmer.