**My Old Bodies**

Isaac Rankin

At 6:55 on Monday morning, a man jogs through the intersection with a body that says *I’ve been doing this every day for a long time. I only drink on special occasions and avoid late night snacks. That’s how you get this kind of body.* My body is still on daylight savings time, still recovering from not much this weekend. Sometimes I look in the mirror and think *This is not my body. Where did the old one go?* Of course, it’s with the others. All my old bodies gather around a table while I’m sleeping, playing poker in some back room behind a Chinese restaurant, swapping war stories about broken bones and dunks, about dares involving chicken nuggets and hikes that finished in the darkness. Around the time they get bored with one another, a new body arrives with new stories, but it’s not the same. *I mowed the yard. I walked in the neighborhood after dinner. I carried a dresser up the stairs without scratching the walls.* Most nights my summer-after-high-school body leaves the party early. He’s used to staying up all night. He’s started going for long runs all over town. Running until dawn, looking for me in all the places I used to be.