Because we do not yet have enough memories
I will invent one for us in which we are in Polynesia.
You are paddling the canoe and I am taking your picture
For the ten thousandth time because when I cannot touch you
I take your picture. The funny thing is how we discover
The eyes following us in the water—how we did not see
Their presence on the surface then, how you did not
Have to tell them to leave us alone because we are in love.