

## *Instant Nostalgia*

Elizabeth Wendorf

Over dinner we chip away at  
The manicures we got last weekend.  
We laughed in the face of the apocalypse then and the crabs know.  
They're staring us down now with their dead black eyes as we  
Beat their shells away with hammers.  
There's Old Bay under my skin and in my hair until the downpour washes to the bone.  
Absolution in a rainstorm.

Later, we're three abreast  
(Or six if you're really counting)  
In the king size bed and you order ice cream from room service.  
We watch dvds on my laptop and it's a sleepover,  
Like when Miranda was five and we had a pj party  
With peas and pizza and plums for dessert,  
And we slept in the living room of that old house where I turned  
One and eight and everything in between.

Saturday we go shopping: groceries, clothes, B and N.  
You stopped paying for my books when they became my religion and you couldn't afford  
the tithe.  
We eat seafood in Baltimore. Crabs again.  
Someone else does the work this time as the sun splinters through my glasses  
Turns me blind.

And it's Chinese for breakfast on Sunday before we say goodbye.  
You order crab wontons from a guy who looks like he'd rather be elsewhere.  
We crumble fortune cookies in our palms in the parking lot while you take pictures for  
posterity.  
Some day we'll remember this like the taste of plums in that old house.