

# Ode to Memory by Diana Raab

From the moment I rise in the morning  
how I remember everything—

where my slippers sleep,

how to get downstairs,

where to find my dog

and how to brew my coffee.

I love to remember

my first coffee in a Parisian café  
with grandpa at age sixteen—  
strong espresso and sugar cube,  
and how the server was so kind.

I will always remember  
not what people do for me,  
nor what they say,  
but how they make me feel.

I will always remember my first love,  
how and where it happened,  
the sound of his name,  
and how he held me,

and how scared  
we were when blood gushed from me  
onto his parent's bed,  
them at movie theater,  
and how embarrassed I was,  
yet how close it made us.

I'll always remember  
the feeling of being loved  
in that way—for the very first time.

*Ephemeral Elegies. Spring 2021.*