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Post-it Notes

I

At first they were covered in words: critical diatribes
in small. Then they took on the look of all that marginalia
you find from the smug graffiti-writing reader: 'Foucault!',
'evolution', 'what?', or 'no!'. Now they're wordless:
unpenned letters from the past, encrypted
in a knowledge of the reader that was me.
In an old book I see a yellow square, read the part
marked, and am amazed at my predictability.

II

In a new city and in love, we took a mapless walk
at dawn, choosing our course by instinct, taking
left or right according to our whim, or how the light
was caught. After time we found coffee and wine,
a waiter who looked like a brother, and a place to talk.

Years later we went back and made the same unchartered
trip, remembering nothing of the things we'd seen,
choosing again without design. We ended in the same bar
with the same familiar waiter pouring wine, awed and appalled
by our own consistency, but back where we started.

III

We talk less now—
Leave notes that are no more than signs—
Trust that the old choices hold wordlessly.