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TRAVELING BACK

Science fiction writers say
the universe is a mirror
and there is another universe
reflected back at us,
where time runs backwards.

Gazing into it,
must be like looking
at yourself except the scar on
your left hand
is now on the right.

But the other you must see it
just as much as you do
as she goes about her day
typing up drafts for her will,
later for her job, college, high school.

She must notice it slowly lengthen
as her hand un-wrinkles and firms
every time she searches
through her purse, making sure
she didn't leave her keys at home.

You see the scar,
tucked underneath her thumb, move
wildly around as she keeps telling
her friends about how she got it.
It is a good conversation starter, you both think.

Until one day, the scar
disappears off her skin.

It slowly comes undone,
a thread being pulled
out of its seam,
as she lifts off from the ground
and falls onto her horse.

Her head snaps back into
a normal position
as your (*no her*) father
runs back across the sandy arena
to his chair in the corner.

The other you watches him:
his concern retracting
into a smile as the horse
trots away from the arena wall.
She feels so proud to call him father.

You envy her: a moment of
pain redacted into
cheer. She won't remember
the blood slinking
down her forearm

or the memory of her father
carrying her
to the chair, covering the wound with musty
tissue paper as he called the ambulances.
She won't remember like

she does not recall sitting in a hospital room,
watching her father being
whittled away,
unable to use tissue paper or
anything to make things better.

She'll end up disappearing,
a newborn star sucked back
into her mother's womb.
Neither of her parents will remember her,
but she won't remember them dying either.

You envy her for that.