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Nine Lives

It's years since I've had an answering machine
but there are still many nights I turn
the key in the lock eager to play
whatever messages were left
while I was working. At times I still think
the radio will go off when I turn
out the bathroom light though it's even
more years since that was how it functioned.
These are memories like dreams from
a previous life that flicker in an updraft
of Mylar confetti at the back of the hero
waving from his Jeep. We forget
how much we've changed, but the diarists
and the face-blind know. It's hard
for them to remember and recount their
humiliations on yellowing paper and in the
offended glares of the forgotten.



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Art Information

- "[Voices from the Past](#) [3]" © Charles Kremenak



Daniel Meltz lives in Manhattan, between the Chrysler Building and the Midtown Tunnel.

He works as a technical writer at Google, and his poetry has been published or will soon be published in *American Poetry Review*, *Assisi*, *Audio Zine*, *Best New Poets 2012*, *CCAR Journal*, *Imitation Fruit*, *Lana Turner*, *Mudfish*, *Salamander*, *Temenos*, *upstreet*, and *Verse Wisconsin*, among others.

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