

It was familiar...like cocoa sludge on the bottom of a cooling mug.

"Thank you," I said.

"For what?" she asked.

"That look."

"Oh," she said, "what look?"

Something was holding the words in my throat. I forced them out, "That look."

"OK...you're welcome."

It was a supposed to be a simple day. It probably should have never turned into confession. "I never thought I would ever see that look again," I said. "I thought I would have to spend the rest of my life just remembering the moments just past certain midnights; or that exact second that rain starts or ends; or a kiss at the end of a perfect bass line. I thought that I was through building memories and that I would have to survive on the cache of nuts I gathered before the snows came."

That look turned into another look. That too was familiar. "I love it when we talk," she said, "but I enjoy it more when I understand what you are talking about."

"That's fair," I said, "how's this: If you were Louis Armstrong, I would be your Trummy Young."

That look returned. Now something was in her throat. "Well, that I understand," she said. It returned to a simple day.

"You know," I said, "you also remind me of cocoa sludge."

Then together they waited for a perfect bass line.