

so many years, why anyone would, especially considering you barely remember what any of them kissed like now. Not that the memory of a kiss, even a great one, is anything I think much about. Every now and again I remember how great my first kiss with ____ was, and I'm super glad he's the only one I kiss anymore, but even that sweet memory doesn't sustain me. I'm not even saying I'm all Miz "I live in the present" because I am so not, or I'm sure I wouldn't be mentioning any of this. Sometimes memories like this just come to the fore, walking around this city again, looking for apartments that are, let's call them challenged (nary an improbably huge loft among them anywhere near our price range), seeing women who are the age I was then. I have no fantasies about being younger. I have momentary envy of their smooth legs, or their style or something, and then I remember what it was like to be twenty-five, and I wouldn't trade places with anyone under thirty if you paid me.

Elizabeth Crane is the author of three collections of short stories, *When the Messenger is Hot*, *All this Heavenly Glory*, and most recently *You Must Be This Happy to Enter*. Her work has also been included in numerous publications and anthologies. She is a recipient of the Chicago Public Library 21ST Century Award, and her work has been featured on NPR's Selected Shorts and adapted for the stage by Chicago's Steppenwolf Theater company. She teaches in the University of California Riverside-Palm Desert low-residency MFA program. Her debut novel, *We Only Know So Much*, is out now from HarperPerennial.

NOELLE CORREIA

Sister Fa Trace, 2011
Colored Pencil, Paper; 8.5 x 11 in



courtesy: the artist