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**Second Place  
Poetry Arbuckle Award**

**2010 - 2011: Samantha Was A Painter The Last Time I Saw Her**

**Joshua Long**

She loved moving her hands around paint brushes.

She had an affinity for Jack Daniels and Jackson Pollock.

I used to love sitting on the floor behind her, as she was perched in front of the easel. She would put words around these worlds she was creating, and occasionally she would create one that I was a part of.

When the brushes would get heavy and the Jack would slow down her ability to hold them steady, we would just crawl into bed, a single-sized mattress with no sheets, or blankets, or box spring. We would stay there for days sometimes. No food was had during those times except for the nourishment of each other.

And even if we wanted something else there was nothing to be had. We were a pair of one-winged doves. Stitched together so that we could fly through the wind and the leaves and the trees that life so gingerly let play in the background.

When she went away to find what she wanted outside of the brush strokes and the patterns of acrylics and oils, she left me a note on the bedside table.

"I'll remember to remember you," it read.