

Nas Pretto

June 8<sup>th</sup>, 2026

Something Last Summer

My beads press into your skin, / cells pinched protectively, / swollen red indents mark you with  
the semblance of a miracle / a miracle in which someone would save you / a miracle in which  
someone would rescue you / My lifeline extends as I slide under sleeves / and over / the weight  
of fears left unacknowledged / sand embracing me in clumps / We're obscured as your toes  
shuffle / in the shoreline, indulging in the vast sea. / Through the dividing seafoam, I / sense the  
pang of a hand much / like mine. Your nervous laughter / leaves my stones in knots, but there is  
safety / in that grip; the phantom limbed residue of my prayers. / Drenched in salt together, you  
grin / back onto my plane. You live / again. Fingers no longer entwined, / I roll back onto your  
wrist and / back into the sculpted rounds you've made / for me. / Gripped carefully at twilight,  
your prayers parallel my own. / I knew that you'd save us too.