2007

--catching up--

Gabriel Baldessari
a summer away from me,
we reencountered one another.
and something about coffee shops,
good-night-cigarettes,
and her boyfriend's little mutt
(i bet he hated me
when he found out
about that night)

on a tin roof
under the Nashville sky,
we weaved something
beauteous——
we made a story blanket!
with and without fathers,
always through the worst of love,
and upward into rebellion——
the sky must have been brilliant,
for the deepest and
dreamiest of me
still listens to her.
it's good that i brought
that Aristocrat.
cheap, yes,
but the burn
inside,
there is something truly wonderful.

of us,
and the fourth grade,
that's the part we
couldn't remember——
kids,
and on a breezy afternoon,
not far from the monkey bars
and nearer to the swing-set,
i gave her my Tommy Hilfiger jacket.
either her freckles
or the way she wore her glasses
had captured

my fourth-grade heart——
truly a love for me,
far away and wandering,
i dreamt of her,
then a call
and a summer,
i promised to visit her.
all is all.
but life is never done.
the summers rush on.
and on.
and on.

—Gabriel Baldessari