

In a poverty,
a raggedness of spirit,
I need you tonight.

Your face is in my mind ...
Your teeth, your lips,

Your quick turning to me when I first wakened on that last morning.

You said something about people wanting something and giving it up for a second choice.

I thought ... if you really knew my heart
Alone and dreaming in the big attic bedroom
Clinging to my mother in blind adoration when she and Daddy had their violent arguments
Shy ... ashamed ...

You would go away.

But you didn't.

On a stifling night in the moon shadows of the linden trees, you spoke of humans becoming warped, but
trees growing strong and sure.

You said something about people wanting something and giving it up for a second choice.

I thought you were being dramatic.
Now I know you weren't.

I've told Gene for years I made a mistake.
I felt it in the apartment in Columbus the first week we were married.
He said he knew we wouldn't be as happy as some couples, but the honorable thing was to keep trying.
He's tried ... with all his heart and mind ... and with all his trying, he's ... nothing.

A shadow in the night and then too real.

Maybe ... I could hear your voice sometimes,

Get your letters mailed from nowhere,
Hide them until I finished my work and could read them over and over again.

In ... a poverty, a raggedness of spirit,

You said something about people ... something about people.