

WHERE WE WILL BE

"In a parallel universe," you say
writing the words down with
belief in a body of ink
I hardly believe you how we met
must be as random as anything
a piece of news a station an airplane
a bus a house rain in the middle
of noon and fog out of nowhere
May appearing like June shadows
what could be lovers hiding 'neath the moon
It is easy to conjure
parallels:
*I will send you news reach the station
take the plane board the bus come
to your house without any trace of your lover
and the rain and umbrella wet pavements
car on a parking lot crossroad cafe window
before sunup sight of an airplane
leaving for a station somewhere finally to mean
something... your scent*

on my jacket is long gone after wash though
in a parallel universe, you said, I've never stopped
inhaling it no matter how used
to bodies and encounters, we are forgetting.