

Her

Richard Buckner

o, sometimes, i don't think i'll ever be
sure: coming back from who-knows-where,
locked-up, downstairs. do you remember
what you were thinking of?

"well maybe."

call out to nothing in the wake of watching
her sipping wine from a camping cup on
some missing night. but, did just-enough
ever give it up?

"when was i someone who you let inside
and held-on, too?"

(and somewhere)

a note, just inside the door, is hoping
something is still where it was:

'i came to dance and
passed it up. once i
land, won't you come?
think of me: i just can't
move. i couldn't see
i never knew
i'd wander where
i'll never be.'