

## Somewhere

Our door—my door—locks  
into the hereafter of footsteps—yours;  
the street absorbs them, the one that we  
still pretend  
was meant  
for no less, no more

than this. In some other place  
—or so I fool myself—among the slivers  
of another tale, I roam—  
a vagrant newly in love with a stranger—  
somehow towards home,  
and then,  
somehow towards you  
again.  
I wait

more willingly, perhaps but one or two  
messy moments more,  
to fall  
into the canopy  
of a noticed look,  
a mated smile,  
or just a joke—all, in other words, that you  
—so different, so new—no longer leave  
me fumbling for.

No more proof  
required, silence  
reeking no more of pain;  
I'm still laughing  
every time you stroke  
the cat. And you still love  
what you call 'my ways'.

Do you think we know  
that somewhere there's a you that's leaving,  
that somewhere there is a me that stays?