

We Said

We printed them on glossy
paper, all the places
we would go, our desires.
'Buy ourselves some time,' we said.

We taped them around, you
on your computer, and I
on the nicest wall I could find
in my tiny office—'one day,'

we said, 'one day we'll fix
this mess, we'll find a way'. We worked

hard, tooth, nail,
and knuckle to pay
for the overpriced commodity
of freedom,

for you, for me,
to pour our years
of wages, our loveless dollars,
into our sometime reveries. Yet

you sold your guitar
a year (you always were the finer
romantic!) after I gave my Venice postcards
away to a stranger;

in the end, safety is the currency to use, is it not,
in the heedless purchase of regrets?