

eight realisations from a visit with old friends in fall 2021

i. we play cards in your kitchen and I wrap
my tongue around a language that will never be
mine – still, here, I am a sort of home

ii. we have been gifting each other smiles and
mispronounced words for years – in this way, we are
saving each others' lives, harbouring small safe
moments to make the big uncertain ones manageable

iii. as you lead I realise dancing is a language I want
to learn to speak – we sweat and laugh and
apologise to each others' toes and whirling
under your arms I am unselfconscious and home

iv. there has been comfort in rooms warmed
by the heat of other bodies and other breath and
in the future it will be safe enough to find it again

v. after you loan me your old bicycle, I ride along
the river beside you – it is a fall day and I posit
that to live in a society is to be beholden
to countless other people we will never know

vi. as I am leaving, one giant hand gently
reassures the space in between my shoulder
blades as if to say until next time and
I am overwhelmed by how I am so loved

vii. the night before I go, I keen, not for pining
but because I am grateful – I am too wistful
and tired to solve the riddle you tied to a buttonhole
in my shirt so it is an accessory on my slow way home

viii. I will not miss you – it is consolation enough to
know
that you're breathing and that all the possible futures
are ones in which I will see you again

