

# You, me, now, then

*by* Steven Pirani

The truth is,  
I've tried to write  
    sprawling lines about you and me  
and pithy thoughts on romance tropes,  
    or indicate how you were framed  
between two mason jar votives  
    the pair throwing light  
so that you looked like a floating, listening face.

I've decided that little I could write  
would sufficiently describe  
    that fencing match  
we waged mostly in silence.  
If I seemed disappointed after our conversation  
then, for the record, that was never the case.

I was just caught off guard,  
    and to some heartache found  
that silence was a safer phrase.

In all, this year has been magnetic, electric,  
and devastating.

I will remember that time with you  
like a soft space between all three.

I know that night might never happen again,  
that we'll never be anything but what we are.

I would never change that  
even if I could.

You don't have to say it,  
I know I may never have that at all.

That's fine.  
I'm just happy you're alive.

