

She Waited for Him

by Bill Yarrow

Station after station, she waited for him,
and he waited for her. That was part of
the problem. Misalignment. But neither
understood the geography required
for connection, how locus expands,
how the Atlantic Ocean becomes Texas.

When he held her, he thought of Racine,
and when she held him, she thought
of Cheyenne. Of course, there was nothing
in between. Except for love. But what
is love? Perfume worn by saints. So they
stalked cathedrals for the odor, breathed
in sandalwood, candles, holiness, mold...

And when their noses were full, they took
that to mean they had found it. We all
want to believe we've found love, but
what smells like love may not be love at all.
That's the cross. It may just be worship.

