

Fragment 49

by Gary Percesepe

*We step and do not step into the same rivers; we are and are not ~
Heraclitus*

What I took to be a man weeping
in a blue suit turned out to be the president
ogling a teenage contestant

and just when I thought I'd taken the
last nail I received your voicemail
and felt its rope of distance

tugging me back to you-- where I'd stay
forever if given a choice, like a carpet of
yellow roses rooted in your skin

but walking west what I thought was a
crime in the making turned out to be the
symphony warming up on 57thStreet

and I recognize the need to climb down
from the cross, stop thinking of all the losses
and remember that you're the best cutman, baby

and with you in my corner I'm the perfume
of warm summer rain & when the blood gets
redder you get busier with Vaseline, Q tips, and ice

but what I thought was a calendar of the years of
my marriage turned out to be a boat filled with bilge
listing starboard on the wrong side of the Sound

and what I thought was a good Belgian
beer turned out to be a suitcase of old
porn on the porch

and what looked like a shelf of cologne
turned out to be a sweater of spiders
and what I thought to be the right hand

of God was only Eddie Haskell grilling
hot dogs in my backyard, his narrow
feet jammed into broken sandals

and as for what was once thought to be
the will of God, well that turned out to be
a tag for twenty percent on the next pedicure.

