

On Unpredictability

by Jill Chan

Where is he now, the boy who said,
 “You're so unpredictable.”
And I was just a girl
content with sitting,
with the way the evening falls
predictably as all others remain.
I wonder what kindnesses
he brings to his family
by being steadfast
as he was with me—
looking shy though he was never
shy with others, the predictable others.
All that have changed in me,
I give to you now.
The night has wavered with me
as if solemn at last,
marveling at how wrong
we could be when we love
or admire and are forgiven,
because we love,
we eventually love
as never before.

