

Here I Am

by Lilia Souzay

Here I am in the city where we walked side by side, you had driven a great distance and lost your way somewhere where exits branch off the highway in both directions and unpredictably.

I want to tell you that there is snow falling here today, and ice on the Charles. I want to find words to describe the patterns of movement frozen into some kind of permanency. I also want you to be gone out of my mind as you disappeared out of my life, instead of roaming still - maybe always - in each detail of unexpected beauty.

Once you told me that your wife asked why every story you wrote was sad. Such heavy, sticky sadness when in person you were a funny man. You made her laugh. You made me laugh. Do you know that when I read a string of your words for the first time, long ago, I wanted to reach out and touch your face? I wanted to feel the texture of your skin against mine, your weight and your lightness.

There were sailboats on the river when you were here and then, sudden summer rain. We walked until my sun dress was drenched, and I knew that you could see every contour of my body. I let my hand brush against yours, a shy invitation for you to turn and kiss me, but you looked away over the water to the other shore and said we had walked so far there was no bridge back in sight.

