

You, Cliché

by Nonnie Augustine

You might as well be the man on the moon.
Once touching your face was quotidian.
When I tallied each day's pleasures,
you, in this room or that, counted too much
for me, I think. I stopped record keeping.

I'm pouring you out. Emptying the pot.
Like horses running in old photographs,
your images race by blurred, scant detail
emerges brightly enough to dazzle.
You might as well be the, as, like——

