

# just...

by Peter DeWolf

wash over me  
i fear not  
the erosion  
let the  
future scientists  
take their  
soul samples  
to figure out  
what happened  
how  
was there  
warning  
and when you  
go away  
let me  
believe  
the residue  
left behind  
is a choice  
a souvenir  
of  
the moment  
i want you  
full force  
direct hit  
i can handle  
the capricious  
gusts of wind  
causing the battering  
of sometimes  
indifference  
until

i  
can't  
and then  
well  
you're a story  
late night  
near closing  
dueling tales  
of near-misses  
that become  
more near  
and barely  
misses  
through time  
preternatural disasters  
left fading  
wrinkled scars  
it was rough  
i tell ya  
and they marvel  
loudly through  
quiet nods  
and i  
stare  
out the window

