

# 1987, What I wanted

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In 1987, I wanted to play in the creek,  
catching frogs and wishing the street lights would wait another  
hour.

I wanted to keep a jar of lightning bugs by my bedside,  
and name each one after cartoon characters.

In 1987, I wanted Tammy to be my friend,  
I wanted to be important to somebody;  
find a way to burst the soundless bubble that caged me  
away from parents too young to see their recklessness.

In 1987, an Irish band sang With or Without you  
and I wanted to know what love felt like.  
I dreamed of beautiful girlfriends I would never make my wife,  
because in 1987, I was too afraid to be kissed.

In 1987, I wanted to go to county fairs  
instead of hospital waiting rooms.  
I wanted to watch, for as long as I could,  
until my innocence, like a balloon, disappeared from view.

I wanted to believe in a Heaven  
where I would never say goodbye to anyone,  
never again watch ailing flesh  
turn cold and gray.

In 1987, I wanted her to beat cancer.  
I wanted to know my grandmother  
better than an 11 year old could.  
In 1987, I wanted it to be 1986  
again.

