Amble

by Shigekuni

I sulk across the room to feed you,
hold your hand, tell you *everything*
will be fine. It is the right time of night,

the light from the street falls onto the chair
at the perfect angle. I look at you, gray,
shimmering, persnickety. Don't move, this

is just the dust, helping me see. I tap
a new song into the carpet, softly. I know,
I know you're there. And when a

wind slips in through the cracks in the
window or when the light shifts and you
lose patience and substance, I still know.

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