

You, me, now, then

by Steven Pirani

The truth is,
I've tried to write
 sprawling lines about you and me
and pithy thoughts on romance tropes,
 or indicate how you were framed
between two mason jar votives
 the pair throwing light
so that you looked like a floating, listening face.

I've decided that little I could write
would sufficiently describe
 that fencing match
we waged mostly in silence.
If I seemed disappointed after our conversation
then, for the record, that was never the case.

I was just caught off guard,
 and to some heartache found
that silence was a safer phrase.

In all, this year has been magnetic, electric,
and devastating.

I will remember that time with you
like a soft space between all three.

I know that night might never happen again,
that we'll never be anything but what we are.

I would never change that
even if I could.

You don't have to say it,
I know I may never have that at all.

That's fine.
I'm just happy you're alive.

