



72

Ordinary Human

The woman rides the train by herself when one,
then two tears break from the venus of her eyes.
I wonder if she's left her lover, or maybe

not a lover exactly but someone about whom
there is an acute sense of loss, someone
with whom friendship was the only intimacy allowed.

And now she's leaving and her imagination is filled
with the blank apartment of their life together
(this is where they'd watch cartoons, make love).

But she blinks, her face ordinary human,
with the sense that something was just there,
like the expression of a room after the door locks.

A strange man asks her about her shoes and they chat,
tears drying her cheeks. She smiles and is lovely
as something I never thought I'd live to see.

So many people fill the car only to make her
watch them get off. Why not pretend
we can keep anything of those that've left us.

I choose to remember her as the night sky –
comets flung down her cheeks
to light the expanse between us.

Let's pretend we are never lost, only changed.
Let's pretend we are better than we are.

73