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There. But Not There At All.

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2006/iss4/16
Snow filters down
outside your basement window—
a single streetlight painting shadows
on your face.

Alone, I carry on a personal
correspondence with the ceiling.
Tears drip into
my ears.

Double down comforters
bunched between us,
arms crossed over
my chest.

My hair,
cold and clammy on pillows,
like strands of seaweed
lying limp on the shore.

I want sun,
to melt the icicles
barring your window
like a cell.
I want morning,
to erase
this solitary night.

Because you’re here,
but not here at all.