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When You Say When

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When You Say When

Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2007/iss4/6
You say, “This city is turning into Seattle.”
I watch your beard brush through breakfast crumbs.
Your nephew is cooing in the bathtub
with only flippers on.
My face is mirrored in every doorway,
in glass that should be ground.
The hallway, dark as I approach –
A gibbous gleams with background baby sound.
Every lullaby my father ever sung is in my head.
It’s in my head right now.

When I come in to the kitchen
he is there,
all banana and rolling thighs.
His four teeth are at your fingers.
His brand new face is on my eyes.

I look into your glasses,
past the scratches on each lens –
and miss your lips, when you tell me this.
“Love me. Wait ’til I say when.”