2001

Buffalo

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Cover Page Footnote

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2001/iss2/2
The things I did, I did because I had to,  
Because I enjoyed the drinking and the  
Kissing, because the liquid felt good and  
The song moved my feet, because the air  
Was cool and the water was quiet, because  
The nights were long and the moments were  
Endless, because I liked the sound of your  
Voice and the way your lips felt, because  
Every turn was toward you and every move  
Was for you, because the truth be admitted  
It didn’t matter when we walked by the pier and  
The glow off the water reflected in your  
Eyes, because the rest of them didn’t  
Understand your simple smile.

The things I did, I smiled in tears and  
In pain, in the silence when you slept and  
In the smell of your cologne when you showered, in  
The length of your hair and eyelashes, in the  
Touch of your hands and your feet, in the shadow  
When no one was looking and in the day  
When everyone was. In the card and the tape, in  
The song and the message, in the perfect  
Heart and the unforgettable hate. In the back  
Of a car where you lost your soul and in the house  
Where you took mine, in the empty room when  
You left and in the room you shared with someone  
Else. The decisions you made in a life warped  
By haze and lighters, lines and boxes, round and  
Shots were never more than you needed except  
For the beauty of the gift you stole from me in the dark.

The things I smiled in, I smiled longer in the dark, beyond  
The expansive night, beyond the tar covered roads leading  
To emptiness, where you send me when you need to feel  
Good, dancing in grey, high in your haze, and like others  
Before you, I saw you fade fast away from me, circles  
And squares, all the same when you look at me.