Poem Number One

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a poem-
For Mike, who once told me I couldn't eat the
sauer without the kraut:

I'm all mixed up
like a dusty junkshop
or Chinese sauerkraut.

Too much I've learned from crowds,
and books and the night
and it makes me long
for freedom from it all.

I've become frustrated.
I guess love is to blame
a little bit too
because loving you only makes things
more wonderfully complicated.

still, somehow
I wish you hadn't left.
I wish you were still here.

supper-waiting
late
in the sundown hour
one mile under
an empty jet glide path
and three floors up
from the bottom of the world
I sit
twenty feet from the door
not making a sound
in case you should knock.

I leave my love poems
for friends to write
in drunken conversation
as they watch you
through the Wednesday morning hour.
I can't say I love you
if the words are right
but you wonder
if the words are right
I hear you reaching
and, too well, I know
the difference that you make
and, too well, I know
the difference that you make
is now.

by Jan Andrews