There Is a Greeting as Well as a Parting

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There Is a Greeting as Well as a Parting

MINDY TAYLOR

On Bridge St., in the 90-degree heat,
I loll against the brick buildings
waiting for the hours to pass
on the bank clock.
I think of friends who knock once
then go away forever,
of embarrassed new lovers
who turn the bedroom light on
and look at a stranger's body:
it is too difficult to begin again.

But it is in that turn toward light
when, from all the stories we narrate
so well, we must choose those
that tell ourselves.

We wait, shuddering awake,
sheet pulled to our chins,
for the words to come
out of hiding
so that we might tell, without end,
the story of our beginning
again and again.