How Often do you Stop Short in the Midst?

Richard D. Borisch

Grand Valley State University
your face is sometimes
more frozen in a picture
than i can take
the time to hold.
or maybe
it's the liquid inbetweeness
of the light
i see your eyes in
when you wonder
at the right
you see your world in
that says
there can be no looking forward
to a beginning
in the minutes
i have tried to see inside you.
yet i must keep you
separate from the rest,
ahead of green memories,
removed from where
you are removed from me.
i must know your differences
in height,
in weight,
in width,
and most of all
the color of your eyes.
and i must take my chance
in going deeper
than to ask you
if the room is filled
with smoke or dust.
deeper than to ask hello
and wonder if you dare,
or even care,
to take your turn
to take your chances
knowing that your story
could not
neatly be compiled and bound
into two and one quarter inches
of hardback
pretty cover
dedicated
first edition
failure
even with exhaustive research
following your death.

and i must walk barefoot
when the night
is ten miles long,
winter cramped
by snow fences,
soggy leaves
and old rains,
assembling my thoughts
into six dollar images
and wondering
at the pros and cons
of whether my love,
like atlantis,
ever really existed.
and i must take
my calculated chance,
calculated only insofar as
i know it must be taken
to survive,
though even with
a hemisphere of wisdom
would i be able,
more than a watcher of the moon,
to see your other side?

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