

SECRET PIECES

We're getting there, good buddy.
Like Frost's old codger with his lamp,
not seeing snow-starred windows,
the glistening beyond, not remembering
what he clomped into the room to look for.

You and I, never anything but young,
supposed it would be different for us:
Lazing like corks on a pond with few fish,
rocking chair wisdom flavoring the roast.
Wherewithal to buy sports cars or run
in club marathons if we pleased.

Now we disturb night rhythms, rummage winter
for things we put somewhere. Things
we never believed we'd want, and we wonder
if they're still viable, if they ever were,
or if proverbial moth and rust prevailed.

And you, confidant for the best part
of my life, do you have a name for those things—
maybe the missing half of a rhyme, a prayer,
a few slivers of understanding— or are they
unsayable, fragments of forgiveness and hope
tied up in scraps of love that someone wanted
but we never knew how to give?

Maybe it's the wanting, ours and somebody's,
that keeps us looking. Maybe soon we'll know
enough to know what to do with the nebulous bits
we're finding. Before we forget.