

For Ben

I'm 33 now. Married.

Lost in the surreal world of watching
myself – coffee, garage, daycare, office, daycare, garage – watching,
not realizing I am the adult I used to want to be.

My son loves you very much. (And why shouldn't he?)
He's three and likes playing ball, kisses from his mommy, bananas
and Grayson, our cat.
He has discovered his private parts.

Sometimes I tell him about you –
about before he was,
about the places I understood before being packed down
into the mold.

I don't resent it, but I am not a settler here.
I still dream of faraway places,
and of uncaptured things.

My husband loves me and is the leveler of my waywardness.
I long for him to catch the slant of light that reveals the other side,
the sublime.
Oh how I would treasure him there!

Thank you, Ben, for holding down the years, soaking
up so many correlatives, helping move things along even though
your fur became matted and torn,
your threads broke free,
you could no longer see to see.