

hoistway

you told me i miss you and
i wanted to tell you i *missed* you!
just slightly, our lifelines brushed shoulders
slipped past like a gilded elevator too small
too small to hold the miles, the hours between
our waking and our dealing,
dealing with the stubborn ache
that persists and sits, waiting,
landing on the thirteenth floor.
the number isn't listed as a button
but i pressed it until it was jammed.
and you're somewhere between
the floors of twelve and fourteen
and i am waiting, waiting to be seen!
distance has never been so mean