

IF YOU HAVE ME

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If you have me, then I have you, which means
there was a time when out of gathering clouds
you emerged whole and undaunted by every-
day trifles, buying milk for example, when you
were out of milk.

If you have me, then I have you, like the daily
commute, Brooklyn to New York to Brooklyn,
a reflection of itself, and we walked hand-in-
hand as pretty people on a poster in the subway,
maybe the bus stop.

If you have me, then I have you on the other
days too, when out of gathering clouds only
more clouds, lightning, thunder, grey and the
refrigerator is empty and we only complain,
“We’re out of milk.”

If you have me, then I have you even when
you are undone by everyday trifles, and we
become aliens to each other, rare as a sunrise
on the bottom of the ocean, where it doesn’t
even rain.