IF YOU HAVE ME

LAURA JEAN BINKLEY

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.