

## **Figuring Somewhere Between**

I figured somewhere  
Between the drive back from San Francisco  
And the night you fell asleep next to me  
That we were no longer friends  
    Just friends  
Who roam market isles for peppers, garlic  
And the taste of pears cut on site  
You ate one before feeding me the rest  
While staring down the divide of my shirt  
(where you would later kiss me)  
As flavors simmered on the stove  
The kitchen timer heard, but ignored  
From the bedroom  
Where we laid figuring  
Somewhere between friends.

## **Simply**

A few pages past the beginning  
The story ended  
There is no use worrying what happened  
No reason to blame the characters  
And no need to question plot  
The story ended a few pages past the beginning  
Simply  
Because the author had a better idea

## Looking at you Lucky

I talked to you tonight  
for 38 minutes  
as if we were still living together  
acting like children  
being adults.

I loved you  
and it didn't matter  
didn't change a thing  
or a thought of dreams  
we shared that week  
when we pulled the couches together  
making a boat with blankets  
and buoyed pillows  
surviving on nothing but burgers  
[without the bun]  
and brie cheese.

I made tea for your throat  
though secretly wanted you to stay sick  
wrapped up with me  
congested but content  
napping between films  
swapping vapor rub for cough syrup  
and laughing at jokes  
(which I don't remember, but still make me smile)  
while looking at you lucky  
like secret kept for eight hours.

## **West I.**

Down 80 west on a whim  
With a catch singing along side  
Big trucks and bluegrass  
In the background of Laramie, speeding  
Chain smoking Marlboro 100s  
Up hill shifting into over drive  
Pressing the pedal with socks on  
Peaking at 55 to peer at a sunset seen  
Through the sunglasses of a stranger  
Eight hours out of San Francisco  
Making mediocre time behind 18-wheelers  
Braking, west bound fumes on hot rubber  
Through state-line construction  
Exiting for relief and restocking  
Cigarettes, food, and fuel  
(All bought barefoot)  
In a town forgotten by mile-marker 205  
Where the FM crackles static  
Between talk radio, classic rock, and silence  
Broken for side-mirror trailer checks,  
Phone charger trade offs  
And the third smoke of the night  
Shared over conversation  
Regarding hypothetical dinner parties  
Billy Preston, Monopoly, and tacos.