

IN PARTICULAR

Bea Opengart

Minstrel, mockingbird, husband
running from a patient wife,
I live alone. Mornings
I open the door thinking nothing

in particular—cooler weather,
the paper isn't lying in the rain—
and see you slouched
against the railing, your only luggage

the green felt hat. I ask
what you want, you say *to stay here*.
When we meet again, by chance,
in the company of friends,

we speak briefly. Beside you
your son clamors for attention,
the dog nuzzles your feet. Your wife
glances from empty glass to clock.

Two years is no time
in a life I know little of—
what you tell me, walking or crouching
beside my car in the dirt lot.

On windy days grit catches
in my eyes and I see you
through the glaze that washes them.
I see you as I want to.

Love has nothing to do with it.
I can't keep my hands
from your face, your mouth
on mine, hard, as I expected.