

They Gussed About us

How I bought a new pair of glasses
after that fall;

 how I made frequent visits
to the coast;

 how you made it to the far north
and wrote back rarely;

 how I took train rides;
how you sat staring at the table cloth;
how you dressed, not caring less, but still
with a swagger;

 how I sat up half the night
and emerged to watch sunrise;
how your letters like mine carpeted the hallway;
they gussed;

 right of course;

 not knowing,

I was in love with the shoreline,
loved landscape seen from a train;
you could have gone straight on
past the horizon,
but did not.

DESMOND GRAHAM