

Trent Busch

FIFTEEN

Though it doesn't divide
into a hundred evenly,
fifteen in years seems
the perfect distance:

we wake up one weekday
morning and there it is,
a face or body that
continues last night's dream,

someone asking, What are
you thinking of, Walter?
or, Grace, you seem to be
in another world today.

The shell cracks for us to
catch up with things, the gaps
in the caulk around the sink,
the shirt or dress in the closet

we will not wear again
returning again in portrait,
sugar in the salt, gold
thread in the dun sleeves.

Then looking at our hands,
or neck in the mirror, we
might still remember a pretty
name someone called us

once, even in refusal.

