

*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.

