

I Can Wait For

Holly Welker

I purposely forget what you look like
so each time I see you I am surprised
again by your beauty. Your name is the
charm I offer nervous cats instead of
plates of milk. You walk toward me and I
am not God, for he taketh not pleasure
in the legs of a man. This half is now.
The other half, I can wait for. You are
not the ghost who haunts my house, but you will
be. I will know the wall you lean against
to watch me put up my hair. I'll smell which
pillow you sleep on. I'll find your finger
prints on books, on flowers, and recognize
the echo of sounds you make asleep. I
will never forget what you look like. Your
name will be the charm I offer all life.
I will love you because you surprise me.
I will love you because you breathe.

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