

INDELIBLE

The older I get
the more I identify experiences
as peaks or lows,
sea-spray moments
or crude companies

when I say to myself so urgently
I'm amazed it's not audible,
notice this,
as if recognizing equaled realizing
and realizing equaled reckoning,

but of course it's never that plain,
never our truly triumphant or ruinous times
that beg to be seen as such,
but the ones surrounding
the ones we would choose.

As we look back,
that's where our biographies lie:
on the street before
the impulsive pause, clutch, kiss, and vow,
in the years since the worst words

of the worst fight
of the worst stretch
of the whole divorce
leapt from our lips
within earshot of the child.