

1990

The most life

Rachel Posner

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The most life

Today I walked all the way to your house,
 across town briskly in the Sunday silence,
 the late winter sky without blemish, snow vanished,
 and all the mud from the melt
 frozen hard.

I looked up at the slanting afternoon sun
 and it thrilled me
 the way it made each of my eyelashes burst
 into rainbow circles of light,
 and I smiled at the sun,
 I thought I would tell you about my eyelash prisms
 when I saw you.

And I thought about what I would say:
 if you were home I'd ask you
 if you wanted to walk;
 but even if you said no,
 it would still be joyous
 because I knew I could walk to your house
 anytime and feel welcome, I could
 tell the truth, say I'd stopped by on a walk;
 but even if I had just walked all the way across town
 just to see you
 just to be near you and with you
 then that would be perfect, too.

I rang your doorbell, and waited for you
 to come to the door and smile and glow
 and you looked as happy as I felt
 which made me
 happier, and I said, "Get your coat,"
 and you just grinned "okay"
 and got your jacket and your camera and your
 too-radiant face and we left, feeling free and cold
 and far too alive.

And we walked down your quiet street
 and watched two squirrels play tag in a huge bare tree
 and laughed, and we breathed the ice-clear air,
 we walked on campus and it was gorgeous
 green and bright and empty
 and we gazed at the world being simple and beautiful
 and our eyes were filled with dancing stars,
 and your denim jacket and your jeans and your eyes
 matched the sky and made you seem
 like a piece of it fallen and sunlit,
 and our laughter smelled better than it ever has,
 and the air put its arms around us and embraced us,
 and I've never lived more than today.

Rachel Posner