



1995

Some days (then)

Maya Canfield

Follow this and additional works at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope>

 Part of the [Creative Writing Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Canfield, Maya (1995) "Some days (then)," *Calliope*: Vol. 1997 : Iss. 1 , Article 16.
Available at: <http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol1997/iss1/16>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by the English at ScholarWorks at WMU. It has been accepted for inclusion in Calliope by an authorized editor of ScholarWorks at WMU. For more information, please contact maira.bundza@wmich.edu.



Some days (then)

Some days, when I run out of things to do
I think of you and (then)
wish that I could see you once more
to find out if you hated
Hemingway (I remember
your smell when we walked under
the cherry blossoms) like me
or I wonder if (you were proud
of me back then even though I
was always in trouble) what I
am now would make you proud
or if you would hate (for talking
too much in class or pushing the teacher
a little too far) that I can't see
myself as anything more than (the
night you died I stared at you and
wondered where you were if you weren't
there) a tennis player (but you had already
left, I kept staring and hoping, trying not to
forget) and that I don't believe
in religion (knowing
that it was the last time
I would ever see you)

Maya Canfield