First Drawing Done After Open Heart Surgery

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I.
Not that I ever remember
what I wore,
but this was a special occasion
in an airport,
where people drag their be-
longings through checkpoints,
as a matter of national security.
(not that I could
protect you.)

II.
Harsh light hung along strips
over white rooms.
The belts were unmoving.
We would stand in light forever
for luggage.
Waiting forever for others
also, someone resembling a lover?
(“everything’s from New York, baby—
even grief.”)

III.
A small dog, an old Polish couple,
me with my backpack and suitcase
then pull it all back, further out
to the city in the plane ride over
(where somewhere you were,
where are you now?)

no great matter,
with me, forever,
on this scuffed floor—
almost sure.