

I thought about this place,
Softly, as the slow ripples of
Your life worked presence loose
In that one, the walls accepting
You in their reflection, the turn
Of the past smiling at such a
Good and obvious choice, and
I wondered what now would feel
Like, with you so close, around
The corner, you and new, feels
Like old times, the ones I would
Have had, if they had asked my
Opinion first. That's a feeling
That I hope I never get used to.

