

Dudley Saunders, Look For Me

in the slant
of evening sun
burning through your bedroom window
look for me
in the pictures of nude men
with their latin legs akimbo
look for me

see my fingers
circled by the diamond rings
protruding from the sleeves
of laughing mafioso at the bar

and my feet now teetering
on the edge of platforms
in the sneakers of homeboys
waiting for subway cars

and reflected in the sweat
rolling down a workman's neck
look for me

look for me

in the way the snowfall sifts
into nearly human drifts
look for me
in the bitter bray
of customers demanding cheated change
look for me

feel me gripping
in the way your clothing clings to you
right after rain has caught you
running coatless in the street

feel me breathing in the whispering
of passing subways
fluttering your leghair
as it rushes from the grate

and in the way you'll never look for me
not listen
and not wait
you'll look for me

look for me
you will look for me
and you