

Saves The Day, The Way His Collar Falls

Leif and I are on the train to New York in car 1399.

There's a guy with a quarter in his ear

and I've seen Leif only once in the past two months.

His hair is sticking up a little in the front. He's losing it just a bit.

When I get home tonight I'll miss him in Hampshire.

I'll miss his glasses and the way he writes in purple pen,

the way his collar falls to the left.

Have you seen his ankles lately?

I know he's next to me.

I feel his sweater here,

but when I'm sleeping it's only green sheets and the hair down my legs.

I think I'll write you, Leif, when I'm near Tuesday,

sometime before you go and I'm back on the train.