

Vienna Teng, Recessional

It's so beautiful here, she says,
This moment now
And this moment, now
And I never thought I would find her here:
Flannel and satin
My four walls transformed
But she's looking at me
Straight to center
No room at all for any other thought
And I know I don't want this
Oh I swear I don't want this
There's a reason not to want this
But I forgot

In the terminal she sleeps on my shoulder
Hair falling forward, mouth all askew
Fluorescent announcements beat their wings overhead:
Passengers missing
We're looking for you
And she dreams through the noise,
Her weight against me
Face pressed into the corduroy grooves
Maybe it means nothing
Maybe it means nothing
Maybe it means nothing
But I'm afraid to move

And the words: they're everything and nothing
I want to search for her in the offhand remarks
Who are you, taking coffee, no sugar?
Who are you, echoing street signs?
Who are you, the stranger in the shell of a lover
Dark curtains drawn by the passage of time?
Oh words like rain, how sweet the sound

Well anyway, she says, I'll see you around...